



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

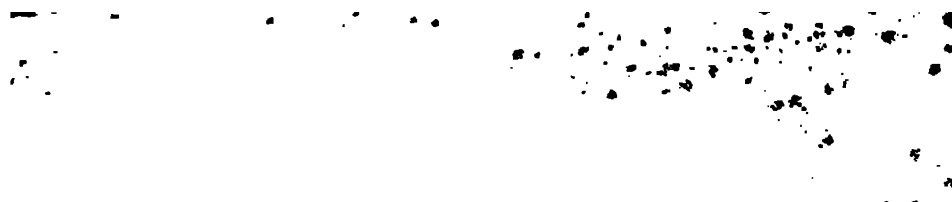
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Per. 2705 d. $\frac{393}{25.7}$





•

•

THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ph.D., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., &c.

VOL. VII.

NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

E. W. ALLEN, 11, AVE-MARIA LANE
AND STATIONERS'-HALL COURT, E.C.

1875.



The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Algernon Darcy	1, 121, 241, 382, 483, 603
The Magi at Bethlehem	25
Forgotten Sin. Pages in the Life of a Celebrated Statesman, by Emma Eliza Hamilton. (<i>Conclusion</i>)	31
Hallow-e'en. By M. C. Stewart	49
A Tale of Syracuse. By Edmund Lenthall Swifte	63
Adam White's Vision. By Olive Harper	65
Strange Events at the Death of Charles V. of Spain	71
A Happy New Year	75
The Solution of an Important Geographical Problem	79
Eoa. By Clode Moryce	81
Christmas Chains	83
Lizzie	92
Music	93
The Water Tower : a Story of the First Royal Lancashire Militia. By Mrs. Hibbert Ware	94, 215, 245, 469, 582, 697
International Arbitration. By Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi	144
Romance of Pepin McNidge. By Edward Markwick	161, 273
"Sought for Siller"	178, 300
Hesperus. By Clode Moryce	188
The Hunchback Cashier : A Tale of the Last Century	189, 322, 414, 548
The Fallen Daughter at Her Father's Grave	219
Scott's Female Characters. By Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi	259
The Holy Thorn. By F. Malcolm Doherty, B.A.	295
Some Thoughts on the Education of Women	316
Clerical Life in Ireland	337
The Daisy. By Frederick Powell	343
Phosphor. By Clode Moryce	344
Charles Kingale. By Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi	388
Acrostic on April. By M. A. Baines.	397
Visit to the Isle of Amsterdam	398, 512, 623
Acrostic on June. By M. A. Baines	636
Disenchantment. By F. Malcolm Doherty, B.A.	435
Animal Disguises. By Andrew Wilson	437
Mantje ! Mantje !	442, 530, 648
Sir Arthur Helps	460
Short Papers on Many Subjects. By Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi. No. I.	502
Part II.	637
Luis Ponce de Leon. By Edmund Lenthall Swifte	528

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Vivisector's Dream. By Father Tristram	539
A Declining Race. By Andrew Wilson	543
Sorrow on the Sea	561
Gambrinus. By Maurice Davies	568
Edward Bulwer Lytton. By S. U. M.	569
The Tribute of Song. By R. Compton Noake (Major)	578
Sonnet on the Bosphorous. By Olive Harper	581
The Writing on the Wall. By*Olive Harper	601
Smith, Brown, and Robinson. By Edmund Lenthall Swifte	622
Ode to the Skylark	665
A Day's Dredging	667
A Mystery	671
The Wind	690
"Wind-Tossed Leaves"	691
Janie's Little Romance	695
No Cross, No Crown	696
Walter Scott	713
A Morning Underground	715

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALGERNON DARCY.

CARTE blanche had been given a week before to the talented club-master of the Hyperion, the most exclusive club, as every one knows, in Belgravia. The resources of the Gunters of the day had been taxed to the utmost. The flowers of July had been gathered from many conservatories to grace the feast which, on the 25th of December, 1859, was to achieve the renown of the club-master. As to the wines, the sum expended by the club-master under the educated direction of Sir Philip Warden, the giver of the feast, would have kept a married clerk, with his customary family of three boys and two girls, for at least six months. That, however, was a view of the subject which did not occur either to Sir Philip or the club-master. Sir Philip's object was to give a feast worthy of the memorable fact of the coming of age of his ward, Algernon Darcy; and as to the club-master, his reputation as the Hyperion of club-masters was at stake, and expense was no object.

The day had arrived, but as it was only half-past seven on the evening of the said 25th of December, we have still half an hour before we sit down to dinner to tell something of Sir Philip and his ward.

And, first, of the latter, as on the present occasion the more important personage. Algernon Darcy, who has just this day attained twenty-one, was an orphan, whose father died full lieutenant in her Majesty's —th Regiment of Foot. Up to this memorable day, Algernon, since the loss of his father (his mother had previously died) had depended on Sir Philip's generosity, or apparently, considering the way in which it had been doled out, on his charity; for although it was undeniably true that Lieutenant Darcy had left only his sword and a few hundred pounds of debt, the utmost his credit would permit him to borrow, Sir Philip had the reputation of being

enormously rich and generous. Of this latter quality he had shown little or nothing in his conduct to Darcy. It might, indeed, be said that there was no positive call on him to provide for the lieutenant's son. But the lieutenant had been an old and very intimate friend of Sir Philip's, and had made it his dying request that he should take care of his delicate boy; and as Sir Philip had accepted the charge, and had no children of his own, nor any prospect of having any, those who knew of the circumstance, and who knew Sir Philip, regarded it as a virtual adoption—a conclusion rather corroborated by what Sir Philip had been heard to say when the wishes of the poor lieutenant were communicated to him.

It therefore took people by surprise when, instead of sending the boy, who was then about twelve years of age, to any of the leading public schools, he had selected the obscure grammar-school in the small town of Norton for the education of his ward, whom he boarded with one of the curates of the town for the not very magnificent remuneration of thirty pounds a year, which, with the very moderate school fees, the expense of his clothing, and ten shillings a quarter as pocket money, was all that young Darcy had hitherto cost the wealthy baronet.

Darcy was generous as a prince, like most boys and men who have nothing to be generous withal; “and the smallness of his pocket-money had suggested to him many gloomy contemplations of fate and destiny, and the partiality of Providence; and as he grew up the dependent position in which he found himself placed became exceedingly distasteful. It was the more painful from the chill manner which, on two or three occasions, on which he had seen his unknown supporter—for Sir Philip kept the boy in ignorance of his name—the baronet had condescended to speak to him. But, after all, Darcy was blessed with a light, buoyant spirit, the consequence, perhaps, of the perfect health and vigour he enjoyed. Fond of study, ambitious of success in his class, and in general easily achieving it, his life had hitherto been a very happy one. He entered heart and soul into novels and romances; and what in itself was equivalent to a fortune, he had just discovered that new world which Sir Walter Scott, the Columbus of literature, had, half-a-century ago, opened up to worn-out Europe. Shakespeare, also, was not unloved.

Anyhow, Darcy was happy at Norton, notwithstanding his dependence and poverty—happier, perhaps, than he was afterwards in any part of his career—happier, certainly, than during that part of it on which, unknown to himself, he was about to enter. He knew he was dependent, that he had neither father nor mother, brother or sister, only a guardian who did not love him, and whom he

feared; but he was laying up those stores of knowledge which boys think are to conquer fortune. He was conscious of talent, and, so far as he knew, capable of success.

But how did it happen that Sir Philip had given such magnificent orders for an entertainment to one towards whom he had hitherto been so niggardly a patron? It is in bad taste, and decidedly impolitic, to open a narrative by a strikingly romantic incident; but, at the risk of anticipating interest, and at once satisfying the sensational appetite on which so much of the success of a story depends, we will gratify our readers' curiosity by a story very like one in the "Arabian Nights."

Poor Lieutenant Darcy, that many-shifted man whose life had consisted mainly in the substitution of one creditor for another, who had never been able to get beyond £500 in debt, and who had never been worth twenty shillings since he had expended his patrimony in the purchase of his outfit, had a maternal uncle who had neglected his niece, Mrs. Darcy, all her life, had quarrelled with the lieutenant's father, with the lieutenant himself, and with the rest of the human race; but as generally happens with people of so amiable a disposition, had amassed a large sum of money. As we will hear no more in this narrative of this venerable gentleman, it is perfectly unnecessary to go into detail as to the way in which he made his half a million. No one, indeed, could exactly account for it. It took every one at the time by surprise; but when it is known that Mr. Alder (such was his name) was an army contractor during the war with the French (a class of men whom Wellington was always recommending should be hanged) that he was a miser all his life, and not by any means over-scrupulous—it will be seen that the surprise of the world arose more from not having seen, during Mr. Alder's lifetime, any of the external signs of wealth, than from any want of opportunities on his part, and certainly not from any want of the peculiar money-making intellect, which, often dissociated from abilities, and consisting of an amalgam of stolid stupidity and luck, makes the best of opportunities.

Let us, therefore, after raising our hat to the memory of a very rich man, leave the *ci-devant* contractor and miser. All the interest he has to the reader is that he is dead, and that two or three days before he died he had destroyed a will leaving all his fortune to the Hospital for Incurable Idiots of the Pollitarian persuasion; for the contractor was a man of great religious profession, and a very great supporter of the Pollitarian creed, and, moreover, a notable man among the leading men of the congregation to whom his benevolent *post-mortem* intentions were well known, and admitted as a sufficient excuse for his sturdy refusal to contribute during his lifetime to any charitable object whatever. It is impossible to exaggerate the vir-

tuous indignation of the office-bearers and of the Rev. Rubshakey Hum, the pastor of the church, when at the opening of the depositaries—a ceremony they were specially invited to attend by the solicitor of the deceased, who was a member of their church—the only document discoverable was a bequest, in four lines, of all the testator possessed in favour of Sir Philip Warden, Baronet.

It puzzled them to conjecture what motives could have induced their departed friend to make this disposition of his worldly goods ; but as the Pollitarian solicitor who was as much in the dark as themselves, and, indeed, knew nothing of the destruction of the old will he had so carefully framed, or of the making of the new one, and yet was lawyer enough to satisfy the disappointed legatees that the new will was good in law, they had nothing for it but to indulge in a few charitable suggestions as to the present abode of the deceased contractor, and as to the arts which must have been used by Sir Philip—and to take their departure.

It would, however, have gratified their curiosity, though it would not have made them more charitable, had they known that a week before his death the ex-contractor had communicated his intentions to Sir Philip, and requested him at the same time to keep his money in trust for his nephew, to be paid over to him when he attained his majority.

Sir Philip was not told by the testator to keep the nature of the request a secret, but he nevertheless did so. And he now meant to disclose it in the magnificent way we have described, partly because expense was his habit—partly because, being of a profoundly cynical disposition, he wished to see the effect the disclosure would have on his ward.

Algernon Darcy had all the interest of an experiment to Sir Philip. He was his *ingenue*, and it was with no little curiosity he speculated on how he would conduct himself in the world into which, under such favourable auspices, he was suddenly to be launched. He intended to be his Mentor, and he had sufficient experience of social rocks and quicksands to make him, if not the safest of pilots, certainly one of the most instructed ; and, like other philosophers, he thought that if this young man was not previously corrupted he would be enabled to secure him an honourable and a brilliant career. It was with a view to the completeness of his experiment that he had acted in the apparently illiberal way towards our hero, and instead of sending him to a public school boarded him with the master of the grammar-school of the little town of Norton.

And here it is necessary we should say something about Sir Philip.

Every one knows that the Wardens of Eveslay, Blankshire—that beautiful Midland county—are descendants of one of the oldest families in England, and a reference to any Peerage and Baronetage will give my reader some idea of the *clientèle* of the family, and prepare him for the information that Sir Philip, the head of the name, enjoyed an income of £30,000 a year.

Sir Philip, when a boy, had been sent to Eton, and from Eton to Oxford, at both of which places he distinguished himself by ability and misrule. First classmen at Oxford spoke of him with respect, and considered him fit for anything. The *roués* and the muscular Christians looked up to him as a model, and generally his acquaintance had been considered a distinction. His friendship, however, was not to be had for the asking. Sir Philip's heraldic pretensions were as high as most of the peers' sons at college; for the Wardens, twice in a century, declined peerages and Kings' mistresses, and it was a family tradition that Sir Marmaduke Warden had refused an invitation to dinner from King John, because Falconbridge, the natural son of Richard Cœur de Lion, was to be of the party. Sir Philip inherited in excess the family pride. He believed himself superior to most other people, and we cannot blame him much, for most people conceded his superiority.

When he left college he was a man of mark. One who his friends said was fit for anything, and who, should he ever devote himself to so common a pursuit as politics, was certain to obtain power and distinction. Sir Philip, however, did not show the inclination. Too early an introduction into the world, a reckless course of indulgence, and the premature cynicism which vice engenders, had rendered him *blasé* at twenty-five years of age. He went to the Continent, with the fond hopes of obtaining new sensations; but the Courts of France, Austria, and Berlin, to all of which his rank, his courtly, but imperious manners, and lavish expense, easily gave him the *entré* had no effect in thawing the early ice which had thickened over his heart. The East and its Deserts had been equally unavailing. His heart might throb somewhat quicker in the moment of danger, and once, and once only, when his escort had been nearly destroyed in Morocco, and he had been made prisoner by Sheik Muley Mahomet, he had been comparatively happy. For the Sheik had sworn by his grey beard, and by the coffin of the Prophet, to put him to death by slow torture if a ransom of a large number of piastres, amounting to no less than fifty pounds sterling, was not paid down for his liberation. How he escaped is no part of this story. The venerable Muley, at all events, had no reason to boast of his capture, and instead of the fifty pounds, had been fain to be content with the necklace of honour sent him with the Sultan's compliments. From his travels Sir

Philip returned to Europe and civilisation, if possible, a more indifferent, callous, melancholy man than he had left. It was destined, however, that the hard shell of *ennui* and pride within which he entrenched himself should be at last broken through.

On his thirtieth birthday he found himself in a hamlet near the Abruzzi. He did not indulge in wine or opium, and danger of some kind being a stimulus, he voluntarily entered the brigand country. It was a fête day in the village, and the lords of Capelmonte and Amaldi, neighbouring barons who lived on good terms with the loose population of the district, and in mortal enmity with one another, were to grace the festivities with their presence.

The scene would have delighted Watteau. The day was beautiful, the landscape like that which Salvador Rosa delights in, only that instead of the gloom which is his style, the glorious sun of early May, and of Watteau, lighted up the rocks, the precipices, and the town with the transfulgent, many-coloured light which makes the literal transcript of Italian scenery in sunshine appear unnatural to northern critics. Flowers of all kinds strewed the hill-enclosed plain in which the fête was to take place, and large chestnut-trees, loaded with blossom, lent their fragrant shade to the groups of brightly-dressed peasants who were enjoying their repast of wine and fruit, prior to the commencement of the dance.

Sir Philip walked backwards, admiring with a critical eye the artistic effect of these groups; for he was an admirer, in an educated, æsthetic way, of scenery, and appreciated fully the enhanced beauty which animated life lends to it, in which capacity he even admitted that his fellow-men might be of use. In his mind he arrived at the conclusion that the present tableau was perfect, and he took a note of its leading features, with the intention of having it reproduced by some first-class artist on canvas, as an addition to the costly gallery which he had collected, and which waited his arrival at Eveslay.

But his promenade was arrested by the invitation of a young lady to join the party to which she belonged. It was the party of the Capelmonte, and the fair ambassadress was the only daughter of the Count. Sir Philip complied, and seating himself on the grass by her side, was soon on intimate terms with all the members of the group, which was composed of the Count Capelmonte, his wife, the count's brother (who, to judge from his dress, belonged to the Church), the fair Alicia, and six or seven other persons, acquaintances or distant relations.

It is no part of my story to describe the fête. The brigands danced with the greatest grace, and their manners were chivalrous and polished; the brigandesses, with their majestic figures, bronzed

faces, and picturesque apparel, were ravishing. They were kind and frank to the stranger, and in particular the family of Capelmonte paid him marked attention. The Amaldi, even were not discourteous. It is true that Julia, the daughter of that house, declined to dance with him, for the very proper reason that the Amaldi and Capelmonte had been at deadly feud since the tenth century, and it was not *comme il faut* for the one house to be on terms of intimacy with any one intimate with the other; but she frankly accepted Sir Philip's excuse of ignorance of local custom for the solecism in manners he had been guilty of in speaking to her at all, and even promised to plead his excuse to her father and brothers, from whom, she assured him, he need be under no fear of assassination. Sir Philip took the repulse like a philosopher, and found consolation in the conversation of the fair Alicia. She was a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, only fifteen; but at that early age an Italian girl considers herself a woman, and authorised to fall in love the first eligible opportunity, and to marry without love any one her parents might select; at present, unfortunately for her, she fell in love with Sir Philip.

Italian girls have an aptitude for falling in love, and the same is true of the male sex in the peninsula. They are slow and uncertain in any process which depends on the intellect, and a Frenchman will solve any mental difficulty in an epigram before an Italian understands its terms—if, indeed, he ever does; and an Englishman will solve the same difficulty in his own way by immediate action. But in matters of the heart the Italian is infinitely quicker than either, and no sooner conceives a preference than he shows it.

To the Baronet the *naïve* affection of Alicia was a new sensation, for his admirers hitherto had kept steadily in view his reputed rental; and he was not a lady's man and so was destitute of the experience acquired only by flirtation. The whole affair had a delightful freshness in it. It took little pressing to prevail on him after the fête to remain for a day or two a guest at Capelmonte.

Capelmonte was then a castle somewhat dilapidated, but still of considerable strength and apparently able for sometime longer to protect the dirty, squalid village which huddled around it. The villagers were devout worshippers of the Madonna, but even more sincere in the worship of Saint Nicholas. Sir Philip was taken with the primitive manners of his host and family, and especially with those of Alicia; and, to his own great surprise, he who had resisted the attractions of so many marriage-loving ladies, English, French, German, and Austrian, found himself in love with an Italian girl whom he had never heard of before, who had never been

at any court, nor, indeed, at any school; but had imbibed the hereditary grace of her ancient family, and an education, thanks to her mother and uncle, the priest, fully on a par with that of other Italian ladies. And, be it known to our lady readers, all of whom have had a first-class education, and know more about science than half-a-dozen reasonable gentlemen, this standard is not exactly the same as theirs. An Italian lady does not know botany, chemistry, theology, nor even geology, nor, indeed, anything else of, or appertaining to, a thorough education. In one respect, however, Alicia surpassed the national standard of education. She knew the English language thoroughly, having for some years had the advantage of an English governess; and it is well known that when an Italian is a linguist he or she speaks a foreign language much more like a native than a Frenchman, or a German, and certainly better than an Englishman. In addition to this accomplishment, which was a great attraction to Sir Philip, whose Italian was none of the best, Alicia had an inimitable grace of manner. She could go through her missal by heart, and improvise poetry of no mean order. If her spelling was deficient and her grammar defective, she rarely wrote letters without having a book before her, which contained the proper forms for all occasions.

Such was the lady who carried Sir Philip Warden's heart by storm.

Sir Philip proposed. Alicia confessed a mutual attachment; but paternal authority, strong in Italy, is omnipotent in the the Abruzzi, and the Count's consent must be obtained. To Sir Philip's surprise the Count seemed by no means flattered by the proffered alliance, and that surprise was increased when he learnt that the main objection was the want of rank on his, Sir Philip's, side. He might be rich, but he was not noble. The Capelmontes had never been rich, but they had been noble since the days of Julius Cæsar. They wanted little; they had a wide domain which, though not fruitful and yielding little revenue, was rich in retainers on whose assistance the Lords of the Castle ever relied. Their rents, if that be the proper term, were on the whole well paid, his steward not being particular as to how this was managed. The Capelmontes were, in truth, an ancient and proud house. They were knights of the Roman Empire, and had been entitled to bring the golden toothpick to the emperor at the coronation, and though there was now no Emperor, were they not entitled to receive the slippers which the Pope wore the day of his consecration, and were there not in the strong room of the tower fifty of these blessed slippers, a single kiss of one of which secured twenty years of indulgence in all but mortal sin? To such a magnate what was an English baronet, even although his ancestor had refused to

dine with the bastard of Richard I? Moreover, the Count had another objection, Sir Philip was a Protestant, and no daughter of Capelmonte would ever marry a heretic.

This last objection, if not urged in the way it was urged, Sir Philip would have got over. He had been a passable Mahometan when he resided with the hospitable sheik; and in the Brazils, where Sir Philip had been at one time a prisoner of the Indians, he had acquitted himself uncommonly well as a professor of the religion of the tribe, which consisted in a veneration for a wooden Madonna; but Sir Philip objected to conversion on compulsion. As to the question of rank, Sir Philip might have got over that, too; for the Count's confessor had informed him that for a consideration he would undertake to convince his patron of the lustre inherited by Sir Philip from his ancestor having declined the intimacy of Falconbridge, a sworn foe of the Pope's, and Sir Philip had no objections to this transaction. But his compulsory conversion stuck in his throat.

A quarrel was the result, and Sir Philip one day was missed at Capelmonte, having prudently taken advantage of the confessor's hint, that if he did not wish a bullet through his head he had better leave the Abruzzi. He managed, however, before his departure to have an interview with Alicia, but he failed in inducing her to accompany him.

They parted in sorrow, and Sir Philip resumed his wandering life, but no change of scene—no danger—no excitement—could banish from his memory, or his heart, Alicia Capelmonte.

The young Italian was, of course, in despair; but months elapsed, and she heard nothing of her English lover, and youth and time had their effect. She recovered spirits, and though the commanding form of Sir Philip, his stern, cold expression, which softened only to her, often recurred to her memory, the custom of the country was upon her. The authority of her father and her friends could not well be gainsaid, and hardly a year had elapsed ere Sir Philip had ascertained that the only woman he ever loved was the wife of another man.

It was the solitary and the abiding passion of his life. His concentrated nature could not diffuse itself in a general admiration of the sex. A momentary predilection he might feel and might for a time pursue, but not again did he feel, nor before had he felt, the absorbing passion which alone is love. So Sir Philip returned to Eveslay a greater misanthrope than when he had left England. He was, in fact, miserable. His despondency grew upon him, and affected his health, and his friends—for he had a few—began to surmise that he had suffered some affliction which, if he continued to brood over it, might result in fatal consequences. What that afflic-

tion was no one knew, for Sir Philip was the most reticent of men. In his own county, where his territorial influence made him the foremost man, a considerable amount of political interest inevitably centred in him, and attempts were now made to induce him to enter public life. More from weariness of opposition than from any other motive he consented, and the moment it was known he was willing to be Member for Blankstone, opposition was at an end, and he was duly elected.

There was considerable speculation as to his politics. So far as he had revealed any political opinions, they were of an eclectic order; but, to the surprise of his friends, he became a staunch party man, and supported the Tory ministry on every occasion. As a matter of course so locally powerful a man, and a man who began to show no inconsiderable power of debate, was offered office. The offer was refused, but he accepted one of those exceptional embassies which are often tendered to eminent men.

It was to the Court of A—— that he was accredited, to settle a long-pending question of national importance. Sir Philip was no stranger to this Court, having formerly resided in Ronzi for some time, and this intimacy had been one of the reasons which led to his selection as ambassador, and which mainly induced him to accept the appointment. This history has nothing to do with his negotiations, but it is interested in what befell him at a ball given by the Grand Duke.

Sir Philip had arrived among the last of the guests, intending to leave among the first. It was a masqued ball, but Sir Philip was too proud to wear any disguise, and too *blasé* to join in the amusement. He was merely a spectator. He was walking listlessly among the brilliant crowd when a lady, dressed in black, and covered with a thick veil, accosted him by name. There was nothing remarkable in this, and in his present humour nothing inviting. He bowed politely, and would have passed, but the lady, taking his arm, he could not help walking with her.

"Sir Philip," said she, in Italian, "you are powerful in your own country—that country so free and so strong. May I, then, ask you to assist with your influence poor Italy, at present, and for ages, struggling for freedom?"

"Madame," said Sir Philip (who was somewhat surprised at the abrupt introduction of so serious a subject, and not at all disposed for a political intrigue), "I am no philanthropist, and have, I confess, little sympathy with united Italy. I know too much about it to be very hopeful of its real union."

"Allow me, Sir Philip," said she, "to doubt the accuracy of your information. Your acquaintance with Italians was not in a good school. Believe me, there are patriots as pure, scholars as

profound, statesmen as able, in Italy as in England, only, I admit, they are not to be found in the Abruzzi."

Sir Philip started. The word awoke uneasy memories, but he replied—

"I know not why you exclude the Abruzzi from the capacity of producing great men, as well as the rest of Italy. I know that country well: there are men of energy and decision there; and if you are in want of revolutionists who will not stick at trifles, there is no better recruiting ground. Brigandage and revolution are nearly allied."

"In that you are mistaken," said she. "The peasantry of the Abruzzi are loyal to a man. They follow their priests, who feel that revolution of any kind is against their order, and they also follow their interests; for no Government can deal more tenderly with the population of the Abruzzi than that of Ferdinand of Naples. They know well that a patriotic government would ruin them, as it would be the first duty of such a government to destroy robbers."

"Are you a native of the Abruzzi," said Sir Philip, "that you know them so well?"

"Yes," said the lady; "I am of the Brigand country, and know it well. Fifteen years of my life were spent there."

Sir Philip started. Could it be that his long-loved, his lost Alicia was before him? The voice had struck him, but nothing else assisted his memory. The craped figure revealed none of the graceful contours of figure he remembered so well, and the veil was impervious.

"If," said he, "you know the Abruzzi, you perhaps have heard of the Capelmonte?"

"I knew them well," said the lady; "I was the school companion and friend of the Lady Alicia, now Countess Bosconi."

"I knew her too," said Sir Philip.

"That I know," said the lady, "and that was the reason I spoke to you. Alicia has often spoken of you, and, I believe, thought of you more than became the Countess."

"I hope she is happy," said Sir Philip.

"She is a widow," said the mask.

"A widow!" said Sir Philip, eagerly; "tell me, my dear lady, where I can see her."

"Is it of any use to give you that information?" said his companion. "You loved her not, or you could not have let a year elapse without writing her or sending to her some message. Besides, it is probable, even if you loved her still, that she loves you no longer. The Count was not a very kind husband, but he was her husband, and she, I hope, laments his death. A year after

this will be time enough. Adieu, Sir Philip! I have told all that I mean to tell."

"One word yet!" said Sir Philip; "I love your friend still: I never loved anyone else. I am unmarried; and if you think she still thinks of me as at one time she did, I conjure you to tell me where I can see her. Nay, I will not let you go till you tell me."

He caught her by the hand. It was plain to her she could not escape from his firm grasp. Several parties passed them, generally two-and-two, and smiles were interchanged as they saw the distinguished Englishman so engaged.

"Come with me into the garden," she said at last, "and I will gratify your curiosity."

He obeyed. The evening was clear and warm; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, and the stillness was uninterrupted save by the distant waterfall and the whisper of lovers' voices among the flowering shrubs. The mask led the way to a retired part of the garden, where, the trees terminating, allowed the moon to throw a faint light on surrounding objects. The voices had died away. The thick shrubbery they had passed shut them off from the festive guests, while before them was an open meadow, in which no object was visible within the limited and indistinct horizon.

The lady gently released her hand.

"I will not attempt to escape," Sir Philip; "I do not wish to do so. Do you not know me? Has five years made such a difference in me that Sir Philip Warden does not know Alicia Capelmonte?"

It was she, indeed, more beautiful than ever, though fuller in figure and more matronly than the girlish form which had secured his affections.

"Oh, pardon me, Sir Philip!" she said; "I only wished to try you. I know what I have done is wrong in your eyes—would be wrong in an Englishwoman; but I am an Italian, and there was a time, Philip, when you said you loved me, and a time when I said I loved you; and although I have since been married, I loved you still."

Sir Philip was an enamoured man, and not disposed to criticism. He heard Alicia's history—how that she had been unhappy during her brief marriage with Count Bosconi, who had died a year ago. Her father and mother were both dead, her uncle survived, and she had also an aunt (the Abbess of the Carmelite nunnery), with whom she now resided; but she was her own mistress, and could marry the man of her choice. Such was the purport of her information, gathered by Sir Philip at that moonlight interview. It would have been well for the lady had she been more candid, and entered more at large into the history of her family.

The marriage took place, of course, after a preliminary courtship, much more *en règle* than that I have summarised above, but which it is not necessary here to narrate, as Sir Philip is not our hero, and we may, perhaps, have occasion to describe the marriage of our own hero, which will be enough for the book.

The married couple went to England, and Warden Hall again welcomed its master. For a year or two nothing could be happier than the life these two led. Sir Philip's nature became softer from contact with the mild nature of Alicia; his apathy and reserve melted like snow before the sun. He took an interest in his tenants, lowering their rents, and encouraging every scheme for their improvement. He cultivated the society of his neighbours, and spent his large income, and something more, in a stately but cordial hospitality. His political position became more and more important and powerful as the House and the country became accustomed to the judgment and wisdom which characterised his speeches; while his thoroughly independent character and large fortune gave him an influence which, could he have submitted to the drudgery of office, would have secured him one of the highest places in the Ministry.

Thus, on the whole, assuming that our duties centre in ourselves—an assumption by no means uncommon—Sir Philip led a reasonable, happy, and stately life. He had a secure position in the highest circle of English society. He was a man of *ton*, but his real power in the country secured him the respect of the many out of the pale of fashion who often excel those within it. In his domestic relations he was certainly happy. On the whole, during these years of his married life, there was no man who, setting religious considerations out of view, led a life more apparently enviable than Sir Philip Warden. I say, setting religious considerations aside: were these to be taken into account, it would have astonished Sir Philip and shocked fashionable society, if it were hinted that his old butler, who was a sincere believer, was much more to be envied by a wise man.

And there came a time—and it came suddenly—when, even putting religion aside, Sir Philip had little to boast of as compared with the butler. All of a sudden, in the third year of his marriage, the fashionable world was startled by the rumour, and then by the certainty, that Sir Philip was separated from his wife.

What the cause of the separation was, the world did not know. Lady Warden was a foreigner, and, despite her amiable manners and real kindness of heart, the presumption in correct English society was against her, and no one suspected the distinguished statesman, so cold, so self-possessed, so patriotic, of having given any cause to justify her ladyship taking the initiative, if, in fact,

she had done so. But this possibility was put an end to at once by Sir Philip, who, pre-eminently a public man, deemed it right to silence suspicion. He did so in a quiet and quite conclusive way. Sir Philip's own character stood high, but Lord Grahame Falconer had the advantage of years and of a life against the honourable propriety of which no whisper was ever heard. A Nestor of the clubs and a man of the highest family and fashion, his life had been a sort of model to all the young men who aspired to be worthy of the rank and name of gentleman. His honour, during a long life, was unstained and chivalrous.

To this nobleman, as a private friend, Sir Philip laid bare his domestic wrongs; and his lordship, after an inquiry, gave his opinion that the step his friend had taken was quite justified by the circumstances of the case, and that he had acted worthily and kindly towards his wife.

There was no impugning the verdict, although the grounds on which it rested were not revealed. What Lord Grahame said must be right; and therefore poor Lady Warden, without further inquiry, was put under the social ban. Apparently she acquiesced in the sentence. After the separation she appeared no more in London society, nor was she heard of in Blankshire nor at Eveslay.

It was after this domestic catastrophe that Algernon was consigned to the care of Sir Philip. The experience which Sir Philip had undergone will to some extent explain his conduct to that young gentleman. In his own experience Sir Philip knew what the result of an aristocratic education had been, and he was too perspicuous not to see that the unlimited command of money he had at all times possessed had not conduced to his advantage. The result, in his case, had been years of isolation and *ennui*, broken up for a little by the deceitful lustre of an imprudent passion, the effect of which had been the utter shipwreck of his life. No wonder that he went to the other extreme, and thought that it was, after all, best for the lad to bring him up on somewhat Spartan principles—to accustom him to self-denial when young—and to throw him as much as possible on his own resources. He acted, therefore, from no want of generosity, or even affection, towards Darcy; on the contrary, at the very first he had taken a warm interest in him, both on his father's account and his own; for the bright, sunny boy, by some hidden connection, had endeared himself to the worn-out, disappointed man, and, coming to him at the time of his bereavement and disgrace, had monopolised all the affection remaining of which his heart was capable. But this affection was not outwardly manifested; on the contrary, the more he felt he liked the lad, the more perversely did he hide any external indications of it. He feared his love would be disastrous, and he wished that Darcy should

believe that he had only himself to rely on. These were the considerations which had induced Sir Philip to send the boy to Norton Grammar School, and to keep towards him an anxious *incognito*.

Meantime, Sir Philip himself withdrew from society. Proud in the extreme, he shrank morbidly from sympathy, but he still devoted himself to public business, and for some time maintained his position in the House of Commons; but his principles became harder, and he lost sympathy with the public. The severest dogmas of political economy received his support, without any of those mitigating considerations which can alone reconcile the pure science to the popular mind. Gradually, therefore, he came to occupy a position of comparative isolation, followed only by those few resolute politicians who accept logical conclusions however far they may lead, but with none of that personal following which in general gathers round eminent men; and at last he withdrew from public life altogether.

In the aristocracy of the county he still maintained a high position, for his expenditure was liberal, and his hospitality, if rarer and somewhat more stately than before, was on a magnificent scale. Besides, Sir Philip was the largest proprietor of the county, and if he did not conciliate the affections of his tenantry, as he had done during his married life, he commanded their votes even more absolutely than before. Thus, in sullen state, ran the current of Sir Philip's life, from the time when he separated from Lady Alicia up to the day when he received notice of Algernon Darcy's majority, and surprised his old friends by an invitation to dine with him at the Hyperion Club.

CHAPTER II.

ALGERNON DARCY, the unconscious hero of the fête, was a fine, tall young man, with dark auburn hair, which swept in careless locks over a lofty, open forehead. His brown eyes had a pleasant expression, and his mouth had that *moqueur* contour which implies a keen sense of humour, high spirits, and a habit of hearty laughter. His cheeks had the glow of health. Not one mark of care could be distinguished on his face, and, so far as external appearances could enable one to judge, the ascetic training to which Sir Philip had subjected him had been beneficial. Certainly it had not had any prejudicial effect on his manners, which, if not *distingué*, were simple and easy.

Darcy was the youngest of the party; Lord Grahame Falconer the eldest. Every feature about the veteran was characteristic.

Tall, with a slight stoop, the venerable age of eighty lent a quiet dignity to a figure and features which at one time must have been exquisite. You saw at once he had been all his life a man of fashion; but, looking to the somewhat receding forehead and to the time-marked lines on his face, you would have hesitated before you admitted that he was a man of intellect. And in doing so you would have been right; for his lordship owed his position—one of unquestioned supremacy in society, and one of considerable political influence—to a constitutional delicacy of tact, which prevented him saying anything offensive to any one, and made him quickly apprehensive and instinctively indignant at any impropriety on the part of others. He was a man of few words, but being also of few ideas and of no imagination, there was a sententiousness in his utterances which took people by surprise. Of the very old school, there was a looseness, or rather a latitude, in his conversation which smacked of the Regency, and occasionally jarred on the nerves of younger men—perhaps the more so because his lordship, with a vanity not uncommon in men of mere fashion, aimed still at the character of a man of *bonnes fortunes*, though his few remaining contemporaries coincided in saying that his life had been as blameless and innocent, so far as they knew, in his youth, as it certainly was now in his old age. Those who laughed at his harmless foibles averred that he took more pains to acquire a bad character than others did to acquire a good one, but that he had made no progress at all in the object of his solicitude.

Sir Hugh Grey, a somewhat battered-looking individual, inclining considerably to *embonpoint*, with a face which must have been handsome but for an atrocious squint in his right eye, was a gentleman whom it was particularly unsafe to offend. His powers of satire were considerable, and his mastery of private history gave him materials for its exercise which his victims did not enjoy.

Sir Lawrence Baynam, a gentleman of considerable attainments, of which he was, perhaps, unconscious, was also of the party, which besides, embraced other gentlemen, whom it is not necessary further to describe.

Sir Philip astonished all by the graciousness of his manner. The recluse seemed, in his solitude, to have acquired an additional stock of those charms of manner which had rendered him the idol of fashionable society, and he seemed to have lost that cynicism which so often chilled the sympathy of the young and the ardent, whom his brilliant conversation at first attracted.

It is unnecessary to remark that the Master of the Hyperion surpassed, if possible, his reputation, and that the dinner was absolutely perfect.

At such a dinner, conversation at first is an impediment to the

full appreciation of so high a work of art, and it was not till the third course that any one cared to make any observation which could possibly lead to discussion.

Lord Grahame at last broke the silence.

"This is the sort of thing," said he, "for poor fellows like me. We have no expense, no responsibility, and we dine at £20,000 a year. A useful and benevolent dispensation for a man with a younger son's allowance of £500 a year and what he can make by honest industry at short whist."

"It is surprising," said Sir Hugh Gray, "how long one can continue a younger son. I met a man upwards of sixty lately, who wished to enlist my pity because he was an orphan. But, without questioning, my lord, your title to our commiseration, I admit that no man living has had such experience in dining out as yourself, and, so far as eating goes, you have been the richest among us. State dinners five days a week! The objection to such a life is that you have no time to give dinners in return, so that, if all the world acted like you, no one would get a dinner at all. Possibly it will all be put right in the next world."

"How so?" said Sir Philip.

"Why," replied Sir Hugh, "Falconer has had his good dinners in this world, and, like the rich man, must expect, by-and-bye, to be put on the Lazarus allowance of us poor fellows who don't live by dining out. When that adjustment comes his lordship will find a difference."

"As for the next world," said Lord Grahame, "I shall take pot-luck with my neighbours."

"Perhaps," hazarded Sir Lawrence Baynam, "it may be some compensation for dining at home in paradise, that if you went much into society you would meet Gray oftener than you wished. He would be constantly reminding you of your misdeeds in this life, and otherwise exercising those peculiar talents of his which occasionally are not very bearable even in this cool world."

"In the course of making out in the next world the quota of dinners I am short of my share," said Sir Hugh. "I would often meet your brother, Frank Baynam. He had a long arrear to make up, poor fellow!"

Poor Frank Baynam, at no time attractive, was nevertheless eldest son, which, perhaps, accounted for his going hopelessly to the dogs, and disappearing. In consequence, Sir Lawrence reigned dubiously in his stead, the possible survivance of Frank being still devoutly believed in by that gentleman's creditors.

"We are getting too theological, I fear," said Sir Philip. "Allow me to propose a toast—the toast, gentlemen, of this evening."

The guests were all ears. The secret of the modern Timon was to come out at last.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Philip, "I have called you together to introduce to you my ward, Algernon Darcy.—Yes, my boy," said he, turning to Darcy, "this party is in your honour. It is ten years since, on the death of his father, this young gentleman was put under my charge. His father, as gallant a man as ever lived, was a schoolfellow and a dear friend, and I obeyed a message sent to me on his deathbed to take care of his son. I fear he may suppose I fulfilled the obligation after a niggard fashion. Instead of sending him to Eton and Harrow, and then to Oxford, his education has been all but completed in the Grammar School of Norton. But it was not because I grudged the expense that I adopted this course, nor was it for that reason, Darcy, I stinted you in pocket-money. I did it all for your good. Eton and Harrow produce premature men, and I don't like boy-men. I was bred up in that system myself, and at your age life had lost its freshness when it ought but to have been beginning; and this evil I knew was sure to be aggravated and increased if I had provided you with ample resources. Instead of this, I have brought you up after a Spartan fashion, and the world is now all before you to choose. I should have wished to have carried my experiment further. I should have preferred that my ward had his own fortune to make in the world, and I meant to have assisted him only so far as to stimulate his own exertions; and I am confident that in doing so I would have acted a kinder part than if I had made him absolutely independent. I regret I have not been able to carry out my design. Fate has interfered, and I have now to announce to the company and to Darcy that he is very nearly the richest man among us. From an unexpected source, which I shall explain hereafter to my young friend, Darcy has acquired a very large fortune. I was made aware of the fact only the other day, and I have selected this, the day of his majority, to apprise him of it. Gentlemen, Darcy is worth £200,000!"

The news was received at first with incredulity, but Sir Philip explained the way in which the inheritance had been left, and as he asserted that all he said was true on his honour, there remained no room for doubt.

The surprise of none was greater than Darcy's. From being, as he supposed, a pauper, he found himself in possession of £10,000 a year. In the very blush of youth, in perfect health, with a mind well cultivated for his years, fresh and untainted by vice, the means of boundless enjoyment was within his reach! What a tumult of ideas crowded on his mind! He listened no longer to the conversation around him, lost in a vain attempt to realise the truth

of the marvellous change in his position which had just been announced.

The counsels of the guests, for the most part unheeded, were characteristic.

Sir Hugh Gray said, "The young dog is lucky, were it not certain he would go to the deuce—were it not certain that his luck was the most unlucky thing which could have occurred to him. I believe," he continued, "Sir Philip, that your theory of education is the best if you could carry it out; but, in the present instance, your ward finds himself in possession of an immense fortune, without having had any practice how to dispose of it. A little extravagance would have been a good apprenticeship."

Lord Grahame remarked that "the young fellow would do well enough. He would go the dogs, no doubt; but he would come back a sadder and a married man."

Sir Lawrance Baynam took the matter up more gravely. "Algernon," said he, "don't believe what these young reprobates say; they have been wild boys all their lives, and made little of it. I advise you to be content with the wild-oats you have already sown. However small your crop may be, you will find it large enough to spoil by its mixture any good grain you may grow in after-years."

Sir Philip had his own theory about wild-oats. He thought that a good scourging crop, taken once for all, was the best preparation of the soil, and the most likely way to prevent such a crop being sown again. He believed it was necessary to know evil in order to learn to avoid it. He had no faith in untried virtue. Indeed, he had little faith in anything, and especially in matters of education he held the most uncertain opinions. We have detailed his own plan. He only looked at it as an experiment which might succeed because the contrary plan had failed in his case, but least of all had he any faith in conventual education, and shuddered when he heard Sir Hugh Gray state what, in reality, was his own apprehension, "that Algernon was about to be launched into a world of which he had no experience whatever."

All, then, that he said to Darcy was "that he hoped it would turn out better than Sir Hugh anticipated, and that at all events he was sure his ward would preserve, above all things, his honour intact. If he did so, he could not go irretrievably wrong."

It was well on to 11 when the party broke up from the dinner table, and Sir Philip, Sir Hugh Gray, and Baynam sat down to a rubber of whist. They were all good players, and the amusement was of a serious nature; for the play at the Hyperion was high, and although between four such well-matched players the losses nearly balanced the gains, the sums transferred and retransferred were large. Nevertheless, the gentlemen played and paid with the

greatest coolness, and no onlooker, however keen, would have seen any change of countenance, even when the game depended upon the odd trick, and £1000 on the game.

Darcy was fascinated. It was a dangerous initiation, and promised to test Sir Philip's theory; for the young fellow, as he looked on, was conscious that he could play the game fully as well as any of the veterans, whose play smacked of the Regency, and was considerably behind the mark of the present day; for whist is an eminently progressive game, and improves with advancing civilisation. Darcy wished to join.

Sir Philip discerned his wishes. "I see, Darcy," said he, "you think you know the game. You must learn it sooner or later, and I believe you could hardly get a better initiation than at present. Cut in—I will be your banker for £200. I believe," said he, "the young scamp plays better than any of us."

Sir Lawrance Baynam looked as if he would have objected. He deprecated soiling so fresh a mind with the sordid passion of gambling; but Lord Grahame made no objections; and Sir Hugh Gray, who had been losing, was scarcely pleased with so young a hand in room of Sir Philip; for they had already cut, and Baynam and Darcy would be partners.

But if Sir Hugh expected an easy victim he was somewhat mistaken. Darcy over-played them all, and both Lord Grahame and Sir Hugh began to look serious, as game after game went against them. At last Baynam, who did not wish that either his lordship or Sir Hugh should be heavy losers, which seemed likely to be the case with the present run of luck, proposed breaking up the party. But Lord Grahame objected. He had already lost £500, which was more than his quarter's allowance, and it would have been hard to leave London for the country in the height of the season, for it was his lordship's practice not to play beyond his ready money. If that was lost he returned to the country to his nephew, the Earl La Chapelle's seat, and remained there till next quarter-day; and to-day, by a mere greenhorn, he had lost all but £100. He would have one trial more; it was against his rule, but the best men violate rules occasionally. He was rewarded for his gallantry. He cut Darcy as a partner, and fortune, like a true woman, was still on the side of youth. In an hour Darcy was a gainer of £1000.

The experiment, Sir Philip thought, had continued long enough. It did not promise to succeed as he had calculated, and this was clearly shown when he tried to induce Darcy to leave off. That young gentleman coolly remarked that "being so large a gainer it would not be fair in him to break up the party unless the other gentlemen wished it." As the other gentlemen did not wish it Sir Philip was obliged to acquiesce.

But a new combatant entered the field. This was Count Grenville, an *attache* of the French Embassy, well known to the *habitues* of the club, and, like all diplomatists, a lover of whist. He was greeted warmly by all the gentlemen present, with the exception of Sir Philip, to whom he appeared to be a stranger. Nor did the Baronet avail himself of the introduction which took place; for Sir Philip had long since closed his book of intimacies, and in particular he shrank from any familiarity with a foreigner. He resumed the Review he had laid down, and appeared absorbed in its contents.

Grenville joined the whist party, and Lord Grahame, having lost the cut, joined Sir Philip, with whom he entered into conversation, which, to judge from the low tone in which it was carried on, was of a private and interesting nature.

Meanwhile whist continued at the table with varying success—steady, silent, serious play, but, ultimately, fortune deserted Darcy, and his winnings were rapidly transferred to the pockets of Grenville. Sir Philip availed himself of the change to endeavour to induce our hero to leave, but he was no longer amenable to command or persuasion; with flushed brow, stern lip, and glittering eye the young man had surrendered himself to the demon of gambling. Within a short time much of the freshness of youth had been tarnished by one of the most sordid but most universal and most overpowering of passions. Verily the experiment had gone far enough, and Sir Philip could now address his homilies to one not ignorant of the vice they were intended to denounce. But it was not a place for a homily, nor did time admit. It was near midnight, and Sir Philip had to start early next morning for the Continent. It was necessary to leave without seeing the full development of his experiment. The elders also were tired, and the result was that Darcy and Grenville were left alone.

To do the latter justice, he wished also to stop playing; but he was in the same predicament as Darcy had been sometime before, namely, a large gainer, and against Darcy's will it was difficult for him to get away.

The game was changed from whist to piquet, nor were the two unmatched; but fortune continued in the same direction, and Darcy's losses increased. He did not, however, neglect one point of the game, but played steadily on as if the stake were no higher than those admitted in the decorous rectory when the Rector and he occasionally took a hand at this almost classical game. The stakes were increased, and fortune vouchsafed a gleam of success to Darcy, but only again to desert him. It was a case of dragging the devil by the tail, an operation which whoever attempts will not quite satisfy. By two in the morning Darcy had lost £5000. By

mutual consent the play was limited to two hours longer, and at its expiry Darcy's losses amounted to £7000.

The result sobered him. It had been a costly experiment. Perhaps Sir Philip Warden's expectations will be realised, and that of this kind of wild-oats no more will be sown. Such, at least, was Darcy's resolution; and though all mankind imitate the father of lies, in being saintly when sick, there are yet a few who do not follow his example when they recover, and Darcy, then and there, took a vow to abjure gambling in future, and kept his vow tolerably well. Meantime it was necessary to settle, and our hero, with a composure which a finished gambler would envy, wrote out an I O U and handed it to the Count. But a Frenchman when lucky is sublime. Grenville would not receive the document. He needed no voucher, he said; Monsieur would pay when convenient, and our hero put the acknowledgment into his pocket.

They sat, these two men, whose nerves had just been strung to the highest tension, for two hours more together, talking quietly and calmly on the topics of the day. It was a matter of high art with the Count, the fruit of great experience; with Darcy it was the gift of nature, coolness and *aplomb* were the characteristics of the young man, intensified, as all natural tendencies are in man, with whom the intellectual nature predominates, by the literature he selects; and with Darcy his habitual reading had consisted of novels and history in which moral courage is the great virtue round which all others are supposed to cluster, and without which there cannot, it seems, be a hero either in fact or in fiction.

The Count was the principal speaker, Darcy being as yet ignorant of London and its doings; and perhaps it was the attractions of the monologue which induced the Frenchman to sit so long. At last, however, they left the club together arm-in-arm.

They proceeded to Westminster Bridge. The Count's residence was on the Surrey side, while Darcy had secured his bedroom for the night in one of the hotels in the Strand. He saw his companion to the bridge, and then bade him a cordial farewell.

But our hero was feverish and unwilling to go home, and felt a necessity to take a stroll in the cool silence before going to bed; so after retracing his steps for a few yards it struck him he might as well have the pleasure of the Count's company, and turning back he quickened his pace to overtake him.

The night was cold and dark, but not foggy, and the light of the lamps admitted of seeing some distance in advance. He saw Grenville indistinctly about the middle of the bridge. Darcy was at this time passing the Westminster Tavern when he saw the shadow of two men dart from the recess of the bridge and

attack Grenville. He ran on to assist; but when still two hundred yards distant he saw the Count, whom he could now clearly identify, fall. Darcy shouted at the pitch of his voice and ran as fast as he could. The robbers, or murderers, heard him and turned round. They hesitated, but only for a instant. He heard one say to the other throw him over, and then they lifted up the body, poised it for an instant on the parapet, and let it fall. Then they fled.

Darcy arrived at the scene of the struggle breathless. He leant over the parapet of the bridge, but nothing could be distinctly seen. But from the faint light of the phosphorescent water he thought he saw something black clinging to the abutment. He leapt back and as he reached the footpath he saw a watch and a neckerchief, which he hastily picked up.

Then he sped back to the London side shouting murder and calling police; but at that hour there were no passengers, the policeman was off his beat, and it was not till he had reached the palace-tower that a policeman could be found. Then, indeed, the alarm was given, the policeman sprung his rattle, and immediately converging from different directions, eight or nine of the force arrived, a boat was quickly secured, torches were lighted, and Darcy seated on the prow of the boat directed the men to row to the place where the body had been thrown over.

It was found at once jammed up to the abutment which had prevented the tide sweeping it down. The Count was quite dead. His handsome face was colourless, save where the blood coagulated on his brow, the effect of a concussion received either in the scuffle or from the pier in his fall.

Darcy was horror-struck. The man with whom he had just ten minutes before been gaily conversing, the handsome, well-dressed distinguished gentleman, so thoroughbred, was a disfigured corpse, the clothes torn and soiled by the water of the river, the hair dripping, the eyes starting half-out of their sockets, the mouth open as if gasping for air, the body rigid, save that the arms swung listlessly to and fro, as the corpse was lifted into the boat.

The policemen rowed quickly back to the Westminster Tavern, into which, after a little delay, they got admittance. There every effort was used to restore animation, in which Darcy assisted; but to no purpose, and a neighbouring doctor, who soon arrived, ascertained that there were no hopes. The skull had been fractured, and the man must have died almost immediately. Darcy could be of no further use; he was informed that the inquest would be held in the tavern by 10 o'clock that morning, and, it having been arranged that all who were present should attend it, Darcy gave the watch and the necktie to the policeman, and left the place.

He walked slowly to his hotel. His mind was in a state of bewilderment. One conviction came out of the state of mental confusion, and it was this—that a great radical change had somehow or other been effected in his nature. He, Darcy, the morning before, was an inexperienced youth, almost a schoolboy; now he seemed suddenly to have become years older. He seemed, to himself, to have turned a corner in his journey of life; and a totally new, but very misty, prospect opened with thunder-clouds on the horizon.

Darcy did not attend the inquest next morning. To explain the reason it is necessary to transport the reader some three or four hundred miles from London.



THE MAGI AT BETHLEHEM,

AND THE MUHAMMADAN LEGEND OF THE NATIVITY.

Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels : 'tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance.

Schiller.

MANY attempts have been made to identify the wise men who having seen the star of the King of the Jews "in the east," (not as Bishop Porteus long ago pointed out, that they saw the star to the east of themselves, but they, being eastward of Judea, saw the star probably seeming to hang over that country,) came to Jerusalem, and, guided by the same star, went thence to Bethlehem, where they worshipped the young child and presented unto him gifts. One learned writer has gone so far as to seek for the country of these "wise men" in the east, identifying them with certain Khans of Tartary, supposed to have been in the flesh at the epoch of the birth of our Saviour.

But the simple term of "Magi," used in the Vulgate, is sufficient to show that they were in reality fire-worshippers, who came from Persia, or from such parts of Arabia as the fire-worshippers had extended themselves into. The presents made, and which consisted of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, would seem to indicate southern Arabia; but this does not necessarily follow, as the magi, as well as the Jews, may have been in possession of such articles by the ordinary means of commerce.

It is certain, as Suetonius and Tacitus inform us, that an expectation prevailed through the whole East, that about that time a king should arise out of Judea, who should rule over all the world; and there were Jews enough in Persia, and far more in Arabia, to propagate this doctrine, and show it to be contained in their sacred books, from whence, therefore, the more learned wise men may well be supposed to have received it. The star in the east has been viewed by some as the light of the Shechinah or Divine glory, the appearance of which is mentioned in *Exod. xvii. 5*, and *2 Pet. i. 17*, by others, as by Dr. Hales, as the same as the "glory of the Lord," or the miraculous light which "shone round about the shepherds," and which may have appeared to the magi, in the same night, at a great distance, diminished to the size of a star

But taken simply as the luminous heavenly body commonly known as a star, it would appear from Numb. xxiv. 17, that such were figuratively known among the Jews as designating selection or royalty; and this would be still more the case with the Magi, who were addicted to the study of astronomy and astrology, as well as to the worship of fire, as the emblem of the purer element existing in the heavens.

The following legend, although purely fabulous and containing those anachronisms which are not uncommon in Oriental legends, is not only curious in itself, but it is to a certain degree interesting as illustrating the question, as to whether or not the Magi came from Persia, and showing such to be an olden belief; and it is also illustrative of the principle by which the fire-worshippers were guided in the selection of their temples, almost invariably in places where there was a natural supply of naphtha or mineral oil, which, conducted from the earth by pipes, burned perpetually on their altars. The legend is related by Mosa'er, son of Moehlehl, who is supposed from an extract of his works given in the "*Mojemo-l'Beldan*," in which he states himself to have travelled with Abû Dalafu-l'Ajeli, who died at Baghdad in A.D. 839, to have lived in the early part of the same century.

Mosa'er relates then that King Hormûz was informed that a child, blessed by God, was about to be born at Jerusalem, in a village called Beit Lehem, (House of bread, now Beit Lahm, house of flesh), and that it was necessary that he should offer it perfumes, oil, and milk. He accordingly entrusted these presents, together with a large sum of money, to a trustworthy person, and bade him go to Jerusalem to obtain information regarding this child. He further bade him, when he had found it, to give the presents to the mother, congratulating her upon having given birth to a man whose glory and virtues would spread all over the world, and begging her at the same time to pray for Hormûz and for his kingdom.

The messenger journeyed, accordingly, to Mary, presented her with the offerings entrusted to his keeping, and informed her of the blessings bestowed upon her child.

When he was about to return, Mary gave him a sackful of earth, and said to him: "Tell your master to erect a building with this earth."

The "wise man of the east" set out for his own country, but arriving at the spot where is Shîz, and which was then a desert plain, he was overtaken by sickness, and feeling his end approaching, he buried the sack in the ground.

The Persians relate that King Hormûz, having been informed of the death of his envoy, sent one of his officers with orders to raise

a fire temple at the place of his decease. The officer asked the King how he should be able to discover the spot; whereupon the latter said :

“Go, and have no fear but that you will be enabled at once to recognise the spot.”

Arrived at the site of Shîz, the officer fell into a state of great embarrassment, as to how he should acquit himself of his mission; but no sooner had night come on, than he saw a light (a not uncommon occurrence where there are springs of naphtha) issue forth from the ground. He hastened to trace a line of demarcation round the flame, and the next day he laid the foundation of a fire temple, which afterwards became the celebrated Pyræus of Shîz.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, to whom we are indebted for a learned and exhaustive memoir on this fire temple which rose upon the site of the Atropatenian Ecbatana, quotes Masudi to prove that it was really of much greater antiquity, and dated anterior even to Zardûst, or Zoroaster; nor, it is also to be observed, was the first of the Hormûzds a contemporary of Jesus Christ.

Tzetzes, in his poetical history (*Tzetæ Chiliad*, iii. c. 66), describes the sacred fire at Shîz, as having being originally lighted by a thunderbolt from heaven; which supposing such a statement to be correct, and there is nothing impossible about it, would still imply the existence of fuel to be kindled. What this fuel was Milton has well depicted in his description of Pandemonium, where :

“Many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.”

The Muhammadan account of the Nativity, as derived from the Koran and its commentaries, as also from other legendary sources differs greatly from that given in the Gospel narrative. According to these legends, there once lived in Palestine a man named Amram Ibn Matham, who had attained to a great age without being blessed with posterity. Shortly before his death, his wife Hanna prayed to the Lord that he might not suffer her to die childless. Her prayer was heard, and when she was with child she dedicated her offspring to the service of the Lord. But, contrary to her expectations, she gave birth to a daughter, whom she named Mariam (Mary), and was naturally in doubt if her child would be accepted as a servant in the Temple, until an angel cried to her, “Allah has accepted thy vow, although he knew beforehand that thou should’st not give birth to a son. He has, moreover, sanctified thy daughter, as well as the man-child that shall be born of her, and will preserve him from the touch of Satan, who renders every other child

susceptible of sin from its birth (on which account, also, all children cry aloud when they are born)."

These words comforted Hanna, whose husband had died during her pregnancy. As soon as she had recovered from her childbed, she carried her infant daughter to Jerusalem, and presented her to the priests, as a child dedicated to Allah. Zachariah, a priest whose wife was related to Hanna, was desirous of taking the child home with him; but the other priests, who were all eager for this privilege, (for, on account of his piety, Amram had stood in high repute among them) protested against it, and forced him to cast lots with them for the guardianship of Mary.

They proceeded, therefore, twenty-nine in number, to the Jordan, and flung their jirids, or javelins, into the river, on the understanding that he whose javelin should rise again, and remain on the water, should bring her up. By the will of Allah, the lot decided in favour of Zachariah, who then built a small chamber for Mary in the Temple, to which no one had access but himself. But when he brought her some food, she was already supplied; and though it was winter, the choicest summer fruits were laid before her. To his inquiry where she had obtained it all, she replied, "From Allah, who satisfieth every one according to his own pleasure, and giving no account of his proceedings." When Zachariah saw this, he prayed to Allah to perform a miracle even in his case, and to bless him with a son, notwithstanding his advanced age. Then Gabriel called to him, "Allah will give thee a son, who shall be called Jahja" (John). Zachariah went down to his house filled with joy, and related to his wife what the angel had announced to him; but as she was already ninety and eight years of age, and her husband one hundred and twenty, she laughed at him, till at last he himself began to doubt the fulfilment of the promise and asked a sign from Allah.

"As the punishment of thy unbelief," cried Gabriel unto him, "thou shall be speechless for three days; and let this serve thee as the sign thou hast required."

On the following morning Zachariah, as usual, desired to lead in prayer, but was unable to utter a single sound until the fourth day, when his tongue was loosed, and he besought Allah to pardon him and his wife.

Then there came a voice from Heaven, which said, "Your sin is forgiven, and Allah will give you a son, who shall surpass in purity and holiness all the men of his time. Blessed be he in the day of his birth, as well as in those of his death and resurrection."

Within a year's time, Zachariah became the father of a child which, even at its birth, had a holy and venerable appearance.

He now divided his time between him and Mary: and John in the house of his father, and Mary in the Temple, grew up like two fair flowers, to the joy of all believers, daily increasing in wisdom and piety.

When Mary had grown to womanhood, there appeared to her one day, while she was alone in her cell, Gabriel in full human form.

Mary hastily covered herself with her veil, and cried, "Most Merciful! assist me against this man."

But Gabriel said, "Fear nothing from me. I am the messenger of thy Lord, who has exalted thee above all the women of earth, and am come to make known to thee His will. Thou shalt bear a son, and call him Isa, the Blessed one. He shall speak earlier than all other children, and be honoured both in this world and in the world to come!"

"How shall I bear a son," replied Mary, affrighted, "since I have not known a man?"

"It is even so," replied Gabriel. "Did not Allah create Adam without either father or mother, merely by his word 'Be thou created?' Thy son shall be a sign of His Omnipotence, and as His prophet, restore the backsliding sons of Israel to the path of righteousness."

When Gabriel had thus spoken, he raised, with his finger, Mary's robe from her bosom, and breathed upon her.

"Thereupon she ran into the field, and had scarcely time to support herself on the withered trunk of a date-tree before she was delivered of a son. Then cried she, "Oh that I had died and been forgotten ere this, rather than that the suspicion of having sinned should fall upon me!"

Gabriel appeared again to her, and said, "Fear nothing, Mary. Behold, the Lord causes a fountain of fresh water to gush forth from the earth at thy feet, and the trunk on which thou leanest is blooming even now, and fresh dates are covering its withered branches. Eat and drink, and when thou art satisfied, return to thy people; and if any one shall inquire of thee respecting thy child, be thou silent and leave thy defence to Him."

Mary plucked a few dates, which tasted like fruit from Paradise, drank from the fountain, whose water was even like milk, and then went, with her child in her arms, unto her family; but all the people cried out to her, "Mary, what hast thou done? Thy father was so pious, and thy mother so chaste."

Mary instead of replying pointed to the child.

Then said her relations, "Shall this new-born child answer us?"

But Jesus said, "Do not sin in suspecting my mother. Allah

has created me by His word, and has chosen me to be His servant and prophet."

Then follows an account of Christ's miracles, among which is one characterised by the child-like simplicity of the Orientals, that Christ, by the will of Allah, created various kinds of birds out of clay which he animated with his breath, so that they ate and drank and flew up and down like natural birds. Dr. Weil, of Heidelberg, argues, in respect of these Oriental legends of the Nativity, that it is not difficult to discover in them the views of a baptised Jew. He acknowledges in Christ the living Word and the Spirit of God in contradistinction to the dead letter and the empty ceremony into which Judaism had then fallen. In the miraculous birth of Christ there is nothing incredible to him; for was not Adam, too, created by the word of the Lord? He admits all the miracles of the Gospel; or had not the earlier prophets also worked miracles? Even in the Ascension he finds nothing strange; for Enoch and Elias were also translated to heaven. But that a true prophet should place himself and his mother on a level with the Most High God is repugnant to his feelings; and he refuses, in like manner, to believe in the crucifixion, because it appears to him to reflect upon the justice of God, and to conflict with the history of former prophets whom He had delivered out of every danger.

This view of the matter is rendered all the more probable, as it is well known that Muhammad was not only ignorant of every spoken or written language, except the Arabic, which he only learned late in life to write, and even to read, and that he was thus, in consequence of that ignorance, entirely restricted to oral instruction from Jews and Christians. Among those instructors with whom the prophet lived on intimate terms, were, Abd Allah Ibn Salam, a learned Jew, Salman, the Persian, who had long lived among Jews and Christians, and who before he became a Mussulman, was successively a Magian, Jew, and Christian, and the monk Bahira, who was a baptised Jew, but with whom he had only brief intercourse at Bozra. The whole legend shows, however, how painfully deceived Muhammad was by those who spoke to him of the Lord Jesus Christ; but, if, even with his imperfect knowledge, he believed Him to have been a great prophet, it is questionable if he might not have been led to believe in His Divinity, had he been able to read the Gospel, or had he even had it expounded to him by the cousin of his wife, Kadidja, to whom he was probably chiefly indebted for his religious education, and, who, before becoming a Mussulman, had, after abandoning the religion of Arabia, his native country, sought refuge, first in Judaism, and then in Christianity, but without finding a standpoint in either.

FORGOTTEN SIN.

PAGES IN THE LIFE OF A CELEBRATED STATESMAN.

BY EMMA ELIZA HAMILTON.

ANOTHER year! why record its monotonous misery; frequent change of residence from Biarritz to Mentone, from the lovely shores of the Mediterranean to the mountain regions of Norway; everywhere something to ruffle the Earl, indeed, more sternness, deeper gloom, to drive the hapless pair away.

Their last change was to Kissengen (then an obscure village on the skirt of the Black Forest, but for many years in great repute by Dr. Granville's recommendation of its medicinal baths). Here they had resided two months; heavy—heavy time!—as one after the other loosened and broke down some portion of that wondrous fabric with which God has endowed the human frame for man's health and comfort; too often, alas! fatally injured by his own follies. A total want of employment, or any recreation, was of itself a severe pull on the constitution; for though Lord Belmont sat for some hours with a book in his hand, this was more an excuse for silence than any edification he derived from the subject; he never rode on horseback, or walked beyond a short distance from the house. Poor Lady Belmont had tried and tried to find some employment, but her devoted love caused her thoughts continually to wander towards *him* whose every step and look she studied. As yet no Divine spark burst forth from dull mortality, and exulting in its triumph over the body, felt the power of raising the mind of the creature to the image of the Creator; all was of the earth—and earthy.

As one morning, in the lonely chamber, Lady Belmont sat half dressed, her untasted breakfast beside her, she sank down on her pillow, and thronging to memory came all the changes of her life—her playful childhood—the merry smiles of her brothers and sisters—her beautiful girlhood—a parent's pride and love—her friends—the prospects so bright around her—the meeting with Lord Belmont—their first words of love, blissful to her young heart—all these scenes came before her mind, and brought a bewildered impression.

The door opened, a footstep was near, a voice, trembling and

mournful, pronounced her name; she started up, and gazed for one instant in her husband's face. Lord Belmont was there, his countenance struck her with an indescribable awe, she turned away without another look or power of uttering a word. Yes! those quivering features and haggard eyes bore witness to the bodily and mental agonies the sufferer had endured that night; the struggle of an awakened conscience, the full sense of his selfishness and harsh unkindness towards her who had so long borne it without complaint, the conviction that he should soon be called away without retrieving the past; yet from the deep wells of human suffering had arisen a holy comfort—a feeling that his Heavenly Father had accepted his repentance—all this gave the expression that so overpowered his wife.

"Hear me," he cried, with a grasping earnestness; "oh, turn not away! I feel I deserve nothing but hatred, but in the dread night watches your blessed smiles seemed to hover over me and speak pardon; then grant me one look, one word, before I die." He pressed her to his bosom, repeating, "Speak to me, pardon me, before I die."

"Oh! say not that word, my darling, precious love! Speak not of pardon. Oh, George, George! you will be more to me now than ever." She clung to him breathing sweet plaintive murmurs, like the gentle cooing of the turtle-dove over her wounded mate.

All that day as the sick man reclined, exhausted in mind and body, his Fanny knelt beside the couch, and the frequent pressure of his emaciated hand, held in her soft, dewy palm, proved he felt comfort.

After a while, with some effort, Lord Belmont rose, and, pointing to a writing-table, expressed by signs some immediate communication. Fanny sat down by the table and took the pen.

"Write to Woodlands," said her husband, "and order preparations for our return; you shall no longer be dragged a wanderer over the world. I wish to leave you with our own people—I wish to die there."

"Oh, do not think of that, my darling! We will return; at Woodlands, rest and quiet will restore you. Oh, yes, George, each day you will regain strength and peace of mind. We shall be so happy!"

"Would it were permitted," said the Earl; "but the decree is gone forth. I cannot live—all the blessings of this life thrown away, and, greatest loss than all, *your* love, all thrown away."

The Woodlands letter finished, he himself dictated one to Dr. C—, announcing their intention to return, and requesting his presence. "I remember," said he, "at Lucerne he parted from me in displeasure. I was in fault; he spoke the truth; he is a true friend of yours, Fanny, and I wish him to be near you."

From this hour Lord Belmont expressed constant anxiety for the homeward journey, which in a few days was commenced; his state of illness caused great fatigue in travelling, but the anxious desire to reach England supported him through, and having crossed the Channel, he allowed no further delay, proceeding immediately to Woodlands. Lord and Lady Belmont's kindness and munificence had won the affection of their poor neighbours, so that their arrival was expected by gladsome hearts, and as the carriage dashed rapidly through the village, the church bells struck forth a merry peal.

"What mockery!" exclaimed the fainting sufferer, "when these bells will soon toll"—he stopped—the deep shadows of grief on Fanny's face showed she felt the remark.

At the park gates the village children stood with smiles and courtesies, offering bouquets of primroses and violets.

On entering the house, many recollections overthrew the little strength which intense effort had maintained; and for a few days the Earl was unable to think or act. But there were plans for Lady Belmont's future comfort to be carried out, and the anxious husband soon rallied to the task. On the Sunday after their return Lord Belmont expressed his intention of attending morning service in the parish church. They went early—the Woodlands pew was in the gallery. The early feeble steps required assistance to mount the stairs; when gained, husband and wife sat down in the same place they occupied so few years since, the first Sunday after their marriage. The bride had then drawn down her veil, to hide the blushing beauties which attracted every eye; again the veil is down, but saturated with tears. And, *he*, whose beaming happiness shone in his vigorous health and manhood—can that shrunk, attenuated frame—that cheek of ashy paleness—can it be Lord Belmont?

The worthy Rector, with best intention, but questionable tact, made some allusion to the brevity of all earthly bliss, and the duty of preparing for a speedy change. This quite overcame the restraint of poor Fanny's feelings, hiding behind a pillar in the pew, she sobbed unnoticed. The Earl's devout manner throughout the service evinced no change. The sermon ended, the congregation dispersed, villagers, as they homeward trod the church path, talked together of the former rejoicing, the bonfires and feasting, when the noble pair came down to Woodlands. The dance on the Meadow Croft; how a chair for the bride was wreathed with flowers, and how the Earl led down the dance with Mrs. Jones, the blacksmith's pretty wife. "Sad change!" was the chorus.

"No wonder!" said Farmer Giles, the oracle of the village, "No wonder! I'll be bound he never tasted a juicy slice of Southdown or sirloin of beef since he left England; how can a man thrive on stewed frogs and saur-kraut?"

"Without contradicting you, Mr. Giles," said Hannah Speers of the tobacconist's shop, "I saw at a glance my lord has been practised on."

"How do you mean?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Well, I'll tell you. My uncle's brother-in-law's nephew's cousin lived valet to a Scotch gentleman, who took a house for two years near the Black Forest, in Germany. That place is haunted by demons and devils; the country people are quite familiar with them, and get their help for wicked jobs. They can draw the life blood, and strength from a man. My lord has been dealt with. Rely on that, Master Giles; no doctor can put back the spirit."

A farmer's lad, who had listened eagerly to the startling legend, cried out, "I say, Mrs. Speers, is it catching, if I go near my lord?" The answer is not on record.

The groups separated as they came to the various lanes and turnings; meanwhile, the Belmonts arrived at home.

As the carriage-door was opened a friendly hand and cheerful voice saluted them. "Welcome, welcome back to England! a thousand welcomes! Delighted to see you both looking so well!"

Fanny escaped into the house.

Dr. C—— seizing Lord Belmont's arm, pressing it, as in eager friendship, and talking rapidly the while, contrived to support him up the steps without appearing to do so.

"Have come the first hour I could command. Your lordship returns in the most propitious season; Woodlands never looks so bright as in early spring, the lilacs, and laburnams, guelder roses and copper beech, all blend together."

"Dr. C——," said the Earl, cutting short the loquacious speaker. "I have anxiously desired to see you, and make my last request. Lady Belmont has a great esteem for you, and you must promise me to be with her at the time of my death. At first she will suffer greatly; though, when time has passed, I trust that many happy years are in store for her; but you will relieve my mind by promising to be here as a support and comfort."

"Lord Belmont," said the Dr., with a serious look, "I would promise anything in my power to fulfil; but I am sixty-eight years old. True, I still possess, thank God, *mens sana in corpore sano* I cannot expect to survive your lordship."

"Dr. C——, I am a dying man."

"Lord Belmont, you have not taken a medical degree; and if you commence practice against me, I shall denounce you as a quack. You cannot die if you would, unless you throw yourself from the water tower yonder and break your neck; you must be content to vegetate for a few months, and enjoy the blessings around you."

In spite of these jocose and cheering remarks, when Dr. C—, returned that evening to town, having carefully watched his patient, his fears were much greater than his hopes. "Poor, dear, little woman!" he mentally exclaimed, "what will become of her? She is more attached to him than ever. One good symptom, there is no cough, the lungs are sound—he may come round."

Spring! Sweet advent of summer's radiant treasures, delicious harbinger! thy tender verdure like an infant's smile passes from us when riper charms appear—ah! none surpassing thine. Hour, by hour we see thee give up to us some young nursling, reared and guarded from the inclement winter in thy soft, genial bosom; thy duty is complete; expanding flowers, thicker foliage spreads its shadows, and glittering lights flash through the groves of Woodlands.

Notwithstanding sad forebodings and extreme debility, Lord Belmont lives on, proof of the conquest achieved by strong vitality over fearful odds. The Earl's better nature inspires a wish to subdue that morbid selfishness which embittered the last few years. He begins to live for others, and tries to redeem the wayward unkindness towards the fond wife who endured *all*, to whom life was only for his comfort. There seemed an effort to be cheerful, grateful, for the many blessings showered upon him, though the crowning blessing *health* was still denied.

An incident occurred showing, however frail the body, the mind had acquired a healthier tone. We recollect the churlish manner in which the Earl refused to meet his wife's family in Switzerland, and the evasive answers poor Fanny was compelled to give for their own immediate departure; from that time the continued subterfuges she still expressed caused her parents much anxiety. She was such an affectionate child, that there must be some mystery; Lady Vernon resolved to prove it, and early in May announced her intentions of coming to Woodlands the following week. Lord Belmont *now* expressed pleasure at the thought of seeing her, and of the happiness Fanny would enjoy in her mother's society. As the carriage drove up the Earl came forward to meet his mother-in-law, and tried to give a smile of welcome, *that* smile far more affecting than any tears could be. Lady Vernon was a complete woman of the world, gifted with infinite self-command; but her countenance betrayed the shock as she beheld the attenuated frame and care-shrunk features before her. Could it be the man who only three years past shone so bright in the noontide vigour of health and enjoyment? the genial, happy friend?—the charm of society? Lady Vernon

could not answer the faint words he uttered. When Fanny her—after the fond embrace, the first gush of tenderness—mother looked in the daughter's face, reading there the record of past misery. When alone together, and closely questioned the only reply was an entreaty that the change in her husband might not be noticed; he was doing well, only rather weak. Lady Belmont's timid nature shrunk from detailing the fearful story. That piteous scene in Newgate cell; the remorse-stricken father; the doomed, deserted child lying dead before her—the sudden shock which for a time had overwhelmed the penitent spirit—struck mind and body until all natural feelings were crushed. Great Father of our immortal souls! Inspirer! Sustainer! thou dost hold the link binding us with Thee: with Thy hand, and it is broken. The frail creature is left to battle with helpless infirmity, or writhe in misery. Such had been the husband's condition; such the wife's devoted constancy. Better it had been could her mother have refrained from questioning the past, the merciful decree had calmed the perturbed spirit, saying to the cloud, Disperse. But Lady Vernon was a woman unaccustomed to opposition; she determined to know all.

The moment Fanny left the room she summoned Hannah, Lady Belmont's faithful servant (our old acquaintance) into her presence. Hannah had been bred up in the Vernon household, never knew another service, nor beyond that family another home. Now, type of a class fast dying out; one of those attached servants belonging to the house, sharer in their joys and sorrows, identified with their interests more than their own, a memory of the old time. She believed there never was, and never would be, a living creature so wise or good, or worthy of respect, as Lady Vernon; therefore it was with no little dread she stood before her ladyship, having been cautioned that very morning not to breathe a word about Lord Belmont's illness.

Fixing on her a penetrating glance, Lady Vernon thus addressed her, in a kind but rather authoritative voice: "Hannah Jarvis, when my daughter married I sent you with her to be her constant attendant."

"And, my lady, I have never left her for a single day."

"Then you cannot be ignorant of the original cause of Lord Belmont's illness."

"Ah, my lady, it is a sad story!"

"No preamble, if you please; tell me immediately the whole truth without prevarication."

"Heaven forbid I should ever presume to use variations in your ladyship."

"Then tell me at once."

"Oh, please, my lady, don't flutter me; I must begin at the beginning; it was all about a child."

"A child! what child? whose?"

"Saving your presence, my lady, many years ago, when Lord Belmont was very young, he had a misfortune—the girl had a baby; after that she married, and went to foreign parts with her husband; left the little boy with her mother, they fell into poverty, and were taken the workhouse."

"And the best place for them."

"So I always said, my lady; that was just my opinion. But as the lad grew up he wished to better himself; so he ran away, and got up to London. He fell into a bad lot, and learnt housebreaking. One night he was caught, and came to be hanged—No, no! I mistake; he died before he was hanged."

"Go on."

"One Sunday night, my lady, some wicked gentleman wrote my lord all about it; he was in a sad taking, and the next morning would go up to Newgate prison to try what could be done. The lad had died in the night, and my lord saw him lying a corpse before him in the cell. The shock overset him altogether; he came home, had fits and a bad fever; then, my lady, he fell into strange manners, and—"

Lady Vernon stopped her short (for when Hannah was once set going she was always vastly circumstantial). "I see it is all on the nerves; he must see Sir Henry Gossamer—he is the only man now for nervous cases."

"Oh, my lady, Dr. C—— comes down here every week to cheer him up a little."

"Nonsense! Dr. C—— is very well, but his day is over; Sir Henry is the man. I shall insist upon a consultation."

These facts having been extracted, Lady Vernon's good sense and feeling restrained her from further questioning her daughter, or alluding to past trials so nobly endured; but on one point her ladyship maintained a pertinacious will: Sir Henry Gossamer must be called in. Diverging from another celebrated physician of the day, who traced every human disease to the liver (and administered calomel to a sore toe), so did Sir Henry trace all diseases to the nerves—a popular doctrine, seeing that half our complaints are imaginary. Our baronet, "the Court and fashionable Esculapius of the day," was a kind-hearted, amiable man, suggesting invalid comforts, inspecting the result; so to speak, a head nurse out of petticoats.

A few days after her ladyship's arrival our old friend Dr. C—— came down to Woodlands. His warm, honest heart beat quick

with joy when he found Fanny so bright and happy—mother and daughter united—a reciprocal affection ; while Lord Belmont, rousing up from all thoughts of self, was endeavouring by every means to evince the pleasure he felt in Lady Vernon's society.

"This is beyond our hopes," said Dr. C—— as the party strolled through the grounds, and the Earl turned back to point out some picturesque point of view, "Your ladyship has already worked a marvellous change. All danger is now passed."

"Yes," replied Lady Vernon, "but the nerves are still affected."

"They are ; time alone will restore them." (It was amusing how two clever people managed to fence off the subject which neither would approach, though each knew that the other was fully cognisant of all the previous circumstances.)

"Still I think it should be treated as a real case."

"The less treatment the better ; a cheerful home, the devoted attention of his charming wife, will bring the nerves right."

"Perhaps ; yet I have often observed how beneficial any slight change, some fresh plan, has proved."

"What would your ladyship suggest?"

"The family are very anxious Lord Belmont should see Sir Henry Gossamer. Do you object to a consultation?"

"Certainly not, I am always happy to meet him ; but allow me, Lady Vernon, to express my fear lest the idea of any ceremony may bring back to Lord Belmont's mind remembrances of past illness, a danger to be avoided."

"The family wish it ; we all think it right. Will you meet Sir Henry here?"

"Certainly, any day he appoints I will run down for an hour."

"Thanks, then I will write to him immediately, and let you know."

After some difficulties an appointment was made, and the fashionable physician, in his well-known light-brown chariot came down to Woodlands soon after one o'clock. Luncheon waited. Dr. C—— exact to the hour. (We may here remark that our worthy friend was a shrewd Scotchman. He held the wise maxim, "No man can afford to make enemies ;" therefore whether in consultation with other physicians or general practitioners, he never objected to new prescriptions, provided they were harmless : or, in cases of severe illness, that one was efficacious. The feelings of relations and friends were never tortured by the differing and opposite plans of medical men. With full confidence in the innocent practice of Sir Henry, he prepared for the conference.)

After luncheon the party left the dining-room, and Sir Henry

entered into pleasant conversation with Lord Belmont, requesting leave to feel his pulse, as after eating a vast difference takes place.

"My dear lord," said Gossamer, "you must oblige us by extreme attention to your diet; really be as watchful and careful as you would be with your own child."

This random shot tended not to steady the pulse. Fanny coloured deeply. Lady Vernon looked aside. Sir Henry proceeded: "At twelve a glass of sherry, brown sherry, a dry biscuit, or we shall not object to a sponge cake, no currants in any form—slow poison."

An adjoining door stood open, the members of the faculty retired for consultation. The chamber they entered seemed suggestive of grave and studious thought; even the massive inkstand looked grave, the dark oaken table, how solemn! two velvet-cushioned arm-chairs were drawn opposite each other. Dr. C—— ensconced himself in one, took up a pen, and composed his mind to meditation. Sir Henry turned to the window, attracted by the view it presented, rippling bright and clear through the grounds, a stream of water, a cut from the river, formed at some distance a little lake; around it tall flowering shrubs and branches of the birch-tree, the acacia, and mountain ash provided shelter from the noonday heat. After a minute's admiring gaze Gossamer turned round, exclaiming "What splendid fishing they have here, my dear C——! You appear very intimate: could you manage to get an invitation for my nephew, Archibald to come down for a couple of days!—he would enjoy the holiday so much."

"You had better ask Lady Vernon" was the reply, "she is paramount here."

"Not to-day; perhaps the next time I come. The Belmonts seem very hospitable, Apropos of hospitality, are the Fortescues still at Eden Court? What delightful parties we had there; house full of guests; fresh amusements every day; all the company pleased with each other. The old General, how savage in a fit of the gout! God, how he used to swear at me!"

"My dear Sir Henry, your anecdotes are always amusing. I regret it is not in my power to enjoy them to-day; an appointment in town calls me back immediately. Had we not better hold our consultation?" A demure smile was round those thin lips, a twinkle in the sharp grey eye, as Dr. C—— interrupted the florid speaker.

"Oh, yes, by the bye! ten thousand pardons! I forgot; what shall it be?"

"Whatever you please, Sir Henry. You prescribe, I endorse." Gossamer's pen flew rapidly, decidedly; no doubting. He

pushed the paper across the table, saying in his own gentle tone
 "Will that do!"

"Aque cinnam.

Sacchar : Alb.

Q. S. ad Oj.

fiat. mist.

Capiat cochl amp. ii bis in die."

"Excellent!" said Dr. C——, placing his name after the baronet's. Then both rose and returned to the drawing-room where the two ladies awaited their coming, Lady Vernon with the confidence Sir Henry gained from the fashionable world; poor Fanny with trembling anxiety (her husband had left the room). Gossamer handed the prescription, smiling very cheerfully as he assured the Dr. C—— concurred entirely in his opinion. Lady Vernon took the paper. Vainly her ladyship endeavoured to decipher the Latin scrawl, while Fanny, spite of the baronet's reassuring manner, remained in anxious silence. Meanwhile, Dr. C——, having hastily nodded assent to the result of their consultation, prepared to depart. Already he had assumed that peculiar surtout which for thirty years was never seen to vary in shape or texture (marvellous the tailor could be so accurate in the cut), whatever the season. Rigorous winter, summer heat, that coat appeared; the only observable difference consisted in the opening or closing of the three upper buttons. On the present occasion, a warm afternoon in May, they were open, revealing an immaculate white shirt frill crowned by a white neckcloth, the ends tied with a precision Bea Brummel might have envied. Thus equipped, after final good wishes and promises of soon visiting Woodlands again, our worthy friend hurried off to meet the stage coach, and be in time to deliver a lecture at the Royal Institution.

Gossamer has the field to himself. He addressed Lady Belmont expressing regret that he probably should not see the Earl again that morning, therefore hoped her ladyship would excuse him pressing the necessity of great punctuality in taking this peculiar medicine, which Dr. C—— and himself judged essential; neglect for a day, or even an hour, would produce a pernicious effect.

"Is it very powerful?" asked Fanny, horrified by this peroration.

"Not more powerful, Lady Belmont, than the case demands these nervous symptoms, when long preying on the constitution must not be trifled with. We have no doubt Lord Belmont will derive immense benefit from our prescription, if regularly taken. Your ladyship will recollect, two tablespoonfuls quarter past eleven in the morning, not eleven, quarter past to a minute, and ten

* White sugar and cinnamon water. Q. S. for *quantum sufficit*, or as much as will be sufficient to make Oj. one pint. Two tablespoonfuls twice a day.

minutes before three in the afternoon ; no deviation. Another point : are you sure there is any spring water in the grounds entirely free from chalybeate tincture ? ”

“ All the spring water is chalybeate ; the river water — ”

“ Name it not ; excuse my anxiety, it must be pure liquid spring water. ”

“ We have spring water from an Artesian well in the village, ” observed Lady Vernon.

“ But, dear mother, it is frequently out of order, sometimes for days together. ”

“ Ah, ” said Gossamer, thoughtfully.

“ Would it not be safer, Sir Henry, to send the medicine ready prepared from London ? ” Fanny put the question in timid respect.

“ An excellent thought ! trust the ladies for helping us out of a dilemma. Yes, it will be, after all, perhaps the best way ; it shall be made up by my own chemist Godfrey, the safest in London ; I can always trust him. The week’s supply shall be sent down, and I feel confident, ere long, he may venture on some change. ”

The visit ends : The fee is handed (fifty guineas) ; a promise of another visit in a fortnight.

The Earl, stronger and more cheerful, verily a wonderful improvement ; but whether owing to the potent medicine, or the society of Lord Vernon and the merry Angus, who were at Woodlands for several weeks, we may be permitted to question. Young Gossamer was frequently invited to share the fishing sport. The invalid now lived out of danger. All his thought was to please others ; no state of mind more healthful.

When the Vernon family left Woodlands, and Lord Belmont freely accepted an invitation to pass the autumn at their Scotch place, “ Moor House, Aberdeen, ” oh, how brightness beamed on his wife’s sweet face, as she bade adieu to her parents for a few weeks only !

At that moment Fanny experienced the full reward bestowed by Providence on woman for faithful love towards the husband of her youth ; that love, which in days of sorrow borne for him, brings a sustaining power no other mortal comfort can bestow, though long and weary the trial, never exhausted, clinging closer to the trembling heart ; that love which teaches the fond wife to forget past sorrows when she feels he is happy.

In this hospitable home the Earl never shunned society or the gatherings of neighbouring lairds (their manners were not distasteful) ; with placid cheerfulness his lordship listened to local news, local farming schemes, local jokes ; he was voted a clever man who

ought to have been a Highlander. Still those who knew him formerly observed as great a change in manner as in appearance ; the hilarity of youth was gone—sedate, thoughtful, and observant, as one matured by the world—no shadow of despondency, no traces of joy. The Earl of Belmont stood out in bold relief, a man of high position, high in rank, high in fortune, high—much higher in talent. At length the Earl remembered the vast responsibilities attached to these endowments ; he looked back on the long line of ancestors—men who, in the service of their country, proved their devoted loyalty, ambition never tempted, perils never daunted, or the natural affections subdued. History pointed to their names, emblazoned as names will ever be, which, amid contending factions and democratic theories, have held fast their loyalty and faith. The descendant felt this ; his spirit was moved to emulation beyond the bounds of private life, which brightened under his love ; he felt eager, not only to bear the name, but prove that he inherited the virtues of his race.

By a curious coincidence his Lordship gave in adhesion to Government, and accepted office (under another administration, new sovereign, God bless her !) on the eighth anniversary of the evening which brought Arthur Revel's fatal letter, the consequent illness, and that sad page in his life is known to few, but fewer remembered.

During the interval of these eight years the happiness of Lord Belmont and his wife was crowned by the successive birth of four lovely children. Lord Danvers was a flourishing child, his two younger brothers jolly little fellows, and Lady Alice, their sister, completed the set of olive branches.

At fifty the Earl appeared the mainstay of his party ; in all the various intricacies of diplomacy, his genius unravelled difficulties, helping to sustain unbroken the bonds of national peace. He has been taken from us in his eighty-first year, crowned with dignity and honour, as a Cabinet Minister, the Earl's memory is cherished by his colleagues, while those most opposed in political opinions, pay willing homage to his talents and integrity.

The Countess survives, no bitterness mingles in her widow's grief, she recalls the many years of happiness shared with her beloved husband, the more precious, contrasted by that brief dark shadow. She shrinks not from remembrance of the trial, as testifying the gracious mercy of God in restoring mind and body from prostration. Lady Belmont leans for comfort on the hearts of her children and their offspring ; she has left the brilliant world, where in later years the Earl's position called her, and resides chiefly at Woodlands.

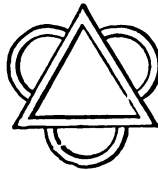
Lord Danvers (before being called, by his father's death, to the

Upper House) was thrown early into the House of Commons, and battered about into a well-got-up ally of his party ; but he never, in the Upper House, displayed his father's diplomatic tact and foresight which rendered him so valuable a Cabinet Minister. The present Earl resides chiefly at Belmont Hall, and during the session at the town residence ; his younger brothers are married ; and Lady Alice, his only sister, is espoused to a scion of a noble house, and is a happy wife and mother. Her children spend much of their time at Woodlands.

We must look back to our dear good friend, Dr. C—— : he retired from practice some years before his death ; in ripe old age he seemed to glide away, so tranquilly the spirit left the frame. He lived long enough to give practical instructions regarding the Belmont nurseries. Hannah (a privileged person) who held a sine-cure there, and was supposed to preside, often disputed with the Doctor on certain points of infant management.

We must not forget that as the sons grew up to manhood, their father, taught by woeful experience, failed not to impress their minds with this certain truth, that however venial might seem the random transgressions of youth—though obliterated by purer lasting ties, by the business or pleasures of maturer life, sooner or later the hour of retribution will come—unforeseen—unexpected, when the seducer will meet the punishment of “ Forgotten Sin.”

THE END.



SAINT PATRICK'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

'TWAS a Christmas night both cold and chill ;
 Saint Patrick sat in his house on the hill ;
 The wind it was blowing,
 The snow it was snowing,
 But the Saint cared never a bit about
 The war of the elements raging without ;
 But he said grace devoutly, and finished a dinner
 With an appetite equal to that of a sinner.
 He drank off for sport
 A good bottle of port ;
 To check any false merriment
 Was another of sherry meant ;
 Then he soothed the flesh down with a pint of Madeira,
 Which was always a custom in that distant era.
 Then he broke a few walnuts abstractedly, till
 He remembered a something more exquisite still.
 Up he leapt, rang the bell, and the summons did bring.
 A pretty young maid, who said, " Sir, did you ring ?"
 " I did," said his saintship ; " Oh, Kathleen machree,
 Just step to the cellar, my dear, here's the key,
 And close to the bin 92 will be seen
 A gallon stone jar containing poteen ;
 Just fill the decanter, and put on the kettle,
 Bring a lemon and tumbler. I'll manage to settle
 Accounts with a pint, or my name is not Pat.
 Be off now, my darling ; be sure you mind that
 The kettle is boiling, be back in a jiffey."
 The Saint appeared certainly jolly, as if he
 Intended to make what young men call " a night of it,"
 For he wheeld his chair nigher
 The smouldering fire,
 Then took up a paper to have a short sight of it.
 Whether " Freeman," " Express," " Morning Post,"
 " Evening Mail,"
 It matters not much for the truth of the tale.
 But by chance the first column
 Was filled with a solemn
 Account of the doings of one dreadful serpent,
 Which, living secluded
 For long had eluded

The Saint, till it fancied that he was deluded
In thinking his wonderful crozier held perpend-
icular threw the snakes into convulsions,
The way it was said he affected expulsions.
"We write with the feelings of deepest regret,"
Said the paper commencing its leader; "but yet
'Tis our duty, though painful indeed to record,
In the most ample manner our means can afford,
That our eminent townsman Phineas O'Grady,
Esquire, while returning last night with his lady
From the Theatre Royal, was savagely set upon
By a serpent which secretly managed to get upon
The seat of the brougham; results most unpleasant
Might have followed, but that in a short time was present
Sub-constable Smith, R.I.C. whose exertion
Caused the terrible monster's immediate desertion.
We are happy however to be in a position
To state that the sufferer's painful condition
Is improved, and no fatal results are expected,
For no dangerous symptoms have yet been detected.
A reward of five shillings we're requested to mention,
Has been offered to-day for the snake's apprehension.
Now, perhaps, for the sake of this rising community
We may be allowed to take this opportunity
Of saying we really think it most scandalous
That this beast is permitted so rudely to handle us;
Where is Mr. Saint Patrick,
That he suffers this bad trick
To be played on the innocent children of Erin?
Why, soon we shall all be as dead as a herrin'
If he don't interpose sure
His marvellous crozier
That is able to banish all snakes in creation;
So 'tis said, but we think without any foundation."
The saint saw this leader, and said when he read it o'er,
"I'm hanged if I met with such cheek in an editor!
Does he think I'm a fool,
Or an ass, to keep cool
While he writes of a saint? Mr. Editor you'll
Feel the weight of my crozier, my boy, on your shoulder,
Before you, my jewel, have got a month older.
Such a slur to be cast on a narrative's verity!
Faith this would be a thing to hand down to posterity!
I'll show them this night I am able, by Japers,
To stop of a sudden this gentleman's capers.

Kathleen, bring me my boots, my crozier and mitre ;
 Not the bluchers, the tops, you know they fit tighter !”
 And having thus spoke in a terrible passion,
 He put on his top-boots, which then were the fashion,
 Slipt a flask in the breast of his new Ulster coat,
 And tied a silk handkerchief twice round his throat.
 Then he said to his maid, “ Don’t wait up for me ;
 I can let myself in as I have the latch-key.”

CANTO II.

Where the waters so placid and clear of the Shannon,
 By banks lily-fringed most gloriously ran on,
 The Saint took a walk in the moonlight cold ;
 For though people said he was now getting old,
 He was still strong and hearty
 As any stout party,
 Of eighty may well be supposed to be.
 Withal a jolly old boy was he ;
 And he walked by that river
 Without a shiver,
 Though the wind was enough to pierce to his liver ;
 And never once trembled his manly old heart till
 Before him he saw what less strong nerves would startle ;
 For there lay the serpent, a mighty big fellow,
 His skin a bright scarlet with slight streaks of yellow.
 This snake was the one which declined to be banished
 When all of the others from Erin had vanished ;
 And there was in the country a general idea,
 That he was old Harry himself ; there must be a
 Considerable doubt before giving admission
 To this, as a fact, from that age of tradition.
 At the sight the Saint stopped and laid near him a box,
 Which he carried in all his professional walks ;
 Then he put forth his crozier,
 Saying quietly, “ Oh, sure [it,
 You’ll catch cold if you lie there, no lungs, sir, could stand
 Come, honey, your family duties demand it.
 Fie ! think of your family ; join me in my walk ;
 Besides, I should like with you half-an-hour’s talk.”
 So great was the power,
 Of the Saint that hour,
 The serpent arose and said, “ Oh, with pleasure ;
 Where have I the honour of waiting your leisure ?”

"Egad, my fine boy, you're mighty polite." [right,
"Faith, sir," said the snake, "it's myself knows what's
And due to a gentleman saint, sir, like you ;
Yes, always I give to the devil his due.
You're a gentleman saint, not one of the riff-raff.
Oh faith, 'tis well-known here, although you may laugh."
"Shut up!" said the Saint ; "you're too civil by half.
Look here what I've brought, though you little deserve it ;
It's a real Christmas-box, so, my friend, just preserve it
In memory of me." He uncovered the chest
That stood close beside them ; 'twas made of the best
Bog-oak Mr. Goggin, of Grafton-street, had.

Within and without,
Most remarkably stout,
The lock was a Bramah I know beyond doubt.
"Oh, indeed !" said the serpent ; "but it's really too bad
To take such an elegant present. Oh, no,
I'm mighty obliged to you ; but it's no go !
I am sorry I cannot accept your civility ;
But I thank you entirely for all your gentility." [it,
"Oh, come now, my darling !" the Saint said ; "I bought
Made up just expressly for you, when I've brought it
Sure you haven't the heart to be half so cruel
As refuse it ? oh, no ! here get in it, my jewel,
I'd like very much to see how it suits ;
It's quite new ; see the lock, how finely it shosts,"

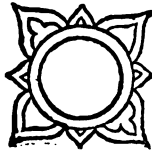
"I never intended
You should be offended,"
Said the snake ; "but the fact is I think it's too small."
"I'll be hanged if it is !" said Saint Pat ; "not at all !
Begorra, I think you're afraid to get in it,
But try it, at any rate, just for a minute."
Then after a little more gentle persuasion,
When he found quite impossible further evasion,
The serpent slid in, but no art could prevail
On the cunning old brute to take in his tail ;
So Pat let down the lid with a terrible clap,
And the new Bramah lock that closed with a snap,
Secured it completely, both firmly and neatly ;
But the careful saint bolted it up quite discreetly.
"I'll get out," said the snake. "'Pon my soul," said Saint

Pat,
"I'll take very good care that you never do that.
I hope the chest fits you exactly, my honey."
Here he shouldered the box, and, when that was done, he

Walked down to the bridge, just beside Killaloe,
 And despite the snake swearing,
 'Twas a mean trick, declaring
 He'd expose it, right into the deep river threw
 The chest and the serpent. They sunk to the bottom,
 And there they remained till the following autumn,
 When a single side was borne by the tide,
 Together with part of the lid to Killbride.
 But if, as was hinted, this snake was no less
 Than a Personage whose nasty name one may guess,
 I think we may safely conclude he got out,
 Though the means he employed are enveloped in doubt.
 Then Saint Patrick went home after doing this job,
 And put on his slippers that warmed on the hob,
 Having previously changed, very wisely, his socks.
 But the rest of my story all ears polite shocks ;
 For he emptied that jar with the "Old Irish" label,
 And was found asleep next morning under the table.

[We may add, the five shillings reward was paid over next day; but all efforts have failed to discover if an action was brought for the paper's iniquities in slandering the Saint, though one learned in antiquities has assured us in print, that to his certain knowledge he accepted the editor's ample apology.]

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



HALLOW-E'EN.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRENCH EMIGRÉ

A **VERY** quiet and secluded little hamlet is Bolton Percy, even in these days, and at the end of the last century it was even more so. A tiny village—a mere handful of houses, in fact—but rejoicing in a high-sounding name, and lying in the midst of a lovely landscape.

It is true there is nothing majestic or wildly picturesque in the scenery around. Nature here appears in her softest and gentlest mood, and Bolton Percy lies, like a gem, set round with corn fields and meadows.

About the end of the last century there stood, within a mile of Bolton Percy, an ancient red brick mansion, called Harborough Hall, the seat of Squire Fairfax, descended from the famous Fairfax, of Commonwealth renown; and over the large, dusky old pew in the north aisle of the Church at Bolton Percy, in which the Fairfax family worshipped, there was a mural monument in memory of the father of the Parliamentary General.

Harborough Hall was a quaint old mansion, looking ghost-like in the moonbeams on winter nights, when its many mullioned windows shone out, like so many gleaming eyes, from the dusky red brick walls, and the wind tossed about the bare branches of the giant oaks and elms, till they waved to and fro like the arms of grisly spectres.

When the family were away, and the Hall was shut up, belated pedestrians would quicken their steps if they passed under the shadow of the north wing, though they would cast a scared glance, lured on by a species of horrible fascination, at a broad mullioned window under the roof; the window, in short, of the ghost-room—a chamber which, like some other mansions, Harborough Hall had possessed from time immemorial.

Just now, however, we have nothing to do with the ghost-room, and, besides, the mansion was not closed, but full of gay company from kitchen to garret; and the time of year was November—the first of the month also—and early in the evening.

The sun had set, but a lurid red light yet lingered in the west,

though gray mists were creeping up from the fields and m towards the darkening sky.

Many leaves, flaming with yellow and scarlet, still rema the branches of the grand old oaks, and elms, and sycamor the flower-beds, in the green, velvet-like lawn beneath t ioned windows of the old Hall, were not yet shorn of all the beauty.

The Hull was composed of a centre and two wings. upper storey of the foremost portion there was a large room, ing from front to back ; a memorable room, though at t it was but scantily and poorly furnished for its size, and had one solitary occupant—a poor young French emigrant prie threadbare suit ; one of the old *noblesse*, who had barely with his life from blood-stained France, and now filled the r envious post of tutor to the only son and heir of Squire Fai

Now, it might have been supposed that the poor Frenc would have been very happy at Harbrough, for the Squir kind-hearted, bluff English gentleman ; his boy was a docil tionate little lad ; and his two daughters, who learnt Fren Monsieur de Lessart, would have done anything to serve hi there was the Squire's lady—the mistress of the Hall, the r of everybody and everything in it, from the master downv the little stable-boy, who shook in his shoes when he he dreaded step in the stable-yard.

Now, from the moment this poor Monsieur de Lessart in the house, Mrs. Fairfax disliked him. His being a Popis was a crime of the first magnitude in her eyes, and if detested Mr. Leonard Foljambe, the portly and jovial r Bolton Percy, she detested him still more intensely now kind attentions to the poor emigrant. The manner, in which Mrs. Fairfax treated the French priest might certair justified the not very flattering judgment which some peopl on her, when they affirmed that she was a very overbear coarse-minded woman. She persistently snubbed Mons Lessart, and tried every means to mortify and annoy him inviting him from the solitude of the bare, ill-furnished r had allotted to him, when, as was sometimes the case, her was from home, and ordering for his table, on these occasi veriest scraps from her own.

A sore trial it was to her that her children could p love this penniless man, with his napless beaver a threadbare coat. Herself the daughter of a lowbor blubber merchant, as the whale oil merchants are terme Fairfax had but small reverence for birth or talent w supported by wealth. However, the children, in thei

sitions, took after Richard Fairfax, and not after the daughter of Simon Hobbs.

"Poverty-stricken as he now looked, there was a romance in the life of this poor emigrant priest, who sat in the waning light of the November day by the broad old mullioned window, praying for the dead, in accordance with the custom of his church, on Hallow-e'en.

The first flow of the remorseless tide of the Revolution had swept from him, for ever, his affianced bride. The Duperres, though noble, joined the Republic, and Mary Duperre renounced the devoted Royalist, and gave her hand finally to a violent and blood-thirsty Republican, Edouard Duchastel.

Then De Lessart conquered his earthly love, and turned his thoughts to holier aims. He had finished his studies and been ordained priest before the fatal Reign of Terror fairly set in; but ere he could make his escape, along with two aged relatives, from his devoted country, he had witnessed sights and scenes of horror that never faded from his memory to the last day of his life. He had seen the gutters run red with blood, and had heard the ceaseless fall of the fatal axe of the guillotine. He had seen the loved royal mistress of his youth, worn and haggard, with premature white hair and furrowed brow, borne along in the tumbril, pursued by the howls of a mob thirsting for her blood; yet, through all these scenes of horror he was saved, and he marvelled each morning that he still lived. All he had in the world to care for were his two aunts. His chateau had been given to the flames; his estate had passed into the hands of Duchastel, the husband of his old love, and the fierce Republican tried to hunt down and capture the poor proscribed priest and his two aged relatives; but it was whispered that the wife of Citizen Duchastel marred his sanguinary efforts, and, for the sake of old times, Louis de Lessart hoped that this might be true, and that all Christian charity was not dead in the heart of the woman he had once loved.

Strangely enough, thoughts of her came mingling in his mind with those of the departed souls for whom he was praying. He strove to put away the distraction, but could not; yet what connection was there between the fair-haired wife of Citizen Duchastel, the powerful Republican, and the souls of the poor departed?

The good priest asked himself this question as he looked away from the darkening sky, from whence the red light in the west had faded out, to the further end of the large room, now growing full of shadows, and he rose from his seat and paced softly up and down the bare, uncarpeted apartment—very softly, for the costly boudoir of the lady of the Hall was just beneath him, and her nervous organisation was so delicate that she could not endure the slightest

noise, and on the walls of the corridors and staircases were suspended little glazed placards, with an injunction written on them "tread softly, as every sound was heard."

The priest paused before an old painting at the further end of the room. He could just see it dimly in the waning light, the reddish hair, the bright blue eyes, and the Roman nose; it was a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, who had once honoured Harbottle Hall with her presence, and had slept in that very room. Something in the face of that imperious queen always reminded him of Madame Duchastel, that unhappy woman whom he could never forget to pray for, who had been as false to her religious faith and her early principles as she had been to him. For a few brief moments the priest's thoughts went back to those far-away days, those days of the so-called "good Queen Bess," the idol before whom all Englishmen prostrated themselves; the fierce virago who talked so glibly of unforgiving a bishop; who swore at her nobles, and cuffed them; and who defeted her unfortunate maids of honour; and, greatest and foulest blot on her memory, brought the head of a sister Queen to block.

Monsieur de Lessart was standing absorbed in these reflections when the door suddenly opened, and two girls, of the ages of twelve and thirteen, rushed into the room. They were pretty, fair-haired girls, tall for their age, with blue eyes and a healthy colour on their cheeks. As they bounded across the room to the spot where the priest stood, they each exclaimed breathlessly—

"Oh, Monsieur, we were so frightened!"

"Winifred Fairfax frightened!" replied the priest, with a smile. For Winifred was a bold and slightly hoydenish young lady, who usually feared nothing.

"I don't mind things that I understand," replied Winifred, as she seated herself with her sister in the deep recess under the lionised window.

"I don't understand you, *ma petite*," answered the priest.

"You know there's a ghost-room here," interposed Charles. "Well, mamma——"

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed Winifred, frowning darkly at her sister as she spoke.—"Look, here, what I've brought you, Monsieur!" she added, producing two or three little seed cakes from a paper; "these are soul cakes. An old woman at Bolton Pease who used to be cook here, made them: everybody eats soul cakes on Hallow-e'en. And do you know, Monsieur," said Charles eagerly, "Jane, our maid, means to eat an apple to-night before she goes to bed, and look over her shoulder, then she'll see her husband that's to be; and Betty, the new housemaid, is going to sow a handful of hemp-seed in the garden."

wouldn't be her for anything. I should be too frightened to go at in the dark."

"How can you tease Monsieur with such nonsense!" said Winifred, sharply; "and what a little goose you are! You are startled at your shadow."

"Well, but you were frightened too, Winifred, when you came rushing in here," said the priest, gaily, as he took the little soul cakes in his hand, a relic of old times and old customs.

"I had a real reason," replied Winifred, in a mysterious tone. Then she said: "I dare say you never ate soul cakes before, Monsieur. The poor people here go from house to house begging for them. Do you have them in France on Hallow-e'en? Mamma says they are Popish, and Mr. Foljambe said directly, 'I wonder, then, you should eat them, ma'am,' and that made mamma so mad; but he is in one of her tempers to-day—isn't she, Charlotte?"

Charlotte nodded her head eagerly, in confirmation of this not very dutiful remark; whilst the priest looked grave and shook his head reprovingly, and administered a lecture on the duties of children towards their parents; at the end of which Miss Winifred, a young lady of great candour and bluntness of speech, tossed her head, and said, in a very determined tone—

"The fact is, mamma does go on in such a way that it's no wonder I am not good. You need not shake your head, Monsieur. Papa said the other day, before mamma, that she set us a very bad example; and I am sure she is very cruel and unkind to him."

"And he is such a dear, fat, good-natured being!" sighed Charlotte, who was accustomed to speak in this manner of the oval fox-hunting squire, her father.

"You should have heard mamma to-day, when Mr. Foljambe called," continued Miss Winifred, imitating the tones of her mother's voice, "'Oh, my dear Rector, how rejoiced I am to see you!—it is a pleasure I enjoy so seldom; your visits always give me such exquisite delight!' and so she went on; and then, as soon as ever his back was turned, it was, 'The rude, disagreeable man!'—so unworthy of his calling,—'so worldly and unlike what a clergyman should be'—'so offensive to me in his manners'!"

"Come, *ma petite*," said the priest, gravely, "let us talk of something else. What are those lights moving yonder in the darkness?" and, as he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the opposite side of the road facing the Hall, where beyond the beautiful park-like grounds, and through the not yet leafless branches of the grand old oaks and elms, broad flashes of light shot up, here and there, breaking in upon the darkness, which had fallen suddenly on all around.

"Oh, those? they are tindles," replied Winifred.

Monsieur de Lessart looked puzzled.

"They are fires lit on the common, amongst the furze," said Winifred, seeing that the priest had not understood her; "the poor people light them on Hallow-e'en. Mamma says it is another Popish relic. Oh, Dick, how you frightened me!" added Winifred, abruptly, as her brother started in upon the little group, he having entered the room unperceived in the semi-obscurity.

"Do you know what trick mamma is going to play on Monsieur?" asked Master Dick hastily, and looking very indignant as he spoke.

"Of course," replied Winifred, "I knew it ages ago. Mamma is going to change your bedroom, Monsieur," she added, addressing the priest. "I didn't mean to say anything, only Dick must needs come blurting out with it."

"I've said no more than you have," replied Dick, stoutly.

"Well, my dear children, don't quarrel about such a trifle. "What matter if *Madame votre mère* has changed my bedroom? I know she expects many visitors to-morrow."

"But do you know what room she has ordered your things to be removed to, Monsieur?" cried out Winifred.

"No, I do not."

"The ghost-room!" cried out three eager voices in concert.

The priest fairly laughed. Poor, proscribed, hunted exile! he had seen such appalling spectacles in broad daylight, such scenes of slaughter and carnage under the glare of the noonday sun, in *la belle France*, that supernatural terrors had no power over him. Then he smiled a sad smile, and said:

"I have no fear of the dead, *mes enfants*; my troubles have come from the living."

"But it's quite true, Monsieur, the Blue Room is haunted," said Richard Fairfax; "and it's a real mean thing of mamma to put you in it. One of my uncles slept there once, and he told us all in the morning; how he woke with hearing the rings of his bed-curtains shake, and there he saw standing at the foot of his bed, a Round-head trooper, with his white bands all stained with blood."

"Nay, you are telling the story all wrong," said Winifred contemptuously; "'twas a Cavalier, with his long love-locks all dabbled in blood."

"That's very likely, Miss Wiseacre!" replied Dick, tartly. "Why, our ancestor was on the side of the Commonwealth, and what should a Cavalier do in this, his house?"

"Don't forget, please," answered Winifred, triumphantly, "that Lady Fairfax was a Royalist."

"Besides, you know, *mon enfant*, ghosts can go anywhere," said the priest, gaily; "but I assure you, I don't fear either

spectre of Cavalier or Trooper, and I shall sleep, I doubt not, as soundly in the ghost room as anywhere ; and now, I suppose, you will be going down to the library, and I am going to walk to the Rectory, to have a little conversation with Mr. Foljambe, if he be at home."

In great amazement at the indifference of the priest as to the reputed terrors of the ghost-room, the children bade good-night to their tutor, hurrying past the long corridor which led to the dreaded room—the door of which now stood open—as they had done when they first came to Monsieur de Lessart that evening, apparently struck with the idea that the ghost was more likely to avail himself of the open door as a means of egress than the keyhole.

And Monsieur de Lessart took his stick, put on his napless hat, and his thin, well-worn old shabby cloak, and went on his way to Bolton Percy. Mrs. Fairfax had, more than once, expressed her indignation that Monsieur should dress in so beggarly a fashion, and the Squire paying him such wages ! as the Hull blubber-merchant's daughter would persist in calling the tutor's salary, just for teaching the children to gabble French. But she and all the world knew that the poor man's earnings went to support the two aged and helpless old aunts in London ; and the Rector once insulted the lady grievously by observing, when she was railing at the priest's shabby coat : " In the next world, ma'am, 'twill be not the superior goodness or excellence of the garments we may have worn that will stand us in good stead, but rather the goodness and excellence of our works."

To which the lady had sneeringly replied : " A most Papistical observation that, for a sound Protestant clergyman to make."

Monsieur De Lessart trod briskly along the road which led to Bolton Percy, now taking a short cut through a field or meadow, and then emerging again into the more open thoroughfare, till at length he reached the little cluster of cottages and farm-houses forming the tiny hamlet with its high-sounding name.

Before him lay the graveyard, coldly white in the moonbeams, a low limestone wall skirting it, and dividing it from the high road.

Ascending two or three steps, the priest followed a little track winding through the thick, high grass and turf-covered mounds, and so reached the opposite side of the graveyard. The square tower of the church, its grey limestone walls garlanded with ivy, cast a broad patch of shadow on the moulit turf. An interesting relic of the past, that sacred edifice, that had seen such stormy times as those when Cromwell and his Roundhead troopers blew out all the beautiful stained windows, and littered their horses under its roof.

However, when those tempestuous days had gone by, some effort had been made to restore the church. The roof of thick Yorkshire flags, and bare of either lath or plaster, and supported

only by transverse oaken beams, was quite intact, and the old walls great in their strength, had escaped damage; so the fragments of rare stained-glass were collected together, and once more figures of St. John the Baptist emerging from the desert, and Our Lady bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, in the large east window shone forth in rich hues as of old, and the congregation could gaze admiringly again at the row of figures in that same east window, all Archbishops of York, and amongst them that poor Archbishop Scroop, who lost his head at Bishopsthorpe, and whom the clerk in speaking of him to Monsieur De Lessart, would always call that "Roman Bishop."

But much as the priest loved to visit this ancient edifice there was an old building at the further end of the graveyard which seemed equally attractive to him. It faced the north side of the church, and had been, in fact, before the Reformation, the priest house; so perchance, that was why Monsieur de Lessart took so kindly to it. Clear and distinct stood the old house in the moonlight, the walls of timber and plaster, white and black like the old Cheshire houses, except the quaint gable-end, which was rough cast, though barely seen beneath a perfect bower of ivy, arching and projecting some way beyond the low casement window beneath so that a broad patch of dark shadow fell on the turf beneath and intercepted the moonbeams. This parsonage of old times was now put to poor and ignoble uses, merely kept as a receptacle for stores; but Monsieur de Lessart loved to conjure up images of the past in connection with the decaying walls of the ruinous old house, and would people it again with the figures of those *confreres* of his, of times gone by, and would fancy them looking down from its dusky casements, or saying their office, as they wandered about the osier-bound graves of the dead.

However, a November night, though the evening be clear and the moon at the full, is not quite calculated for open-air meditation in a graveyard; and so, perhaps, thought the young French priest as he drew his old cloak round him, with a perceptible shiver, as he passed through a little wicket-gate into the extensive and beautiful grounds attached to the Rector's house or mansion. A fairy-like spot in summer was the large old-fashioned flower-garden; but not the beds, where dalias and geraniums drooped black and withered from their stalks, sent up an odour of dead and decaying leaves, as the wind swept raw and chill through the branches of the trees adding many a sere and yellow leaf to those that already encumbered the winding gravel paths and velvet-like grass plots.

The Rector was at home, and he received the priest with hearty warmth and kindness. Such persons as Mrs. Fairfax were rare; and all honour be to the clergy and people of England, with

disregarding difference of faith, opened their hearts and homes in the most generous manner to the poor exiled priests of blood-stained France. Through Mr. Foljambe Monsieur de Lessart heard much French news, and they sat late on Hallow-e'en discussing the terrible nature of affairs in France; and De Lessart was more agitated, more distressed than usual; for rumours had come of fearful impending strife and bloodshed amongst the Republicans themselves at Lyons—Lyons, so dear to the heart of the exile, his native town, the happy home of his childhood, the home of the woman he had once loved, and whom he had prayed for daily with such strength and fervour!

When he had bade good-night to his hospitable host, and was once more threading his way through the moonlit churchyard, his thoughts were still of Marie Duchastel. Not for an instant could he banish her from his memory—the once innocent, guileless child, who had played with him under the lime-trees in the gardens surrounding his father's chateau, and who in the years of womanhood had linked herself with the furious and fanatical leaders of the Reign of Terror.

CHAPTER II.

“Is this not something more than phantasy?”

Hamlet, Act 1.

THE stable clock had just struck eleven, when Monsieur de Lessart ran quickly up the broad flight of steps, leading to the front entrance of the Hall. Behind him bathed in the moonlight, lay the spacious courtyard, separated by iron railings from the high road. The plot of grass, round which the carriage-drive swept, was as smooth as velvet, and the equestrian stone statue in the middle, with arm uplifted, cast a broad dark shadow on the turf, glistening with a rime of white frost. On either side, the steps to right and left, stretched a stone terrace, overlooked by mullioned windows, great and small.

Monsieur de Lessart rang the huge bell somewhat timidly. Perhaps he was prepared for a sharp rebuke from Mrs. Fairfax on his returning home at so late an hour, especially as he had been in company with that clerical delinquent, Leonard Foljambe; and though the French priest was physically a brave man, and morally so, in most cases, yet he did shirk, when possible, the castigation Mrs. Fairfax was so fond of administering with her tongue. So when the butler had admitted him he stole very quietly across the hall and up the broad oaken staircase, and then sped so quickly down a long corridor in the north wing that he nearly ran into the arms of the old housekeeper, whom, for a moment,

his 'guilty conscience transformed into Mrs. Fairfax, so he was intensely relieved when he discovered his mistake.

She was a kind, motherly old woman, that housekeeper, who, though a Scotch Presbyterian, had taken the poor exiled young Popish priest under her wing, and contributed to his domestic comfort all that lay in her power. Had he been her own son she could hardly have looked after him better; but with this maternal solicitude, she mingled, at times, maternal admonition, as on this night, when she observed "that it was an unco raw cold nicht for folk to be abroad, that wad better be in their ain warm beds, than ganging about hither and thither, like those puir senseless bodies, who maun go out to sow hemp-seed on Hallow-e'en."

Mrs. Miller further informed the priest that he had best come straight to his bed-chamber, as the fire had gone low in the large sitting-room, and it was cold and dreary there.

Poor Mrs. Miller! she had hard work to get the servants to attend to that ill-omened chamber, and admit light and air into it, and with her own hands, that evening, she had been obliged to kindle the blazing fire that burned cheerily, in the shape of crackling logs sustained between two huge iron dogs. The room was large and spacious, the ceiling low, and raftered with oak, and the wall hung with dark tapestry. It was a somewhat gloomy apartment, but illumined by the blaze of the wood fire, which lit up every nook and corner, it lost some of its dreariness.

The bed was a funereal-looking couch of walnut-tree, with a tester and four curtains of dark green cloth, faced with taffety and embroidered with black velvet. With regard to its size, though not so large as the great bed at Ware, it might have accommodated a family with ease; and Mrs. Miller, seeing that the young priest looked with something of dismay and with a perceptible shiver at the dreary region in which he was to seek repose, hastened to assure him that she had warmed the bed well, and that he would find it very comfortable. Then she lit two wax candles on a table near the fire, an act of extravagance considering it was only the tutor who was going to benefit by their light, which would have made Mrs. Fairfax faint, could she have seen it.

On this table there was also set out a nice little warm supper, and Mrs. Miller, good soul, was quite distressed when she found that the young priest had already supped with the Rector. However, to please her, he drank some mulled claret, and ate two or three more of the inevitable soul cakes; then Mrs. Miller bade him good-night and good repose, and left him alone in the ghost-room.

Without any motive beyond one of curiosity, Monsieur de Lessart took one of the candles and made the tour of his chamber before he prepared to retire to rest. The room abounded with

specimens of the skill and industry of the ladies of past ages with their needle. There were little stools, and high stools, and cushions of various sizes, all covered with embroidery; and the tapestry hangings were a marvel of ingenuity and female handicraft, representing various scriptural pieces, one of which portrayed Daniel in the lion's den, the manes of the latter flowing down in perfect rivulets of yellow silk. The very carpet on the floor, of green cloth, had a needlework border; and the green taffita quilt, on the bed, was also profusely embroidered.

Having finished his survey of the apartment, the priest prepared for rest; but after he had extinguished his lights, he, as was his wont, stepped to one of the mullioned windows, and drawing aside the heavy curtains of dark-green say, looked out upon the landscape lying still and quiet in the white moonbeams. Once more the image of Marie Duchastel rose up before him, and strange, sad fancies came over him. A wreath of mist, floating upwards from the garden beneath, appeared to him, for a few brief moments, to take her form and shape, and it seemed to move livingly amongst the dark yew-trees in the old-fashioned garden; and these rows of trees cut into such quaint, fantastic shapes, and so closely and neatly clipped that not the singlest twig projected from the smooth surface, seemed to him more weird-like than he had ever before seen them, impressed, as he now was, with such strange fancies. Then he smiled at his own foolish conceits, as the wreath of white mist was swept away by a passing gust of wind, and dropping the curtain, he sought his couch and clambered up one of the bed-steps into its vast expanse.

For awhile he watched the fire-light flicker on the tapestry and on the raftered ceiling, and then, unconsciously, and with drooping eyelids, he gazed at a round table of cypress-wood, placed close beside his bed, with a great chair beside it, with the back and seats of green velvet embroidered with gold, and found himself wondering, dreamily, whether he should awake in the small hours of the night, and see a Cavalier, with love-locks drenched in blood; or a Roundhead trooper, with bands besmirched and besmeared, occupying that great chair before the cypress table.

At length he fell asleep, and slept long and soundly, no ghastly apparitions haunting his slumbers; and he awoke calmly and naturally, when it was broad day, and a long patch of red, wintry sunlight streaming through the window curtains, which he had left partially undrawn the night before.

He smiled as he turned round in his vast bed preparatory to rising, and said, half aloud, "So this is the end of my night in the ghost-room;" but ere the words had well passed his lips, he raised

himself suddenly on his elbow, recoiling slightly, at the same time, from the edge of the bed, from which he had just been about to spring. The colour faded from his olive cheek, his eyes became dilated, and his looks expressed mingled horror and wonderment.

His gaze was fixed steadfastly on the round cypress table with the great chair before it, and yet there was no vision of blood-stained Cavalier or Roundhead trooper. The object upon which the priest seemed compelled to gaze, by a species of horrible fascination, was a human head resting on the table—the head of a female, from which long fair tresses floated about the snowy throat just visible, with a red streak around it, and partially veiled the pale, beautiful face—a face, indeed, of rare beauty, and one which, once seen, could never be forgotten. The priest clasped his hands wildly together, and struggled and groaned as one would do who was under the influence of some awful nightmare, for the face was that of Marie Duchastel.

He asked himself aloud if this were not some horrible illusion, some cunning machination of Satan to tempt him, one of God's anointed priests, with thoughts of an earthly love? He extended his hand, and, calling upon Heaven, bade the tempter begone; but still the same awful vision confronted him, and the eyes, seeming endued with life, gazed at him with a mournful and imploring look. Turning on his other side, that he might no longer confront this dread spectre, he asked himself was he really awake? and if so, was he not the prey to a strong optical illusion? That he was wide awake he became assured the next moment, by hearing the stable clock strike eight, and, to test the truth of this supposition, he gazed intently at various objects in the room, counted the figures on the tapestry, and the flowers and leaves embroidered on the cushions, and examined minutely the carving of the walnut-wood bedposts; and, at length, when he felt calm and composed, he turned once more to the cypress table. But lo! there still reposed the head, and the broad beam of sunlight falling on it, lit up the fair tresses with a red glow.

As though impelled by some sudden resolve, De Lessart drew himself towards the edge of the bed, and, with a look of determination, stretched out his arm as if intending to touch the head and see whether it were a tangible substance or thin air, but even as he did so, his arm fell nerveless by his side, and drops of cold perspiration stood on his forehead. "What does it mean?" he murmured in a tone of inexpressible anguish. "Oh, Marie! poor Marie! what can I do for thee?"

As if in answer to his question, he heard faintly, as though from afar off, more like the faint echo of a sound than the sound itself, the words "*De Profundis*."

Pale, cold, and exhausted, the priest sunk back on his pillow, joined his nerveless hands together, and slowly and solemnly recited, in Latin, the psalm *De Profundis*, the customary prayer for the dead used by members of the Roman Catholic faith.

As he prayed, the pallor on the face seemed to increase, and the eyes to grow filmy, then gradually the features and the outline of the head began to grow fainter and less distinct, till, as he uttered the words "*requiem eternam, dona ei Domine*," nothing was left but a dark and pale mist, which quickly dissolved into air.

* * * * *

Some few days after that eventful morning of "All Souls," when M. De Lessart emerged from his chamber, looking as pale as any ghost, though he distinctly denied having seen either Cavalier or Roundhead trooper in the ghost-room, he went to pay a visit to his friend, the Rector.

Mr. Foljambe, in their many conversations, had heard the story of his life, and had heard, also, of Marie Duchastel; and thus he received the exile, on this occasion, with more affectionate and tender solicitude than ever, for he had that to tell him that which he knew would wring his heart with sorrow and anguish.

"You have news from France—recent news?" said the priest when seated; "and it is unusually bad to day, if we can say so of that which seems ever to have reached the acme of human misery."

"Alas! yes; the Republicans, these miserable fanatics! have risen up against each other; they have commenced shedding the blood of those of their own party in Lyons."

The Rector paused for a moment, and the priest started and shivered.

"They have brought many to the guillotine;" and here the Rector hesitated again, and cast a look of sorrowful sympathy on the priest.

"And amongst them poor Marie Duchastel," said De Lessart, with a deep sigh.

"How have you had earlier information than mine at the Hall?" asked the Rector, in some surprise.

"I knew that Marie Duchastel ceased to live on the morning of All Souls."

"Impossible! My dear Monsieur, it was on that very morning her head fell on the guillotine. But one comforting statement I have for you—the Republican papers state that the wife of Citizen Duchastel had returned, for some time before her execution, to the memories of her priest-ridden childhood, and would have had ghostly aid if she could."

"Yes; she asked me to pray for her on All Souls," said the priest, mournfully. Then seeing the perplexed look on the Rector's

face, he told him shortly, but graphically, of the strange vision he 'had seen' in the ghost-room at Harborough Hall. "I suppose," he added, in conclusion, "you will laugh at me, and say that I was dreaming, or a prey to my own diseased imagination; but I assure you I was wide awake, and the execution of Marie Duchastel, on the very morning on which I saw her severed head before my eyes, makes me loth to believe that what I saw was a mere optical illusion."

"I shall not laugh," replied the Rector gravely, "nor say you were dreaming, or the victim of your own distempered fancy, but will rather say, with our great poet,

"Is not this something more than phantasy!"

MARY CLEMENTINA STEWART.

¹ The principal feature of this story—the apparition of the head—is no fiction; and the writer, in relating it, has adhered closely to the facts, as she received them from an aged priest of her acquaintance, who was the subject of the optical illusion.



A TALE OF SYRACUSE.

THE feast is on the table spread,
The vaulted roofs high lustre shed ;
The molten ruby rolls along,
And lightly sound the lyre and song ;
While to and fro this regal hall
Move chamberlain and seneschal.

But where is Syracuse's lord,—
His seat is vacant at the board ;
And empty that Tyrannic throne,
Whose state belongeth but to one ?
Behold him where in simplest guise,
Disrobed of all his royalties,
Sceptre, mantle, orb, and ring,
Stands the self-dethronèd King !
Underneath that proud pavilion
He leads a richly-garbed Sicilian,
And bids him sit and banquet there—
The servant in the master's chair.

In syndon and symar arrayed,
His brow with laurel garlanded,
And myrtle, as at feast-time use
Chieftains and dames of Syracuse,
In proudly-blended state and ease
Sits the servant Damocles ;
Monarch of the hour to vaunt
His presence in that pageant.

The feast is at its joyous height,
It reaches now the noon of night ;
Guitar and timbrel greet his ear,
The maidens of the dance draw near,
In the sportive choir advancing—
Their slippered feet like silver glancing—
Their hair like clouds of twilight darkling—
Their eyes like suns on ocean sparkling.

A Tale of Syracuse.

And Dionysius, Lord of all,
 Stands silent at this festival ;
 His arms upon his bosom crossed,
 And veiled brow, as if the cost
 And glory of its hour were shown
 For his servant's state alone.

Again the regal health goes round—
 Again the lyre and song resound—
 Again the many-twinkling feet,
 Where voice and soul have seemed to meet,
 Answer the alternate strain,
 While the mimic sovereign
 Smiles on the moment of his pride,
 In spirit almost deified.
 He speaks—and all is silence, till
 The vassal crowd have heard his will ;
 Then every hand starts forth to please
 The fancy of King Damocles.

A narrow shade—a wavering line
 Crosses the lamps ; again they shine—
 Again it trembles on the board—
 Upward he casts his eye :—a sword,
 Suspended by a single hair,
 Hangs naked o'er the regal chair :
 A moment—and the massive blade
 A moment—and—

With sudden start
 Back ran the blood from cheek to heart ;
 Shook every nerve, and pulse, and joint,
 Beneath the near-descending point—
 When thus the King :

“In that dread steel
 Behold the fate which monarchs feel ;
 The daily doubt, the nightly fear,
 Which quell their pomp and mar their cheer !
 Could Dionysius cast aside
 His regal care from regal pride,
 He would not seek a subject's ease,
 And quit the throne to Damocles.”

EDMUND LENTHALL SWIFTE.

ADAM WHITE'S VISION.

OH, dear! it is Christmas again!" sighed old Adam White as he refully eyed a rusty old ham that hung unsaleable a year in his store. "Christmas! and I shall have to give away at least twenty ollars' worth of provisions again. That's an absurd custom, of xpecting us to give to the poor. It's very strange that just ecause we happen to have a little more of this world's goods than me one else, we must provide for all the lame and lazy. Now, hose women who go round collecting provisions for the poor always appen to be our best customers, and we don't dare to refuse. Besides, it looks well to see "Adam White, provisions worth twenty ollars," on the subscription-list. I suppose," he said again, with a eep sigh—"I suppose they will be round to-night, and I'd better ok up what I can give to them."

So he took down the rusty ham, and looked at it over and over, aying, "I might have sold that to some one at half-price," and hen he seemed to have a sudden idea; for he said in addition, "But t's well I didn't, or I'd have been obliged to give a good one now."

Then he gathered together some other articles, two mouldy sacks f flour, some wormy dried apples and peaches, a half-barrel of sugar hat had had kerosine oil spilt into it, and to these he added a sack of spoilt coffee, and some rice, in among which was spilled flax seed. And he flattered himself, he had done his duty to the poor for another year to come. He said—

"The ladies on the committee, they never look at the things you give; 'you must never look a gift horse in the mouth,' and the oor dare not find fault with them, because they know if they do hey will never get anything more. It don't do for poor folks to e ungrateful," and here he chuckled and rubbed his bony blue ands together. "Besides," he continued, "perhaps they won't now the difference. At any rate, I've done *my* duty—*my* duty." And he gave directions to his clerks, wrapped himself up in com-orters till only the tip of his thin little blue nose, and a pair of harp grey eyes shone out; and he looked like an Egyptian mummy ust come to life, as he started to his cosy home.

Here he put himself before the warm fire and put on his slippers and dressing-gown, put the tips of his thin fingers together, and, with a self-satisfied smile on his weazened face, calmly waited his dinner.

The old housekeeper brought it in, and he ate, after having asked a blessing, in the course of which he told the Almighty One

what a good man Adam White was ; how generous, how pure heart, and what he had done for the poor.

Then he smoked his pipe in bachelor comfort, made a mental calculation of his money in the bank, and his prosperous business said a prayer, and went to bed.

"We'll never have any Christmas again, Sammy," said a yellow-haired child of six, in a plaintive thin little voice. Her clothes were insufficient for the season, and her blue little cheeks had two glistening tears quivering on them.

"It's too bad, I say, Sammy," she continued ; isn't it? don't think it's right. Mamma says it is, but I think not ; and Sammy, I believe God has forgotten us." And she ended her sentence in a whisper.

"Oh, no, He hasn't," said Sammy, a poor, pale child of eight whose ragged clothes could hardly cover his shrunken body, who looked all too small for the large head with its high forehead.

"Well, perhaps He hasn't, but if He hasn't he might just send us toys, and candies, and boots for you, Sammy, and a shawl for mamma ; and oh, everything nice, just like mamma says had 'fore papa died and went to Heaven. It makes me mad, I think I've got just as good a right as those little girls to have a Christmas. I think mamma might if she had tried, and I just don't care—so there !" And the little head drooped and big tears gathered in the blue eyes, and the little child sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Don't cry, Nellie," said Sammy taking her head on his big shoulder. "Don't cry ; look at the pretty things in this baker's window. You know mamma let us come out to see the stores ; we must go back pretty soon."

She raised her head and Sammy tenderly dried her eyes with his cold little hand ; and she soon became interested in the beautiful delicacies in the baker's window, presently saying :

"Oh, Sammy, if I had just a little teeny taste of that ginger cake in the window, I wouldn't ask anything nicer. Don't you think the baker would give us some if I asked him, and told him I was hungry ?"

"You know, Nellie, mamma wouldn't like it—she has forbidden us to beg."

"But she don't know how hungry I am. She is never hungry you know."

"Yes, Nellie, I know she says so, but sometimes I think she is. Last night, you know, she said so, and there was only

potatoes ; she gave three to you and baby, and I had one, and, do you know ? I saw her eating the peels afterwards. Oh, Nellie! it is too bad!" And here his voice choked, but he soon continued.

"I could work some, I know I could ; but everybody laughs at my rags and says 'Get out, you little beggar!' and they think I am too little—they don't think I'm eight."

"Sammy, let's go home ; I'm cold, and its no use staying here any longer. Sammy, lets pray 'fore we get home and ask 'God to remember us."

In crossing the "Playa" the two waifs knelt down and prayed a simple prayer wherein Sammy prayed for his mother, and Nellie that God might remember them with "a Christmas."

A little bare room ; a delicate, consumptive woman, a fretful, puny baby ; a tiny fire, and a supper of roast potatoes and two buns were what these little ones found on coming "home" from their view of the good things and pleasant things they must not have.

"Mamma," said Nelly, "don't you think you could make us a little Christmas ; just a little one, not to cost much money, you know?"

"Darling, mamma would if she could ; but she can't this time. Perhaps she can do something New Year's. Come, now, and eat your supper. I have two nice buns for you that I am sure you will like."

"I am not *very* hungry to-night, mamma," said Nellie, who remembered what Tommy had said. But she ate part of what was given her, and then went to bed beside the sleeping baby ; and soon her troubles were forgotten in dreams.

Sammy soon followed, and Mrs. Ellis continued to work at the coarse garment for which she would receive enough to keep from starving, for two days, her helpless babes. It had been a year and more since her brave, loving husband was dead ; and for more than six months, with failing health, the gaunt wolf of poverty had left off peering in at the window and boldly walked in the door. She thought of her past life, and dared not look to the future, for that was only a grave for herself and destitution of the bitterest kind for her three sensitive children.

She still sewed and shivered and dreamed, when Sammy, after a silence so long that she thought him asleep, suddenly rose up on his elbow saying,

"Mamma, do cats and dogs have souls?"

"No, Sammy, why?"

"Is it wrong for them to steal when they are hungry?"

"No, I think not, as they do not know right from wrong?"

"Then I just wish I was a dog or a cat, that I might steal for you and Nellie and baby—so there!" and he ended with a doleful cry.

The mother consoled him as best she could, and, her work being finished, she crept into the bed with all her little ones, and went to sleep with tears in her faded eyes.

Adam White, had gone to his bed the same night in a spirit of sublime peace with God and his fellow-men. He pulled his red flannel nightcap down over his ears, and his little blue nose was all that was to be seen. He shut his eyes resolutely till the three wrinkles at the corners seemed but one; but he could not go to sleep. He turned, he tossed, but he could not even feel sleepy; and when the idea of its being Christmas Eve was what troubled his rest, whether some dim and almost forgotten remembrances of other Christmas Days came back, I do not know; but he found himself thinking of the time when he was a boy and at home; of the little red stocking he had hung in the chimney-piece, and of the pretty toys he had had. From those his thoughts had wandered to his mother, his good father, and finally to his little golden-haired brother who was so many years younger than himself, years that were every one marked with a tiny grave-stone in the churchyard.

His youth, playmates, and brother, all came to him now so vividly, that he thought regretfully of that brother dead, neglected, and left to die because he had married sweet Grace Elliott, instead of the wealthy bride his older brother had chosen.

"Ah well," sighed Adam White, "he deserved it, and he did well to change his name. He made his bed, and so he lay on it."

But yet he could not sleep. The midnight bells rang on joyously, as if to sound the glad tidings that a child was born in Bethlehem; and Adam White began to recall that old, sweet story till all at once he found himself marching with a vast throng, and strangely enough, he was laden with the rusty old ham, the spoiled rice, sugar, and flour he had that day given to the poor, and the weight was heavy. He noticed also that all that great throng carried burdens, some of them great and heavy, and some of them only cups of cold water.

Onward and upward marched the throng, still augmenting, till at last, borne on by the pressure, Adam White found himself before a stable wherein lay a lovely babe in a manger. Then the heaven opened, and such divine music sounded as was never heard this side

their gates, and rank on rank of gleaming angels, legion on legion of cherubim and seraphim, rested on clouds of dazzling white.

All the crowd, as they drew near to the babe in the manger, cast to the earth their gifts and worshipped Him. Piles on piles of costly stuffs, and perfumes and rich jewels, lay heaped up before Him, and sometimes some one would come with a cup of crystal water, and tremblingly offer it to Him, and then go on his way so happy as to seem radiant.

Adam White began to tremble when his turn drew near, and he hung back. But all the angels and seraphim and cherubim said in voices low and sweet, "And what have you to offer our Lord, Adam White?"

"Only this ham and this flour and this sugar and rice and coffee; but they were not for Him, I was only going to give them to the poor."

Then the Holy Babe raised himself and said, "Know ye not that whatsoever ye do unto them ye do also unto me?"

Then all the seraphim and cherubim rustled their wings and repeated sadly the words of the Holy One. And all at once the earth at his feet opened, and millions of demons laughed in his face and said, "He was going to give them to the poor, ah! ah!"

And he felt himself falling, falling into that dark abyss, with those horrid faces, and he clutched wildly, desperately, and cried out, and found himself in bed.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He must have dreamed all that, but, good Heavens! how real! He seemed to see those faces yet, and the Holy Babe—it had the face of his young brother, who died and left his three babes orphans. Adam White sat up there in bed with the Christmas bells yet chiming, and cried.

He said, too, "Of what avail if I gain all the wealth of the world and lose my own soul? Please God, I will take Charlie's widow and babies and keep them, and I will change all those provisions, I will, so help me God."

With the earliest light of morning, Adam White was up, and he astonished his housekeeper by being so cheerful, and by telling her to prepare a room at once for his sister-in-law and her babies. She cried with delight, and all at once the strings that had so long tightened the heart of Adam White gave way, as he thought of the sweet voices of children in his dreary home.

"Miss Bridget," says he "here's fifty dollars, rig up a Christmas-tree for the little ones, nice and handsome," and he started for his store. There he solemnly threw all his wretched things in the vault, and sent out the waggons laden with many and worthy gifts to our Lord, through His deputies, the poor.

Then he took a close, warm carriage, and drove to the wretched

quarter where his poor sister-in-law lived and starved wifely babes. He thumped on the door till they roused and dressed, then he placed them in the carriage, after having begged pardon with his eyes full of tears and a husky voice.

He gave money right and left, and gladdened more than a sorrowful heart that day.

When the children, all confused and delighted, were let see the Christmas-tree in all its glory, little Nellie turned to Sammy, and said in a sort of frightened whisper—

“Do you think he is God, Sammy?”

“No, dear, but I think God sent him!”

“All this was long years ago. Sammy is a man, and Nellie a lovely young girl. The mother has long since lain asleep in the land of gold with her dear young husband and baby Charlie. Lone Mountain's graves are watered by the fog from the fair. Adam White has grown rosy and rotund, and as he smiles on his adopted children, he thanks God for the vision that came to his eyes and heart. He calmly waits the day now in a humble room when he may hear, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.”

OLIVE HARRIS



RANGE EVENTS THAT OCCURRED AT THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIFTH OF SPAIN.

It is curious to remark how closely cruelty and superstition are joined to bigotry. All past history may be said to attest to this connection, which is further peculiarly instanced in the case of Charles the Fifth, who, withdrawn from public life, and dwelling in seclusion in the monastery of Yuste—a sweet retirement amid the thicket forests of Estramadura—allowed his latter days to be enlivened by the intelligence of the spread of free inquiry in his dominions, and so inexorable was his hostility to religious freedom, that he bequeathed the duty of exterminating the “heretics” to his successors, in a codicil, the sad behests of which were subsequently carried out in four different “acts of faith” (*auto da fé*), two at Seville, and two at Valladolid.

But it is with superstition as inseparable from religious darkness that we have at present to do. The extent to which such was practiced by the monks of Yuste will be scarcely credible in the present day.

Yet do their authenticity rest on the testimony both of the Emperor and of the monks of the said monastery, as handed down by Don Thos. Gonzalez, whose manuscript, entitled, “*Retiro estancia y muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en el Monasterio de Yuste*,” is considered to be of such historical value that it was purchased by the French Government for the equivalent of one hundred and fifty pounds in English money, from Manuel Gonzalez, keeper of the archives of Simancas. This work, with various additions obtained from the archives of Simancas themselves, the archives of the Imperial Court of Brabant, and the records of the monks of Yuste, furnished the principal materials for Mignet’s “*Charles Quint, son règne, son séjour et sa mort au Monastère de Yuste* ;” as also for M. Pichot’s charming “*Chronique de la vie intérieure et politique de Charles Quint* ;” and for our own countryman, Mr. Stirling’s striking account of “*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*.”

It appears from these chronicles, that shortly previous to his death the Emperor had spent an hour in his own apartment absorbed in prayer ; he deemed himself to be alone, when, on raising his eyes, he saw standing close by him a silent figure enveloped in a great mantle. “Who are you ?” exclaimed the monarch, perceiving something strange in the aspect of the unknown visitor. Whereupon the mantle unfolded itself, and the Emperor saw the image of another self, as if he had stood before a mirror. It

was, according to the narrative, his spectre which appeared to him in order to warn him that his last hour was not far off, and that he must prepare to die. The story which is also related in the "*Histoire des faits et gestes heroiques et plaisants de l'empereur Charles Quint*," Bruxelles 1699, must have come from the monarch himself; and that his mind was diseased, as well as his body, before his dissolution is shown by the account of his having gone through the ceremony of his own funeral during his lifetime, an event the authenticity of which is, however, doubted by some historians.

The notion of a "double" is common alike to Spain and Scotland, and no doubt Charles had heard of such a thing. The spectre enveloped in a mantle (*el capotado*), is met with in a Spanish drama which is often quoted by Shelley. Sir Walter Scott makes mention of the same kind of apparition in "Waverley." To the readers of Plutarch and of Shakespeare, the Spanish spectre may seem more like that which appeared to Brutus, bearer of the fatal summons to Philippi:—

"Thy evil spirit, Brutus,"

in the orthography of the edition of 1623.

According to our monkish authorities, a comet also showed itself in the heavens upon the first day of Charles the Fifth's illness, moving in a northerly direction till it stopped over Yuste, and only ceased to be visible with his death. It was reported to be the seventh comet, or the seventh time that the same meteor had appeared in the course of his reign; and in those days, when heavenly phenomena danced attendance upon poor humanity clothed in purple, a hairy comet, preceded by an eclipse, is also said to have predicted the death of the Empress in the spring of the year 1539.

The stem of a lily, which grew in the garden immediately under the Emperor's window, had, in the month of May, two buds—one only of which bloomed; the petals of the other remaining closed although they wanted neither water nor sunshine. But, suddenly at the expiration of three months, the very night of the Emperor's death, the tardy buds bloomed like the first, and exhaled the sweet perfume so characteristic of the lovely plant in question. The monks, filled with admiration, cut them off by the orders of the Archbishop of Toledo, with the greatest respect, and fastened them to the crape that veiled the chief altar in a garb of mourning; and they continued to bloom there for several days, preserving their brilliant white hue unchanged, and mingling their perfume with the incense, "thus offering to all an emblem of the soul, which delivered from its mortal prison, was no doubt blossoming in the sanctuary of celestial mercy." It is to be hoped it was so; it is not in man to judge of the boundless mercy of the Creator; but

the burnings at Seville and Valladolid were a sad legacy to bequeath at the footsteps of that sanctuary.

There was at Vililla, in the kingdom of Arragon, a famous bell. It was famous because it was endowed with marvellous properties, more particularly the gift of prophecy, and which it derived, according to some, from an angel that had stood sponsor to it; but, according to others, from the circumstance that at the moment of its being cast, the wandering Jew, or some other mysterious personage, who was passing by at the time, threw into the metal, then in a state of ebullition, one of the thirty pieces of silver given to Judas Iscariot as the price of Our Saviour.

This prophetic bell of Vililla tolled of its own free will whenever a King of Aragon died. It had been tolled at the death of Ferdinand and the Catholic. It likewise tolled at the death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, his grandson. This is recorded by Don Juan de Quinones, in his *Discurso de la Campana de Vililla*, Madrid, 1625.

The night of the 27th of September, which corresponded to the seventh after the death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, at a moment when the moon rose, the Prior, Father Martin de Angulo, heard a sound like barking. Believing it arose from some little dog which belonged to the Flemish attendants upon the late monarch, he went forth from his cell, when his attention was at once attracted to several monks assembled in the gallery of the cloister, and who were leaning over the balustrade.

"Brethren," he said to them, "this dog will annoy us all night if we do not drive it away." But the monks answered:—

"Father, it is not a dog; it is that bird which you can see on the top of the roof of the chapel, and which came from the direction of the Levant. It has already made that noise five times, with an interval between each."

The astonished prior went forward to look at the bird. It was as large as a swan, black from the head to the middle of the body, and white from thence to the tail. It remained for a few minutes longer on the chapel roof, and then flew away in the direction of Gargenta la Olla; it was seen almost as distinctly as in daylight, the moon was shining so brightly. The monks separated, and went to their cells without saying anything further that night. But the next day, the same bird came back, from the same direction, once more alighted on the roof of the chapel, immediately over the spot where the remains of Charles the Fifth lay in state, uttered the same strange verses, and then flew away as it had done the previous evening. It came back a third time, a fourth, and a fifth, and then never came again. The monks all agreed that a bird of the same description had never been seen in the country. The

bishop of Pampeluna (Sandoval) who relates this apparition, as told him by the Prior, Fray Martin de Angulo himself, expresses his doubts as to whether it was a strange bird or a marvellous creation, and he inclines to the latter view of the case, on account of its five regular appearances and disappearances.

Shorn of all mysterious associations, the bird in question would appear to have been simply a stork in search of a roosting place. The black part of the body was the wings. When this female stork selects a place for roosting, it calls the male by throwing back the head and striking the long mandibles of its bill against one another, by which means it makes a loud noise almost like a dog barking. But the male bird does not always like the spot selected by the lady bird; and it would appear that on this occasion, it was in vain that the female endeavoured five different times to entice its companion to adopt the roof of the chapel as a resting or an abiding place. The Easterns, it is well known, attach a superstitious idea in connection with the spot favoured by the selection of the stork for roosting or for its nest, as the Romans did with regard to swallows. On the other hand, it has always been held as a sign of misfortune when the same birds overlooked or abandoned a place, as the storks did the Monastery of Yuste.

An anonymous monkish chronicler, attached to the same monastery, and who both saw and heard the above recorded ornithological prodigy, does not hesitate, however, to assign to it an altogether supernatural origin, and he was all the more strengthened in his absurd conviction, because, he says, another monk assured him that this swan, half-black and half-white, had appeared a second time at the death of the Queen of Hungary. The worthy monk arrived, therefore, at the natural and logical conclusion, that Heaven by a comet, the earth by a lily, and the air by a bird, had united to celebrate the death of the Emperor.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"It was New Year's Eve everywhere. All over the world it was New Year's Eve. The settlers away in America and Australia came to the doors of their huts, and wished those at home a happy New Year. On the tossing ocean the sailors pledged each other and drank to sweethearts and wives. The soldier in the messroom roused up from his pipe and remembered the order home had grown a year nearer.

" 'A happy New Year!' " sang the whole round world; nature had decked it in a bridal robe to meet her lord; from the vivid blushes of the south, to the spotless veil flung over its barrenness in the less kindly north, all was beautiful, rejoicing, and glorious. Men's hearts were glowing and saying, 'A happy New Year.'

"In English homesteads hand was outstretched to hand, and loving words melted in the air, and melted all into one great joyfulness."

I, Jane Smith, spinster, flung down the paper in a temper! True, it *was* New Year's Eve everywhere, it was New Year's Eve in my small poorly-furnished lodging; but where was the outstretched hand, where were the loving words? Yes, there *was* a veil over the earth's barrenness, it was snowing hard and miserably cold.

'A happy New Year!'—don't wish me a happy New Year, anybody; it would be a horrible farce; what could the words mean to me,—Jane Smith, aged thirty, unmarried, daily governess, very poor, very plain, and no belongings? I had belongings once, a mean little headstone in the cemetery testifies I had a father who, by calculation, must have died when I was five. My mother died before that. I never heard of any other relations. A small schoolmistress in the outskirts of London took me on the strength of all the little money left by my father, and educated me. The money had not been payment enough, so from eighteen to twenty-five I paid her with my services. She retired from business then, and I came to these lodgings—Brixton—and go out every day giving lessons. I have been here five years! Can you believe it? I earn very little money; I lead a monotonous life; my name is *Jane Smith*, I am becoming an old maid, I have no friends—and can you wish *me* a happy New Year?

Still, it is New Year's Eve. I have taken up a magazine (I am niggardly with my money, that all my little savings may go

in books and papers), and have read that rambling senseless paragraph. It stings me somehow ; its is cruel ; " Sweethearts and Wives." I have no one on the sea, no one far away, no one near, to think of me to-night, and wish me a happy New Year.

The landlady broke in upon me there, she was a kind woman was Mrs. Robinson.

" Oh, Miss Smith ; I wish you'd come and sit with us to-night ; I can't bear to think of you all alone—and New Year's Eve too !"

I went because it was so dull by myself. They were so cosy and comfortable round their great kitchen fire, a contrast to my starved gentility. Old Robinson had been a butler in some grand family once, but had retired, like my old schoolmistress ; he only did a little waiting now and then. The daughter was a pretty young girl, and she looked so happy to-night because her *sweetheart* was spending his New Year's Eve with her. Two big boys were roasting chestnuts on the bars, and a smaller girl burning her face by looking on.

" Please, have one, Miss Smith," said the lads half shyly ; and Annie, the eldest daughter, got me a comfortable chair and set my cold feet on the fender. I had my knitting with me, and, leaning back, all warm and comfortable, idly moved the needles, while I listened to the homely clatter around me. They had known me a good five years now ; Mrs. Robinson has nursed me through an occasional cold or sharp headache, and so there was no constraint between us. It was kind of them to let me break on their home circle that night of all the year. What was I to them ? only their lodger ; a poor governess, and a miserable farce called ladyhood to make the breach wider.

" I can't but fret about poor things all alone on New Year's Eve," said the landlady as she stirred the fire. There's that good gentleman, Mr. Browning, all by himself to-night, not as I wouldn't rather he were, than going and coming at all hours. He pays reg'lar, and has bin as old a lodger as you, Miss Smith. Still, I've often fretted over you both. You've neither kith nor kin, seeming."

I met him in the passage sometimes—he had the downstairs rooms. He would open the door for me and say good morning ; sometimes we had a few minutes' chat on the steps ; they were my one cheery moment. Oh, it was so great a thing to hear a friendly word ; he always sent me his *Times* upstairs to read. He was a drawing-master, poor and solitary—yes, I suppose he, too, had no one to wish him a happy New Year.

" Poor Mr. Browning !" said Annie softly, and looked into her *sweetheart's* face with a smile.

"Poor Mr. Browning!" I echoed, quite as softly—no—perhaps was sadly. I know I did not smile.

"Do have supper with us now, Miss Smith," said Mrs. Robinson. "We're not gentle folk as you ought to be sitting down with—but I don't like to send it up to you all alone to-night."

We made merry over the Christmas good cheer, the mincepies, the cold beef; and one of the boys took Mr. Browning's bread and cheese and ale up to him.

At twelve o'clock good old Robinson held out his hand to me. "A happy New Year to you, Miss Smith!"—but I, I Jane Smith, pinster, could not answer. I a plain, practical, hard-working woman of thirty ought to have been ashamed of myself. This was what upset me, Annie's sweetheart had given her such a kiss.

* * * * *

My name is Phillip Browning, and I am a drawing-master. Drawing is all I care about; I have no friends, I am all alone, I am growing old and cynical. Here am I, grey-haired and forty-five, spending New Year's Eve as I spend every other night of the year, in a small dull lodging; no one to speak to. There's no one to care for me, no one to wish me—a happy New Year. True, I am getting on well at last, pupils increasing and income expanding, and I got something for that last picture. But what is the use of all—of what value is a grey colourless life like this, not one sparkle of light in the foreground—all shadow. I am weary of it.

Perhaps it is my own fault; if I had stuck to my work—bah! How could I, clerk on a high stool? I might be a rich man now, but I didn't. I've wasted my days. I'm only a drawing-master.

I, Philip Browning, sat that New Year's Eve, feeling my very heartstrings growing stiff for want of some of those loving New Year's greetings one reads about. Has God *forgotten* me? Oh, what they were mine!

Jack Robinson brought my supper up. "Miss Smith is with us to-night," he said; "it's New Year's Eve, and mother couldn't bear her to be all alone."

"That's well, my lad," I answered; "it's bad for people to be alone."

"Why is she all alone, sir? and why are you all alone?" he asked.

"Why, Jack?—why?" I said; for the life of me I could not tell him why.

* * * * *

New Year's Day. I, Jane Smith, at my solitary breakfast; no pleasant voices, no letters full of greeting to cheer me. My tea

and bread and butter almost choked me. I enjoyed it generally but, you see, it was New Year's Day.

There was a knock at my door. I supposed Annie wanted to clear away. I had managed what I could; I was not hungry. said "Come in."

Mr. Browning opened the door; he came straight in; he looked as if some one had been wishing him a happy New Year. He had never crossed my door before, but he seemed quite at home. He did not apologise for intruding; he just said, holding out his hand—

"Miss Smith, I have come to wish you a happy New Year."

"Me?" I stammered; "you are very kind. Won't you sit down."

That good man cannot have dreamt how he cheered my frozen-up heart, how for a minute the whole room seemed full of light. I stammered again, "Indeed, I wish you a happy New Year too."

It was so strange to be receiving and giving greetings, such as I had only read about. He seemed to be looking at me all over and I saw he smiled. I had never seen smiles in my dull room before.

"Miss Smith," he said, "you and I have been very unkind to each other for five years."

"How—do—you—mean?" I was doing nothing but stammer.

"Listen," he answered; "sit down and I will tell you something. Two people lived with only a wall between them. They were both poor, and neither of them had any friends. I tell you they were *withering* up for want of a kind word, a kiss, a care. On New Year's Eve the man was thinking how terrible this was, how hard and cruel the world was to both of them, both of them alone! A simple, thoughtless child said to him, 'What are you both alone?' Jane, I have come upstairs to ask you why?"

Do you remember what Annie's sweetheart did last night? Philip Browning came to me and gave me such a kiss!

I showed him that paragraph in the magazine, "It is true. He said, 'Do you hear the bells, they are singing a happy New Year? Do you see the sun giving the snow a brinjal kiss? It looks like a bridal veil this morning, doesn't it. Jane, Jane, bid me a happy New Year again. Last night I knew it was *your* greeting. I had learnt to crave for in these last five years.'"

The words came to my lips right readily. There was no contracting strings round my heart holding these back, they had all expanded. But that is enough for you. I will only add that I, Jane Smith, spinster, wish you all, from the bottom of my heart—

A Happy New Year.

THE SOLUTION OF AN IMPORTANT GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM.

THE OUTLET TO LAKE TANGANYIKA.

THE interest we have ever felt in the progress of African exploration can alone constitute an apology for introducing such a topic as the discovery of an outlet to Lake Tanganyika, in what may be termed a holiday number of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The importance of the discovery made by Lieutenant Cameron and his party, during their circumnavigation of the lake, cannot, however, be over-estimated. If it does not determine the exact position of the sources of the Nile, added to what has been done before, it circumscribes the basins of the Nile, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the Benuwe, or eastern Niger, within limits that can now be proximately defined.

Lake Tanganyika has been hitherto a puzzle to geographers. Burton and Speke, its discoverers, concluded that it received waters from the north, east, and south, and this has turned out to be the case. But Sir Samuel Baker's discovery of a vast lake to the northwards—the Albert Nyanza—stretching to within a short distance of Tanganyika, led to a discussion concerning the comparative level of the two lakes, and it was rather generally surmised that Tanganyika flowed into the Lake Nyanza. Livingstone and Stanley's exploration of the mouths of the Rusisi, the northern tributary of the lake, determining that it flowed into the lake, led to a suspension of the controversy; but it was still conceived by some that at seasons of low water the Rusisi might flow into the lake, but that in times of flood, the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowed into the Albert Nyanza, and, by it, into the Nile.

This view was rendered all the more plausible as no outlet had been found to the lake. Some who, from differences of level and the reported intervention of mountains, did not believe in its flowing into the Albert Nyanza, thought that it might find a way to the Indian Ocean by the Lufiji or Rufiji river, an opinion originally held by Admiral Owen; others, again, thought that it might have a subterranean communication with Livingstone's Lualaba and the Congo. Others, again, as the late Dr. Beke, held by the opinion that it was an inner basin, without any outlet at all.

It is impossible to explain, from the few details which have as

yet reached us, how the outlet discovered by Lieutenant Camero—whose name will now be enrolled most honourably in the long list of African explorers—can be the same as Livingstone's Lualaba, which, or branches of which, have their sources in the high upland which separates the basin of the Congo from that of the Zambesi to the south of Lake Tanganyika; but we may certainly presume that it constitutes a feeder to the Lualaba, or upper Congo, if it is not its most important tributary.

This discovery, then, replaces Ptolemy's "mountains of the moon," where Speke originally conceived them to be, between Lakes Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza—where that gallant traveller found the Mfumbiro mountains some ten thousand feet in elevation on the east, where Livingstone found the Kabondu mountains, and where Sir Samuel Baker saw what he calls the "Blue Mountains," from a standpoint on the Albert Nyanza.

It limits the basin of the Nile to this central African group to the south, to the long range of the Himadri, with its snow-capped peaks and active volcanoes (Kilima-njaro, Kenia, Obal, Kilimanjaro, and other Fahs, or culminating points), on the east, and to the unexplored, but, in all probability, high and inhabited regions, that lie between the Congo and the Benuwe, or east of the Niger, on the west. It brings the basin of the former river into close proximity of the Indian Ocean, and establishes it as the nearest way from the west into Central Africa, and as the readiest means of traversing from ocean to ocean. It is to be hoped that Lieutenant Cameron and his companions will be able to avail themselves of their knowledge of this important fact, and that they will meet, on their way down the Congo to the western coast, the expeditions of succour which are proceeding inwards from that direction. Dr Augustus Petermann's anticipation that, Livingstone being no more, his work is going to be continued and finished by German and American explorers loses half its sting; but Mr. Stanley or the Germans may, if successful and spared by the natives and the climate, yet put their feet on the fountains of the Nile, or, at a future date, open the vast region that lies between the Nile, the Congo, and the Niger, to the knowledge of civilised communities. These are triumphs in which all nations alike will rejoice.

E O S .

A CLASSIC STUDY.

I.

Eos, monarch of morning,
Rosy-fingered Queen,
Glinting into my chamber,
The darkling curtains between.
love to dream of my darling amid thy golden sheen

II.

She is golden haired like thee,
Eos, queen of the day !
She broke on my being's night
With just as fair a ray ;
Opening flowers and gemming the grass where I sped my way.

III.

And now she is all my own—
Eos, my darling, my pride ;
While I lie in the morning and dream,
She is by my side ;
Over the pillow those golden tresses are scattered far and wide.

IV.

Her beautiful eyes are veiled,
Her face is fair and white,
Her long thin fingers I clasp,
In my arms I hold her tight.
Tis the calm aftermath of the Golden Harvest of Night.

V.

Shine on her, Eos serene,
With thy translucent hue ;
For though the bright vision fades
E'en from my spirit's view.
Yet well do I know the dream that Eos shines on is true.

VI.

Though it passeth awhile,
That vision my fancy fills ;
And I know it will substance take,
And solace my life's long ills,
When the morning beams upslant from the Everlasting Hills

CLODE MORYCE.



CHRISTMAS CHAINS.

A PROLOGUE.

"Only the ravings of a mad girl," you say. Just so. True, only the ravings of a girl with a turned brain.

Christmas to her is ever the same Christmas that was to have been her happiness, but that came to her in shadow and sorrow.

So she passes each one as it comes round. Waiting, hoping, trusting, till he waiting brings to her no "Rudolf," and she learns at last, again and again, the old ending to the old story,

"Why was the coffin, tell me,
So great and hard to move?
I in it placed my sorrows,
And in it placed my love."

H. HEINE.

HARK! the bells! Of course, Christmas bells! Ding, dong, bell! Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la; Hark, how they clash, bang, crash! But it's Christmas time, you know.

Soon there will be wedding-bells!

Practising for Christmas, do they say? I know better. They are practising for my bridal day. A month—four weeks—thirty-one days; then my wedding-day; Yes, yes, I know! Hark! There is a footstep! Rudolf, I am coming! Is it you, my bonnie addie?

"His very foot hath music in't,
As he comes up the stair!"¹

No, no; not Rudolf yet. Ah well, he's coming; he said he would. Christmas bells, ring out the glad news! Coming, coming; hark how they ring! When will they say, Come? Why does he not hasten? But stay; not till even, they say, not till the great clock strikes the evening hour can he return. Rudolf! so long away, so long returning. Only three months, he said, they all said; yet sure, were ever three months so long in passing as these?

"Shall I tell you where *we* parted?
When plenteous autumn sheaves were brown,
Then *we* parted heavy-hearted.
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grand as in the days before;
Only to us those days of yore
Could come back never more."²

Never more! What does that mean? Thank the good God,

¹ Jean Adams: "There's nae luck about the house." ² C. Rossetti.

'Never more' has nothing to do with Rudolf and me! How the bells have taken up the strain!

"Never more—never more—never more;"¹ ha, ha, ha! They may chime; but never more is not for my darling and me!

See the sun! the full rejoicing sun. How he shines! The same bonnie sun that lighted up the gold of my Rudolf's hair, the glitter of his blue eyes—"blue, darkly, deeply, beautiful blue." Do you recollect? as he lay on that cedar-wooded, sun-bank, Airly Beacon.

Hark; the bells have stopped a moment. I feel the summer air fanning my cheek as on that gladsome day. July 1! I see the many-coloured flowers, the waving, feathery grass, nodding over our feet. I hear a far-distant little ringing bell, playing a little tune all by itself somewhere in the valley below!

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."²

See, dear one, see the little floating blue skies above our heads; see the lav'rock mounting higher, higher in the blueness, since all the way he goes; see him fall! down, down, down! O the ringing bells again! Rudolf, hold me. Quick! tight! Where are you, my darling? Where am I? Airly Beacon? Ah, we remember!

"Airly Beacon! Airly Beacon,
Oh! the pleasant sights to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon
Where my love climbed up to me."³

Heaven! am I heavy, Rudolf? Do I rest my head too heavily upon your breast? God! let me die so! What is it you are saying? A little, only a very little louder. Ah, I hear you can hear you breathe the sweet, sweet words—

"Oh! lean on my breast, love!
Look into my eyes!
All nature breathes, love!
O Time, do not pass!
Stay with us,—stay with us,
O beautiful day!"⁴

¹ Southey. ² Robert Browning. ³ Charles Kingsley.

⁴ W. W. S. (From *New Monthly Mag.*)

Darling, darling! what do I reply? Nothing, I can only
stun.

"O love, I so love you,
I would we could merge
To one spirit, one body,
With no mine or thine—
To a union so perfect,
So close, and so single,
That naught could divide us
Again into two."¹

Hark at the bells again! surely they are ringing a wedding
call! See the precipice; one little step, and down, down, down!
Ding dong, bell! Let them ring, for Christmas is coming, and
Rudolf!

Yes, Rudolf is coming; he cannot disappoint me, after all the
many stormy nights, and weary, waiting days. He is coming; will
soon, yes, soon be here! Bright angels guard his feet from every
hurt, and bring him safe to Blossom.

"Frae ilka danger keep him free,
O send me safe my somebody!"²

Is it not time now, that you should come home to your poor
little girl? Autumn, when we parted. And see! the snow is
making wedding-cake of everywhere. Yes, Rudolf, wedding-cake;
and the wedding-breakfast is spread and ready, only waiting, bonnie
addie, for the bridegroom, with his winning, winning smile, and his
hair all sheen.

You said it would be but one, two, three months, and then—Oh,
my darleen!

I shut my eyes; I seem to see you. I lean my brow upon my
hands, and I think that I am resting against you. I fancy your
blessed hands are holding mine, *dear*.

Why how steadily the snow is falling, falling, and the bells keep
on their clanging! Summer has gone, all gone; and autumn. Oh,
how long you are in coming! Will you never, never come?

Steps, footsteps, come and go, but Rudolf's tarry. Why, why
is it?

My head! poor little Blossom's head! *Mine*, you know. O
my poor head! What does it, *can* it all mean? The bells, the
wedding-bells, ring on. Out in the frosty air they are pealing,
and if they stop but a moment, it is only to begin again, louder,
ever louder, in poor little Blossom's head. They puzzle, they
frighten, they worry me and I did so look forward to my marriage-
peal! Never mind; it's all right. "All's right with the world!"
I don't care. Who cares? Nothing matters very much, you know.

¹ W. W. S. (From *New Monthly Mag.*)

² Robert Burns.

Nothing. Sure, I'm just daft to fash myself for nothing. Rudolf mine, all mine, and I am his for ever. Ha, ha, ha! see me, the happiest, merriest girl alive! See how I dance and sing! Coo-ey!

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wand'ring bliss;
And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this. It is this."

God! what is it I hear? Who put the knell in the chimes?
Ding dong, bell, *toll*! Ding dong bell, *toll*! Ding dong bell,
toll! *Toll*, toll, toll, toll, toll!

God help me!

Rudolf!

Rudolf!!

Rudolf!!!

"Call as thou wilt, thou call'st in vain,
No voice brings back thy name again!"¹

Who spoke? Who said that? Cruel, cruel, to speak so to to-morrow's Bride.

He *will* return, I *know* he will:
He *cannot* leave me here to die!"²

Die—die—die! Will those echoing bells never stop? What is it they say? Silver chimes, do they call them? leaden, rather. Stop them, or my brain will go.

But stay. Wait a moment. Listen! There is a sudden stir and excitement as of some one arriving!

Who else can it be, this coming guest, but Rudolf! Surely is he who will presently come gaily up the stair, and take his girl, Rudolf's girl, to his heart! Even now I hear his footsteps coming. Music!

"And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm down right dizzy in the throcht,
In troth, I'm like to greet!"³

Who are these coming with scared looks and hush'd voices? Go! Leave me! I do not like it. What is it you say? What take my resisting hand in yours, and strive to stay my unceasing walking up and down, here, there, and everywhere?

Leave me! I am but wiling away the time till Rudolf come

¹ Moore: "Lalla Rookh."

² Hamilton Aidé.

³ O. Rossetti.

⁴ Jean Adams.

Yes, Rudolf! What is there in that name to startle you? he will soon be here; even now I hear his footstep coming from far, far away.

Go! Rather stay those bells than try to stay Blossom: sure they deafen all other sounds with their ceaseless clanging.

What is it you are saying?

Rudolf is *not* coming! cannot, *cannot* come!

It is false! the very bells even refuse to echo the hateful word this time; I tell you it is *untrue*. Listen to the chimes again! Hark!

True! True!! True!!!

For God's sake, stop them! Will they madden me? Go! Scatter your untrue Christmas tidings where you will; but not to me shall you repeat the lie!

Rudolf—not-coming? Ha, ha, ha! I tell you he *is* coming.

"I will possess him or will die.

I will grow round him in his place.

Grow, live, die, looking on his face,

Die, dying clasped in his embrace."¹

Rudolf!

Why do you shake your heads, and scan me over—pity-laden lashes? Away! I will have none of it! Keep your pity for the unhappy—they who need it; waste none of it on joyous, gladsome Blossom. See, I make the very house ring with my merry laugh! Who is there more to be envied than I?

Why those quivering lips and falling tears? Who weeps at Christmas time? the season of joy and peace on earth to all, but especially to me? Only wait a moment, and we, Rudolf and I, will dry those tears, and bring back the smiles again.

For the sake of Heaven, peace to those lowered whispers, veil those sorrowful glances; I cannot bear them.

Tell me, is he here? Rudolf? Mine? Surely those tramping feet are his messengers, to tell me he is come, to prepare me for the meeting! He knows I'm waiting.

"Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come."²

Hush! not a sound! Let me catch the faintest movements that fall on my straining ears to tell me of my darling's coming.

"Ah there was a time, when bliss

Shone o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of his;

When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air

In which he dwelt, was the soul's fondest prayer."³

¹ Tennyson: "Fatima."

² Byron.

³ Moore

Was! ha, ha, ha! *Is!* What have I do with the past? *Mine* is all in the present, aye, and the future. Oh, the glorious future! without a cloud to dim its brightness!

See the ring he gave me! Not till he, with his own dear hand, removes it for another, a plainer one, shall it be moved! Not till he, with his warm love lips, renews the kiss he left on mine, shall kiss there be pressed! Not till once again I feel his strong arm round me shall I be held to his beating heart!

Fly moments, fly! and bring to me my Rudolf! ha!

He is come!

I hear you say the blessed words, whisper though you may! Unhand me! Let me go! Keep me not a moment from mine own! Even now he wonders that I tarry.

Open wide the door. Undraw the blinds. Fasten back the curtains. Let in the sound of wedding-bells. Is it to a house of mourning you welcome him? as for one dead?

Dead. Dead. Dead.

God! those bells!

Piteously I entreat you let me go! Let—me—go! *He is come* you say? but he is ill, *so ill?* ha, ha, ha! the more reason that I should be by his side, in sickness or in health! ha, ha, ha! till death do us part! *He is calling for me!* hark, I hear him!

Keep me not!

He cannot hear me! See me!

Let me go!

He is dead!

Bah! what is dead? I do not believe you! I go!

* * * * *

Rudolf! My darling!! Rudolf!!!

Speak to me!

Can this be Rudolf? With closed eyes and dripping, dripping hair! God!

O Rudolf, open your dear, dear eyes: see your Blossom!

(He does not stir.)

Rudolf, what have I done? Why won't you move? See, darling, I lay my head upon your breast, as I used to do, Rudolf.

Rudolf!

God help!

O my bonnie, so long, so long away. Is this how you return to your little girl, your Blossom! No, no; you are sleeping; dearest; wake up, wake up, and take her to you!

See, he is only sleeping; he is tired, so tired, let him be.

Leave us, so that when he wakes *my* face may be the first to

meet his gaze, *my* eyes the first to look in his. Go! He is so weary; look, as a tired child waiting for the night. I pray the bells may not awaken him. You startled me at first. Yet 'twas a likely mistake. Sleep is not unlike death.

Death. Death. Death.

Ding, dong, bell, *toll*! Ding, dong, bell, *toll*!

Ding, dong, bell, *toll*! Toll, toll, toll, toll, toll.

Rudolf, darling, do not heed the chimes; it is but the knell of the old year they are tolling. Soon will strike up marriage-bells; a wedding-peal; your's and mine, Rudolf.

They have left us, dear; we are quite alone. See, your wife so soon to be. Kiss her, sweetest, as she kisses you. Feel how warm her cheek is as it nestles close to yours. Ah, how cold, how very cold—you are. But you have come a long distance through the snow, no wonder. Rudolf, I do not want you to awaken sooner than you wish, only, dearest, won't you unclasp your dear hands a moment, and entwine them in your darling's once again. See, so—the icy chillness!

Do I disturb you, bonniest? Listen, then, and as I lay my head upon the pillow close beside you, I will sing a lullaby and lull you in your sleep—

Sleep, sleep, my darling

Whilst I watch beside:

God, draw a curtain,

And the world divide

From you and me.

Gently, gently sleep!

Joy pillow my breast;

I am guarding you.

Rest, my Rudolf, rest!

Rudolf, are you *still* dreaming? or can you feel the throbbing of my heart as it answers yours? O Rudolf, you frighten me! It is unlike you to remain thus long so very still and white! and oh, though I can hear the beating of my own heart keeping time with the bells, pit-pat, ding-dong! *yours*, darling! —yours is silent! silent!! silent!!! Awake, awake, I cannot bear the awful stillness longer! Darling! Darling!! Darling!!!

O my God! he does not, will not, *cannot* hear! Help me! The room is going round! The floor sinks under me!

Down. Down. Down.

Ding, dong, bell, *toll*! Ding, dong, bell, *toll*!

Ding, dong, bell, *toll*! Toll, toll, toll, toll, toll.

* * * * *

Is it summer? is it winter? is it morning, noon, or night?

Who knows? who cares?
 Am I asleep, awake, or dead? What matter?
 And the bells ring on for ever!
 Tra la, tra la, tra la! Ding dong bell, toll.
 Ha, ha, ha! *How* they ring!
 O dear, what *will* I do? They have taken him quite away!
 Heart's Darling!—Rudolf!—
 Where are you?
 —My heart is breaking,

“For the touch of a vanish'd hand
 And the sound of a voice that is still!”¹

Let me die!
 Die! Die! Die!
 Yes, *Die*. “Now for the great experiment! I yield my soul,
 if I have a soul, to God; if there be God.”
 There see! I *cannot* die.
 Who was it said that?
 Voltaire.

And *he* died; it's only Blossom, poor little last year's Blossom,
 who cannot—may not die!

Last night, I thought I felt his dear arm round me; his sweet
 mouth upon mine. It was the clear ring of his own voice calling
 me, that aroused me last, to find, O, woe is me, I was but dreaming!
 Ah, me!

They say I'm mad!
 Ha, ha, ha!
 Mad! Mad! Mad!

That is what the world always says when it cannot understand.

I am so weary. I would that I could lay my head upon the
 cold stone cross, that marks my Darling's sleeping bed, and so sink
 down, down, down, into the beautiful black mould beside him.
 “So tired, so tired, my heart and I!” Ah, then would I rest
 my weary, aching head upon his dear, dead breast, and die; and
 he, God bless him, he would sweetly lull me in his arms to kingdom
 come.

“Ah me! the live-long day,
 My heart, my weary heart
 With grief doth pine away,
 And night brings no relief.”²

Oft from my casement watch I for my mine own. But he is
 gone—ah, yes, for ever gone,

¹ Tennyson. ² Elizabeth Barrett Browning. ³ Translated from the Italian.

"And I am left alone.
Then must I weep ;
For he, my life, mine own,
Is gone, for ever gone,
And I am left alone.

Alone ! but where is he ?
There 'mid yon starry skies methinks I see
His eyes, those dear bright eyes
Bent lovingly on me,
As they were wont to be : but never more
Will I again behold them as of yore,
And all is dark, where all was light before.

Then must I weep,
For he, my love, mine own,
Is gone, for ever gone,
And I am left—alone !"

Alone !—

"O, Thou, soul of my soul,
I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest."¹

¹ Robert Browning.



LIZZIE.¹

THIS is decidedly the best of Lady Hardy's novels. The story is well told, and is told without any of that affectation which so fatally mars any pleasure that a lover of style would otherwise take in perusing the majority of modern novels. The story is one of to-day. To readers of this Magazine—an organ which has for so many years advocated the good old Conservative cause against the inroads of blatant cobblers, and blasphemous and self-sufficient braggarts—it will have a special interest. And for this reason: in its pages are contrasted the extreme parties in this country. We have the representation of territorial interests, on the one hand. The man of fine instincts—instincts that are the result of refined influence. The man reserved but kindly, dignified but loving. This is Colonel Pomeroy. And the portrait is, in truth, a very admirable one. Contrasted with him is Mr. Stephen Groves; the low-born, self-sufficient, adventurous, and unscrupulous seeker after popular applause is admirably illustrated in this picture. The ease with which he makes use of tools is equalled only by the ease with which he casts them aside when they have answered his purpose. One cannot avoid entertaining a sort of pity for the little cad Haviland, who writes revolutionary odes and gains the suffrages of Padborough for the ambitious Groves. The story is slight. It must not, however, be imagined that, because we have only indicated its political bearing, it is without the love element. There are, indeed, two love stories in it running prettily side by side. There is, moreover, no lack of exciting incident. And if lovers of sensation want anything stronger than the mayor of an important town accused of and tried for murder they had better wait till they get it.

Lady Hardy's style has the quality which we usually seek for in vain in contemporary fiction—we mean, simplicity. If novelists only knew how very much they would gain in force by telling their stories in a straightforward and intelligible way, we, the public, would be almost as great gainers as they the novelists. We regret that we have at this time no greater space at our disposal in which to point out more critically the strong points of this work, and in which to justify our criticism by quotations from the work itself.

¹ By Lady Duffus Hardy. Hurst and Blackett.

we can only cordially recommend our readers to make their acquaintance with the characters in the novel, feeling sure that they will find some to be delighted with and others to detest. When a novelist has succeeded in sowing either feeling in the breast of a reader, that novelist has achieved no trifling triumph.

MUSIC.

THERE is no heart, however stern and cold,
Worn with the sufferings which to age belong,
That does not sometimes dream the dreams of old,
When life was music, finding voice in song.

Oh sweetest childhood ! in that happy time
All nature sings her promises of joy,
Hope, blending future visions with the chime
Of happiness, that peals from merry girl and boy.

The heavenly strains fade quickly, earthly strife
Weakens the tone the infant learnt above ;
But music still remains to cheer a weary life,
To breathe our better feelings and our love.

Brave deeds of self-denial, have a wordless voice
Of lovely music, whose best notes are tears :
A nation's anthems bid her sons rejoice,
And find expression in a people's cheers.

And busy manhood finds a time to sing
The songs of social friendship and good-will ;
A kindlier feeling to hard hearts they bring,
And fevered pulses for the moment still.

And age, again, though deaf to earthly care,
The sweetest music still its own can call,
Breathing of hope and uttered but in prayer,
Fit song of worship to the Lord of all.

J. T. W. B.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c

CHAPTER XLIV.

MARK'S PRIOR ENGAGEMENT.

HAD Mrs. Thorold been passing through Georges Square a few hours later, she would have seen that Mark's reception of company was a somewhat large one, whilst she probably would have marvelled at the quality of the guests for whom he had declined her invitation to dinner.

They all arrived on foot, the women's dresses and shawls showing the most gaudy and flaming colours, whilst most of them carried small brown paper bags, doubtless containing their caps. The men, who were in the minority, had evidently donned clean shirts for the occasion; and they all had short pipes in their mouths, which they carefully extinguished and put away before going down the area steps.

Amongst the first arrivals was that same old piper, whom Mrs. Thorold had alluded to, with his pipes carefully tucked under his arm.

Now, all these guests, male and female, were either relatives or friends of the servants of the house, invited, however, by the master's stepson, Mark Unsworth, in a spirit of fun and mischief. Flora had raised a feeble protest against the entertainment, a feeble one indeed, for she was fond of Jenny, being too young to be much shocked at her dirt and disorder, and amongst those invited were Jenny's mother, two sisters, an aunt, and a cousin five times removed. Mark's first calculations had not extended beyond a dozen or so of invitations, but the list of invited swelled by degrees, till the party bid fair to resemble one of those entertainments in fashionable life where half the guests stay on the staircase all night. This rapid increase in the number of those who were to be entertained arose from Mark having given leave to the servant's relatives to bring a friend, and this friend was construed into meaning three or four friends; so that Mark was amazed himself as the guests came pouring in, and he exclaimed as

he waved his stumps, with a theatrical air, "The cry is, still they come."

Mark was decidedly in one of his most joyous humours, the boys were in their element, as cook had provided a most plentiful and appetizing tea and supper, and Flora was probably the only one who felt any fear or uneasiness; as it was, she flitted in and out of the rooms, looking very nervous and troubled, and she said, more than once, to Mark, "Oh, what would papa and mamma say?"

Meanwhile, as the evening wore on, the guests became more buoyant and excited, and as they wished to dance off the effects of a very hearty tea, and prepare for a fresh relay of good things at supper, the services of the old piper were called into requisition. The apartment chosen for the dance was the front drawing-room, from which the furniture had been partially removed, and the rest stowed away in nooks and corners. All the chairs in the house were called into requisition, and were ranged round the room. The piper was elevated on to the drawing-room table, where he gravely watched the dancers beneath, as he droned away with his pipes. The folding-doors leading into the back drawing-room were placed wide open, and as the different reels terminated, those who had taken part in them passed into the inner room, to refresh themselves with a little whiskey, either diluted or undiluted, according to taste. The keg which Mrs. Thorold had observed in the hall had been broached, and pretty nearly exhausted, and as its supply diminished, so did the spirits of the guests rise.

The dancers grew wild and excited, and the different motions used during the progress of the reel became more impassioned. As the men snapped their fingers, the sound was like the cracks of so many rifle shots; they waved their arms aloft, as though they were performing incantations, and their yells, as they figured about, before and around their partners, were almost demoniacal. Mark was the gayest of the gay, his stumps performing wonderful flourishes, as he took his part in the reel. But let us leave, for a few moments, this scene of wild revelry, and laughter, and tumult, and descend into the quiet square beneath, where a small mob of idlers have collected in front of the house. Now and then, some one comes out from the adjoining houses, and expresses his or her astonishment at the conduct of those boys of Dr. Norris, in having such low riotous company in the house. The windows of the drawing-room, have been lowered a little from the top, doubtless, on account of the heat, and now the din waxes louder and more violent; and above the voices and laughter and shouts of the guests, is heard the screech and drone of the pipes. No wonder that those within the house should fail to hear any sound without, so the arrival of a hackney-coach, which drew up at the front door, failed

to excite any attention. Equally futile were all applications to the door bell; and amidst the ill-suppressed laughter, and various surmises of the bystanders, a gentleman and lady alighted from the coach and gazed in bewildered surprise at the drawing-room window, the shadows of the dancers being reflected on the canvas blinds.

"My dear, is this the right house?" asked the lady in fluttering tones.

"Good Heavens! I must surely be dreaming!" ejaculated the gentleman, in a tone of the bitterest wrath: "these orgies are worthy of the worst and most obscure pot-house in the Cowgate."

The coachman, by this time, had succeeded in breaking the bell wire; but he still plied the knocker with great energy. One voice from the crowd suggested the advisability of sending for the parish engines, while a call for the watchman, was heard with a shout of derisive laughter. Just at this moment, a ferret-eyed boy perched on the railings, discovered through the darkness, that the area door was ajar, and the gentleman lost no time in descending the steps, and as little in passing into the house, and re-appearing at the front door, where, in eager, hasty, and ill-concealed wrath he paid the coachman his fare, assisted him in handing the luggage into the hall, and then closed the door precipitately on the little mob outside, who seemed, however, in no haste to disperse, for they were, doubtless, expecting to witness, in a few moments, the abrupt exit of the guests. Though the dancers had now been exerting themselves manfully for some time, there seemed no abatement in their vigour and spirit. Mark, was, however, reposing, for awhile, and watching their evolutions with no small enjoyment. From the back drawing-room, there stole in a subtle odour of tobacco and whiskey, so objectionable to Flora, that she had made up her mind to retire from the scene so soon as she should have heard the end of a thrilling tale of a banshee, which Jenny's mother, an old lady of Hibernian extraction, was relating with much gusto, amidst a chorus of groans and ejaculations from the three or four friends of the old piper who were grouped round the narrator.

"Well, sure," shrieked the old lady, in her highest key, that her voice might be heard above the screech of the pipes; "the poor young craythur sat in the ould arm chair, as white as a corpse, for she couldn't take her eyes off that window; she knew she would be afther seeing the banshee, for hadn't she heard her wailing round the house."

Here the old lady paused abruptly. Struck by the look of terror and astonishment on Flora's face, she followed the direction of her eyes, and, certainly, had the banshee herself been standing in the doorway, her appearance could hardly have caused greater consternation, than did that of Robert Norris and his wife, as the

stood at the open folding-doors in mute indignation, with uplifted hands, looking at the strange assemblage in their drawing-room.

In a minute or two the ominous words, "The master and mistress!" circulated round the apartments, and almost instantaneously there was a tumultuous crowding towards the door of the front drawing-room. But, for a minute or two, they had seemed spell-bound, and for that space of time the expressions and attitudes of the different persons formed no inapt resemblance to the grouping of the characters on the stage of a theatre before the curtain drops.

There were the dancers, motionless now as statues, Jenny's mother and the auditors transfixed as though they had seen the banshee, the old piper calm and dignified; for was he not fifteenth cousin to the laird of McGunn, and why should he be feared of the English gentleman? and Mark, with uplifted stumps, caricaturing with impudent bravado, the attitude of those two motionless figures standing at the folding-doors.

"Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!" exclaimed Robert, in his deep bass voice.

"Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!" re-echoed Mrs. Norris.

"Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!" reiterated Mark, imitating the tone of voice and putting himself into the attitude of the ghost in Hamlet.

CHAPTER XLV.

A POOR FATHER.

MRS. THOROLD and Teresa were sitting together, the former working and the latter reading aloud, the morning after their visit to Georges Square, when the door opened, and the butler announced, to their utter amazement, "Dr. Norris."

Robert entered the room rather abruptly, and the gloomy expression of his face, together with his unexpected appearance in Edinburgh, when he was supposed to be in the Hebrides, filled both the ladies with fear and apprehension.

"Is anything the matter? Is Mrs. Norris well? Are the children all right?" they exclaimed in a breath.

Robert dropped into the chair, which Teresa, knowing his predilections, had placed near the fire for him, but he seemed too overpowered to speak for a few moments.

"My dear madam," he began, addressing Mrs. Thorold in his deepest and most tragical tones, "I have been asking myself, since last night, what sins I can have committed that I should be thus

heavily punished. I trust that I am not murmuring against the decrees of Providence, but I am a most afflicted man."

"Dear me, Robert! what has happened?" exclaimed Mr. Thorold, who, as she told Teresa afterwards, expected nothing less than that Norris had become a widower for the second time. "Pray do not speak in riddles."

"I have been treated with the blackest and vilest ingratitude," said Norris solemnly. "Never was a poor father so used. Insult have been heaped on my head; I am set at naught in my own house; I am derided and scoffed at—I, who have sacrificed myself for my unnatural offspring, who have laboured and toiled for them in the sweat of my brow. I returned home unexpectedly last night Mrs. Thorold, weary and fatigued with rapid travelling, and with the prospect of another unavoidable journey before me. And what kind of a reception awaited me, do you think? Most dreadful! Shocking, beyond all powers of description! I hardly know how to speak of it." Here Norris paused, the two ladies looked at each other in utter amazement, and the expression of their countenances denoted their fears as to the awful nature of the disclosure their visitor was about to make. At length, he resumed his revelation.

"For a long space of time I could not gain admission into my own habitation, and when I did, it was to find collected in my drawing-room the refuse of the Potter Row and Cowgate, all the scum and rabble of the West Port, the air redolent of whiskey and tobacco, my reprobate sons mingling in these saturnalia; and there a tattered, drunken, insolent old piper, whom Mr. Mark Unsworth has chosen to encourage, out of a spirit of opposition to his parents, mounted up on the drawing-room table. The scene baffles all description."

Here Norris again paused, and Teresa, whose face had brightened up towards the end of her cousin's recital, exclaimed, with a sigh of relief.

"Is that all? I was afraid, at first, that some dreadful calamity had happened."

Norris surveyed his cousin with a look of mute surprise and indignation, which deepened when he glanced at Mrs. Thorold, and detected a smile lurking round the corners of her mouth.

"Teresa," he said at length, after a long pause, and in a tone of mingled anger and pity, "I am both grieved and surprised to find, from your most strange remark, how lightly you are disposed to treat an affair which has given myself and Mrs. Norris the deepest concern and grief. Indeed, you seem disposed to take part with these lads against their poor father. I consider the whole transaction as unparalleled in its insolence and audacity; and you

treat it as a bagatelle! Such a blind and erroneous view of anything so scandalous I should never have expected from a person of your discretion."

"Do not misunderstand me, cousin," said Teresa, gently passing by unnoticed Robert's wrathful looks and angry tone of voice, "I think the boys have acted very wrong, and, of course, it must have shocked you to witness such a scene in the house; but I apprehended something very dreadful, and it was a relief to me, when I found it was no worse than the escapade of a parcel of gay, thoughtless boys."

"Boys will be boys, you know," said Mrs. Thorold, who could now speak without danger of laughing. "It is a pity the elders are too old for a good thrashing. That graceless Mark was at the bottom of it; he told me, yesterday, he was going to receive company, and, oddly enough, I said to Teresa, 'What company can he have beyond that old piper?' Well, but really, Robert, though, of course, you were naturally indignant, it must have been a laughable sight to have seen the company, and that impudent old piper perched up on the drawing-room table. I should have liked to have been in a corner."

"Oh, it was very laughable!" answered Norris savagely, "and, I dare say, it would have been vastly interesting to you and my cousin, had you been present; but I can assure you that neither Mrs. Norris nor I felt the slightest approach to merriment; and, indeed, I think your emotions of pleasure would have been confined to yourself; for there was not, I confess, after our appearance, anything resembling a laugh to be heard, except from Mr. Mark Unsworth, whose mind, as to its moral state, appears to be of the lowest."

"Oh, I can quite believe that your unexpected arrival was a perfect kill-joy," answered Mrs. Thorold; "but, pray, don't be angry with Teresa and myself, because we cannot see this matter in the awful aspect in which you view it. Of course, you have dismissed the servants, or will dismiss them; you have rated the lads well, and will punish them in some way, and there you must let the matter rest: such an affair will not happen again."

"Well, certainly, it would not be a desirable thing for my drawing-room to be turned habitually into a dancing saloon for the inhabitants of the Cowgate," remarked Norris sarcastically; "but really, my dear madam, your sang-froid, and very practical decisions amuse and divert me. Unfortunately, you give me credit for powers of endurance which you yourself possess, doubtless, but which I do not. Whatever visitation or calamity befalls me, you bid me think no more about it; I am obliged to you for the recipe, but I cannot make use of it."

"Now, Robert, don't get cross with an old friend," said Mrs. Thorold smiling; "and if my last recipe won't do, I offer you another,—don't leave the boys so much alone, and then they won't get into these scrapes."

I am infinitely obliged," answered Norris; "but I fear that present this last recipe will be as little use to me as the other: must start off to London in a few days on important business."

"Well, Robert, for a man ostensibly of no business at all," replied Mrs. Thorold, "you do manage to get an unconscionable quantity of work on hand. What in the world is taking you to London?"

"I can assure you," answered Robert rather stiffly, "that I do not immerse myself in business for the love of it. I have just been pursuing most important scientific investigations in the West of Scotland, which I had nearly brought to an end, when, to my unspeakable regret, I was obliged suddenly to return home."

"Really, Robert," said Mrs. Thorold, letting her work fall on her lap, and gazing at Norris with an air of surprise, "I should have thought that by this time, and with all your travelling about you knew every nook in Scotland."

"My dear madam," answered Norris with a lofty air, "the investigations I have been lately engaged in are in no way connected with geology; they refer to a matter which has occupied the attention of scientific men for years past. I allude to the vitrified forts—many theories have been advanced, but none, as yet, which satisfactorily accounts for their vitrification."

"My dear Robert," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, "I really won't put myself to so much expense and fatigue, when the result, even if successful, will be so trifling. What does it matter to you or I, or anybody else, how these forts became vitrified, and what the better off will the world be for the discovery? Never mind the vitrified forts; stay at home with the boys, and then they won't fill the house with tag-rag and bob-tail. I really cannot honestly say that I regret your being called away from your investigations: only, to be sure, you tell me you must go to London; can you not put it off? These poor lads will turn out badly, I fear, if they are left too much to themselves; they are, indeed, terribly neglected. You must forgive my plain speaking; I presume on having been your friend from childhood upwards, and the friend of your dead parents. I do not think you realise the danger your children run of going astray; I wish I could open your eyes."

"I wish, my dear madam," replied Norris, who had heard with silent indignation Mrs. Thorold's slighting remarks upon vitrified forts, "that I could make you understand how painful and disagreeable it is to me to have to undertake this journey to London; but

could as little do that as I could convey to your mind the importance of many scientific investigations which you would treat as puerilities. However, we will say no more on this point," added Norris, dismissing the vitrified forts with a wave of his hand. "You ask me why I go to London? law business, unfortunately, drags me there; so you will see this is no pleasure excursion. That Chancery affair of mine, about the right of common, will be decided this week; I had a letter from Okey to that effect a few days ago."

But you have a good solicitor in London," observed Mrs. Thorold. "Why should you go? Is there the slightest necessity for you to incur either the trouble or expense of a journey to London?"

"I like to look after my own affairs," answered Norris; "no one will look to my interests as well as myself."

"Well, at any rate," remarked Teresa, who, though she had not joined in the conversation for the last few minutes, had not lost any of its purport, "Mrs. Norris will be at home this time, so the boys will not be able to get up to any fresh mischief, and she is so kind-hearted and amiable, that I know Oliver and Donald would not willingly displease her. I am sure she has great influence over them,

"Norris looked confused, and did not speak for a few moments when he did, it was with some hesitation.

"You see, we had not intended—that is to say, I had intended—to go to London alone; but upon maturer reflection we judged it advisable that I should not face the ordeal of a court unaccompanied by a single friend or adviser. For a long time I tried to combat her resolution; but Mrs. Norris, knowing the nervous prostrations to which I am subject at times, the occasional weakness of my bodily health, and the strain upon my mind from many causes, filial rebellion and ingratitude amongst the weightiest, determined, in short, though worn out by fatigue and in a delicate state herself, to accompany me to London."

"Well really, Robert, I think you must have taken leave of your senses," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold rather sharply. "As I said before, I cannot see the slightest necessity for you to go to London; and as for your wife going too, why it is the greatest piece of absurdity I ever heard of. You seem never at rest unless you are away from home. When you talk to me of the difficulty you have in meeting the great expenses of the boys' education, I might justly ask you, how you can afford to travel about so much? Pray don't complain again to me, if, on your return, you find some guests from the Candlemaker Row or Cowgate feasting at your expense, for I shall tell you it is all your own fault."

"Do not fear, Mrs. Thorold, that I shall trouble you with any complaints again," said Norris rising, and speaking with great bitterness and wrath. "I have to call to mind old ties and old associations, to prevent words rising to my lips which you would not wish to hear. I consider myself deeply wronged, misjudged, and all on the score of my graceless sons, for whom I have laboured and toiled, while they were hulking at home, instead of assisting their poor father in the hard struggles of life."

Here Norris abruptly took his departure, seeming much agitated.

For a little while Mrs. Thorold was very angry; but towards evening she cooled down, and eventually accepted Teresa's offer of going to Georges Square on an embassy of peace, with a conciliatory message.

Teresa accordingly set off, and on her arrival was ushered into the drawing-room, which still bore traces of the previous evening's entertainment. None of the boys were visible, and Teresa conjectured that the servants had all been dismissed, as she saw only a couple of charwomen. In a few moments Mrs. Norris made her appearance, looking very jaded and pale, her long ringlets metamorphosed into straight wisps of hair, her dress only partially hooked behind, and sundry fissures in the gathers.

Mrs. Norris received Teresa a little coldly at first, but when she heard her message delivered, in the always sweet and persuasive tones of the speaker, she relaxed, and became herself again; that is to say, a kind, good-humoured woman.

"I was so sorry when I found that there was a misunderstanding between Robert and Mrs. Thorold. I esteem her very highly but, at the same time, I think she is unjust towards my husband, and he was deeply hurt by some of her remarks. He came home in a state of nervous excitement that was most painful to witness. I was really quite alarmed. No one can understand how acutely sensitive his feelings are. He was so prostrated that he was obliged to lie down; but I daresay you will be able to see him by and by, and of course we shall all forget what passed this morning. He intended, when he came home, writing to you, as he did not anticipate this kind visit, and he had quite resolved never, as he said, to darken the doors of the house in Lyndoch Place again."

"What did he want to write to me for?" asked Teresa, with a look of surprise.

"My dear Miss Ayleworth, I think I will tell you myself," said Mrs. Norris. "Robert is very much incensed against your brother, but I daresay he will relent by and bye: my husband owns the deepest obligations to yourself, and I quite agree with him; but he is under no debt of gratitude to Mr. Ayleworth."

"In what way has Walter offended?" asked Teresa, with vague

suspicion on her mind, as she spoke, that her cousin had received a hint of the attachment between Walter and Flora, spoken of by Mark Unsworth.

"Of course, my dear, your brother was at the low, ribald, riotous assemblage, held here last night. We did not see him, but we surmise that he must have become aware of our arrival, and have slipped out. We hear," and Mrs. Norris laid a stress on the last word, "that he has been here every day, and often till a late hour, for the last few weeks; and therefore, we conjecture that he was here yesterday, and probably lent a hand in getting up the entertainment. Sailors are, as a rule, wild, unsteady young men. Now, with this impression on his mind, Robert said he could not possibly suffer Mr. Ayleworth to visit here again, and that he thought he would convey this dismissal through you as the least painful way of letting your brother know his wishes."

"Well, my cousin may banish all resentment towards Walter on that score," replied Teresa with a smile. "He was with the boys in the morning (a slight inaccuracy this of the speaker's, by the way, for she should have said with Flora); but when he came home in the afternoon there was a note awaiting him from a friend of his, a lieutenant in the Navy, who was then at Leith, where his ship was lying for a day or two, and Walter went off to him at once, so he could not possibly have been here last night."

"No, certainly not. Well, that will be quite a relief to Robert," observed Mrs. Norris; "for I know he wishes to think well of your brother. Do you think, now, that Mr. Ayleworth had any idea of what was going on?"

"I should imagine not," replied Teresa, deviating, alas! from the strict line of truth, for she had an inward misgiving that her gay, laughter-loving brother might have been cognisant of the whole affair from the very beginning, and that had he not been summoned to Leith, he would have contributed his quota to the evening's amusement by his favourite diversion, dancing a hornpipe.

CHAPTER XLVI.

NORRIS *versus* ST. GREGORY'S HOSPITAL.

THE business in the Vice-Chancellor's Court had just terminated, and with an intense feeling of relief, Norris passed out from its dim, shadowy precincts, where he had spent several hours in the bright unlight of a warm June afternoon. His step was light and elastic, and his whole bearing triumphant; one could see by his looks that he was a successful litigant.

"Tarry a moment, Bob! whither in such haste?" exclaimed a

voice at his elbow, as he was making his way rapidly in the direction of Chancery Lane.

Why, Piers, I had no idea you were in town!" answered Norris as he grasped his friend's hand warmly, and then the two walked on together, arm-in-arm.

Well, and I thought you were hunting up vitrified forts in the West of Scotland. Cantire was the last place you wrote to me from," replied Thorold. "But how on earth have you managed to get entangled in the meshes of the law, Bob?"

"You may be sure that only a matter of the gravest necessity," answered Norris, "would have induced me to go to law. You know how I dread and detest the whole machinery; and what does the text say, 'If a man ask for your coat, give him your cloak also.'"

The first I saw of the affair was in the *Times* this morning," replied Thorold, "and directly I read the cause of Norris *versus* the Wardens of St. Gregory's Hospital would come on before the Vice-Chancellor at Lincoln's Inn this morning, off I rushed, both hither on the wings of friendship. When I saw your woe-begone and dejected appearance in court, I rejoiced that I had come; for I anticipated, in the event of an unfavourable decision, having to bring you off in a fainting condition."

"I thank you for your good intentions," answered Norris, laughing.

"But what has it all been about?" asked Thorold. "I have been in Court all day, and am no wiser than I was when I first came in. I heard a confused jargon, in which your name predominated, coupled with 'common appendant' and 'common appurtenant' and 'cattle levant and couchant,' and beyond that I could distinguish nothing."

"I will make the matter clear to you in a few words," replied Norris: "the Lords of the Manor, in which my farm is situated, are the Wardens of St. Gregory's Hospital for poor gentlemen. We, in common with other freeholders, have a right to pasture my cattle on the wastes of the Manor—a right, mark you, Thorold, which has never before been disputed. But after the death of their solicitor, last year, the Wardens appointed that fellow, Toby Shaw, an attorney-at-law, of Chester, to succeed him; and one of the first acts of this shark of the law was to try to pick a hole in the right of the freeholders of the Manor."

"Oh, if there was an attorney at the bottom of it, I can understand the whole affair," said Thorold.

"This fellow," continued Norris, warming into his subject, "the great amusement of his friend, "judging that the commonage being near Chester, must have increased in value, conceived a

diabolical idea—I say advisedly, *diabolical*; for it was a measure unheard of, in its iniquity, to think of depriving men of rights which they had enjoyed from time immemorial; but I am diverging from the point—I lose myself when I talk of the tortuous and snake-like policy of this man. Of course, he knew that it would be much more profitable to the Wardens if the commons were put into cultivation, so he took steps to claim the sole right of the commons for his masters, and threatened law proceedings against several of the freeholders, if they any longer pastured their cattle on them. Now, Thorold, I ask you, as an impartial judge, did you ever hear of a more vile, barefaced, infamous attempt at pillage and plunder?”

It was worthy of one of the barons of the middle ages,” answered Thorold, with assumed gravity; “but how did the matter go on?”

“Some of the freeholders were base and servile enough,” said Norris scornfully, “to submit to lose their rights of pasturage.”

“I suppose they would have given their cattle also, sooner than go to law,” observed Thorold drily.

Norris went on without heeding the interruption: “But I, having studied the law, had my eyes partially open to the weakness of this man’s sinister and malevolent design; and immediately after I heard of the claim through Okey, I took an opinion of counsel, and prepared to maintain my right. Meantime, this master in chicanery—this ruffian, Sharp, I mean—ordered all the common to be enclosed and ploughed up this last spring. However, the tables are now turned; my rights are established, and the Vice-Chancellor has stopped the defendants’ enclosing the wastes. I do not envy Mr. Sharpe his feelings—the grasping, rapacious plunderer!” ejaculated Norris, in a triumphant climax.

“This affair must have been a very great inconvenience and expense to you, Bob,” remarked Thorold.

“Oh, my opponents have all the costs to pay.”

“But I mean,” said Thorold, “your coming from the Hebrides all the way up to town. I suppose Mrs. Norris is in Edinburgh?”

“No, she is in town with me,” replied Norris; “for however painful the scenes I have to pass through, she will face them also.”

Still conversing on the same topic, which was uppermost in the mind of Norris, the two friends continued their way towards Hatton Garden, when on passing down Holborn, Norris remembered that he had to call at a second-hand bookstall for a book which he had purchased. He accordingly dived into the dark, musty recesses of this emporium of old, worm-eaten books, where he had spent an hour that very morning, before the opening of the Vice-Chancellor’s.

Court, leaving Thorold to walk on, at his leisure till he overtake him.

Thorold did walk on, in fact, till he reached Hatton Garden then he turned back, surprised that Norris should be de- long. Going on a few yards further, however, he discovered his friend, the precious volume, a huge folio, tucked under his arm; he himself in animated conversation with an old man of Jewish gait, with *Jew* written unmistakeably on every feature.

"Why, Norris, what a time you have been at that shop!" said Thorold; "I was coming back for you, thinking you had, as usual, taken up some book, and become so absorbed in its pages, that you would know nothing of the lapse of time and people prepared to put their shutters up for the night."

"I have been making a purchase," replied Norris, "a seal, Thorold a seal, unset, with the arms of an Archbishop of Canterbury, who had lived in the sixteenth century, engraved on it."

"Heyday! Norris," exclaimed Thorold, winking at him whilst he examined the seal with an air of eager scrutiny, "a very curious seal. Though I pride myself on my collection, I have nothing to come up to it in point of antiquity. It is a perfect treasure. How much have you given for it?"

"Five shillings, replied Norris," his answer being accompanied by a groan from the Jew, who had been looking alternately at Thorold and Norris, during their brief conversation, his brow wrinkled, and his cheek more sallow than usual, whilst he gazed at the seal.

"You don't say so?" answered Thorold. "Five shillings? Come, I'll give you five guineas down for your bargain."

"Ach, mein Gott!" exclaimed the wretched Jew, whose Jewish nationality now appeared, as he ground his teeth, and waved his long, claw-like fingers through his matted hair; "I shall not get all this night!"

"What a hard-hearted fellow you are, Thorold," said the Jew, as the two walked on, "to hoax that unfortunate Jew."

"Well, you took my cue," answered Thorold laughing. "We are ever, here we are in Hatton Garden. What made you come to lodgings here, Norris?" he added, with an amused look, "this deuced noisy, dirty, dingy-looking place. Why, Bloomsbury you might have been well and genteely lodged, and not in Lincoln's Inn, either. Are your quarters at this end of the street?"

"No; we lodge down at the bottom," answered Norris, with an air of slight confusion, as he saw Thorold's eyes wandering about, from the tall, dusky old houses, with dim smirched windows and poverty-stricken appearance, to the troops of

children littering the doorways and basking in the sun's rays, as they lay on the pavement and in the gutters.

"Well, the top of the Garden isn't anything to boast of," said Thorold; "but it's a paradise to the bottom," he added, as he looked around him, and then at the house before which his friend had halted; "and as usual, my dear Bob, you have had the singular ill fortune to instal yourself in the worst house, where all are bad."

"Well, well," replied Norris, impatiently, "one cannot always have all that one likes. We put up at the inn in Holborn where the coach stopped, and then the next morning we came out to look for lodgings. We felt very wearied and fatigued, so we did not care to give ourselves much trouble. And I assure you this house is better inside than one might imagine from its outward appearance."

"The exterior, certainly, doesn't promise much," answered Thorold, as he surveyed the house—the garret window at the top, minus a pane of glass, a piece of brown paper supplying the deficiency, the faded, ragged curtains at the two windows beneath, and the brass plate on the door, announcing the occupation of the landlady to be that of a dressmaker, which was further signified by an open book of fashions in the parlour window.

By the time Norris had cleared the doorstep of its infantile rabble the door was opened by a female of rather untidy appearance, with dishevelled hair and dress tawdry, worn, and dirty.

Thorold not being aware that there was a step, made an abrupt descent into the passage, and with some difficulty groped his way up a dark staircase, guided by the voice of Mr. Norris, calling out from the landing above.

The appearance of the room into which Thorold at length found his way, only answered his expectations. He was enabled to take a survey of it whilst Norris was recounting the events of the day to his wife.

The carpet was composed of a variety of different pieces, not artistically arranged, a fragment of sacking answering the purpose of a crumb cloth. Couch there was none; on the dinner table was spread a huckaback towel, the potatoes were in a soup plate, and the rest of the dinner equipage was on the same scale.

The old-fashioned basket-stove, in a corner of the room, contained a fire, in spite of the hot day, but being small, it gave out but little heat.

"I see you do not admire our lodgings, Mr. Thorold," remarked Mrs. Norris, when her husband had finished his story. "They are certainly not quite what we should wish, and I fear we shall have to make a change. The cooking, too, is so very deficient. I am

afraid, Robert, you will not like the chops.—Mr. Thorold, I suppose it will be only a compliment to ask you to join Robert.”

Thorold bowed, and was sorry, he said, but he had made arrangements to dine at his hotel. Meanwhile, he wondered, when he saw Norris take on his plate a portion of the cold, greasy-looking meat floating in the dish in a sea of dripping, how he could possibly dig it. Apparently, as his wife had feared, the chops were not much to his taste; for he soon pushed aside his plate, and said that he thought he would take a little cold brandy and water and some biscuits.

“You see, they will fry the chops,” said Mrs. Norris with a consolatory air, as she rang the bell for the table to be cleared.

This summons was answered by a diminutive maid of about ten years of age, who from the appearance of her hands, seemed to have been blacking boots, or polishing a stove.

“Now, Betsy, bring up two tumblers and a couple of wine glasses, and some cold water in a jug, and do see if you can do it quick.”

“Aye, and I will give you some pence for yourself,” added Mrs. Norris.

Urged on by this last pleasing admonition, Betsy departed with great haste, Norris and his wife and Thorold hearing with distrust the plates and dishes on the tray clattering about as the tiny maid swayed from side to side down the dark staircase, whilst the landlady shrieked out, “I shall have all my crockery broken, you little slut!” In a few moments Betsy was again heard on the staircase, and she had just reached the landing, when suddenly the whole house seemed to be shaken by a thundering knock at the street door, or rather a succession of knocks. Thorold rose from his seat and drew near one of the windows, when he saw in the street beneath an elegant carriage and pair, with a coronet on the panels, a coachman, in full-bottomed wig, on the box, and two footmen on the pathway, round whom were collected, in wondering amazement, the ragged urchins of the neighbourhood.

“What is it, Mr. Thorold? Is the chimney on fire?” asked Mrs. Norris, lost in wild conjecture.

“Oh no,” answered Thorold, smiling; “it is a visitor for you perhaps. There is a carriage at the door, an old gentleman getting out of it, and a couple of powdered flunkies.”

“Dear me, it is my uncle, Lord —,” exclaimed Mrs. Norris in some dismay. “I wrote to him yesterday, saying that I was too fatigued to come to Portman-square just yet; but I never thought he would come here. Robert, do go down and bring him up. How very tiresome!” she added nervously, “and he is such a particular man!”

From the landing, when Norris opened the door, there came

sound of weeping and wailing. Betsy, terrified by the violent attack on the knocker, had dropped the tray, and shattered two wine glasses and a tumbler, the fragments of which she was collecting on her knees; whilst her mistress stood over her, announcing to her the calamitous intelligence that the cost of the broken glass would have to be deducted from her shilling a week.

When Norris ushered Lord —— into the room he looked about him with an air of ill-concealed surprise, and only seemed to recollect himself when his niece introduced him to Piers, saying, "Mr. Thorold, of Brewood Park, uncle; an old friend of Robert's."

"I need not mind, then, expressing my surprise before Mr. Thorold," said the old nobleman with a smile, at the singular quarters I find you and your husband lodged in, niece. Why, bless me, Seven Dials would not be much worse!"

"Well, well, my lord," interposed Norris, "we have been in worse lodgings in Shetland, I assure you."

"Aye, very likely," replied Lord ——, smiling; "you could not help yourself there. But why you should put up with such accommodation in London puzzles me."

"Norris wants to study life in all its phases," remarked Thorold, laughing.

Lord —— shrugged his shoulders, looked amused, chatted with his niece, invited Thorold to his house, and finally took his departure, after a promise that all three would dine with him on the following day.

On the staircase he tripped up, and nearly fell to the bottom, having entangled his foot in a hole in the stair carpet.

"By Jove, Bob!" exclaimed Thorold when his friend re-entered the room after seeing Lord —— to his carriage, "it would have been a nice affair if your coming to the shabby lodgings had caused a peer of the realm to break his neck! Why, the catastrophe would have been more appalling than that which was threatened in former days by your ensconcing yourself at the Thistle."

CHAPTER XLVII.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

A TRAVELLING carriage, whitened with the dust of the high roads, drove slowly, one sultry afternoon in August, up the ascent leading from the Old Dee Bridge to the suburb of Hand-bridge.

The dusky red tiles of the quaint old cottage appeared all ablaze in the fierce, glaring sunlight, leaf and flower drooped to the ground, parched up by the terrib heat of many days. Not a ripple

broke the mirror-like surface of the Dee, and a golden haze lingered over the distant hill tops.

The occupants of the carriage were Norris and his wife and Thorold. The latter, when he found that his friends were going to Chester before returning home, had hastened the time of his own departure from London, that they might make the journey with him, in his own carriage, a proposal which they had willingly embraced. He was to set them down at Okey's farm, and then to go on to his own home near Warrington.

"Bob," said Thorold, as he sat gazing out of the open carriage window upon the walls of the old city, "it is years since I have been to Chester; and yet, how many happy hours I have spent here, angling in the blue waters of the Deva, and writing poetry under the shadow of the Water Tower, that favourite old haunt of my first love."

The last few words Thorold uttered in a tone of such deep and bitter regret, that neither Norris nor his wife offered to make any answer to a speech that implied the existence of an undying grief, which of late years he had never alluded to.

"Do you not go to Brewood sometimes?" asked Mrs. Norris, after a pause of a few moments.

"Never," replied Thorold, emphatically. "My shadow has not fallen on its threshold since that shadow fell upon my life, which was to darken all its future years. I live entirely at Ayleworth, with my boys; I am a most devoted father, and, indeed, those children are my all in this world."

"And how do you manage, and who looks after them?" asked Norris; "they must miss you very much when you are away; and indeed, when you are at home, they must want sorely the watchful care of a mother."

Thorold smiled slightly; he knew his friend's usual train of argument, and that he had always insisted upon it that he had married a second time for the sake of his poor children; so it was with a slight spirit of mischief that he prepared to attack covertly his line of defence.

"Oh, they are very well off, I assure you, and I have never heard them express any wish for a new mamma. My chaplain, an amiable young priest and a scholar as well, is their tutor; and his mother, a sprightly old lady, left a widow before her son was born, takes the charge of my house for me, and looks after the comfort of my boys. They have the greatest affection for her; so you see, at home or abroad, I can be easy about them."

"You are singularly fortunate," remarked Mrs. Norris. "Usually, children deprived of maternal care suffer bitterly from the deprivation."

Thorold made no answer to this remark; probably because it was unanswerable in a certain sense. After this, but little more conversation took place, till the carriage drew up at the wicket leading into Okey's garden. In a few moments the travellers were seated in the cool, pleasant house-place, where from the open casement, through festoons of honeysuckle and dog-rose, they could look into the pretty garden, shaded by the boughs of the huge horse-chestnut.

Mrs. Okey bustled about to prepare, with her maid, some refreshment for her guests, the gentlemen, meanwhile, appeasing their thirst with a draught of Okey's home-brewed, whilst Mrs. Norris retired up a winding staircase, and along a tortuous, low-roofed passage, into a neat little bedroom, with the most spotless limy curtains, and drawers scented with lavender and rose leaves.

Norris detailed, with an air of great triumph, his recent legal victory in London, but strange to say, Okey did not seem half so elated as Norris thought he would have been—nay, he appeared dull and downcast.

"Why, Okey, what's the matter?" asked Thorold, who was the first to perceive his careworn appearance.

"Well, you see, Capt. Thorold," replied Okey, "I am right down delighted that Captain Norris has got well out of this job; but you must know that I am in for a little affair myself, which comes off, in fact, at the Castle to-morrow. However, I am not going to be faint-hearted, for it would be heavier damages than the jury will give that would empty Reuben Okey's pocket-book; but, of course, it puts me and my old girl about a-bit, though she's not in the least fummish over it; but as for myself, I must confess, I can't get down my victuals so well, and I don't enjoy my old October." Okey here held up his tumbler, and looked sadly at the golden rought. "I'm afraid, too, Captain Norris, that you will feel a-bit vexed over the affair; but, thank God, you are not mixed up in it in no way, so you may be easy."

"It's 'assault and battery,' they call it," continued Okey ruefully. "But, Lord, bless you, I hardly laid a finger on the man. They couldn't have made more out of if I had beaten him to a jelly. And Lord knows," he added in a lower tone, "I wish, sometimes, I had done that same, 'cause it would have been some comfort, if I were to pay damages, to know that I had the worth of my money out of his bones."

"Who are you talking about?" asked Norris, in a tone of vexed perplexity.

"Bravo, Adjutant! I applaud your sentiments," exclaimed Thorold, laughing.

Just then a slight odour of tobacco stole into the room, through

the wreaths of flowering honeysuckle over the window, and the face of Jackey Hayes appeared, as he stood, pipe in hand, and bending his head slightly forwards, said, addressing his master—

“Have you gotten through it yet, Adjutant Okey? Does the Captain Norris know what’s going on?”

“Come in, Jackey,” replied Okey. “He is in for it, too,” he added, “and he can make it all plainer to you than I can; for you see, I was so excited at the time, and he was as cool as a cucumber.”

“Has Jackey been committing an assault, too?” asked Thorold as that individual appeared in the doorway, where he stood and saluted his old officers in military fashion.

“Well, he didn’t exactly have a hand in the assault,” answered Okey, “but he looked on.”

“And who is the man, I ask?” exclaimed Norris.

“Oh, it’s worse nor a man,” groaned Jackey; “it’s a lawyer—it’s Lawyer Sharpe.”

Thorold shouted with laughter, but Norris said, in a tone of concealed vexation—

“Really, Okey, I am surprised that you should have placed yourself in the power of such an astute, villanous pettifogger as Sharpe. Of course, he is rejoiced, and indirectly he will triumph over me, if he gains a verdict to-morrow. Well, well, really my annoyances seem never-ending.”

“Don’t look on the black side, Bob,” said Thorold gaily. “I have no doubt that, with a jury of jolly Deeside farmers, our friend will come off with flying colours. But, Okey, do let us have an account of the skirmish. How did it occur, and when?”

“Jackey, just come forward; you can tell the story better than me,” said Okey.

“Here, take a glass of ale, my man,” said Thorold; “it’s dry work, storytelling.”

The ex-drummer modestly advanced to the table, swallowed the ale at a draught, and then putting himself into an attitude as though he were on duty, prepared to give an account of the assault, when Okey, stopping him, said—

“By the way, I’ll just tell you myself, in a few words, how I came ever to go to Lawyer Sharpe. Soon after this dispute began about turning our cattle on to the commons, what does Sharpe do but enclose them with fences. Well, then, I heard as Captain Norris had been told by a councillor as how it was all right, and that the beasts might feed where they had always fed; so what do I do but straight away I went off with some of my farm labourers, and pulled his fine fences all down, and turned the cattle on to the common again. I thought I was all right, and snapped

my fingers at Sharpe, when lo and behold! one fine evening some of my cattle were missing — and where do you think I found 'em, or heard of 'em, rather? Why, every beast was in the pound. Of course, at first, I was in a great rage; then I got cooler a-bit, and I thought I hadn't acted quite sensibly in the matter, and I thought, too, that I wouldn't let Captain Norris know anything about it. You see," he added, inclining his head towards Norris, "I knew you were already at loggerheads with this pitiful fellow, and I had no mind to bother you with my affairs."

"But, Okey, your affairs are mine to a certain degree, as you are my agent," replied Norris, gloomily.

"Well, off I went to Sharpe's office, in Pepper-street, and I got my cattle out; but I had to pay a tidy sum for damages and costs. I thought a good deal about it on my way home, and indeed afterwards; I couldn't get it out of my head, thinking how that weasel-faced lawyer should get such heaps of money out of people just for scribbling on bits of paper. At last I began to think that perhaps he had cheated me and got more than his due, seeing, as he would with half an eye, that I was a baby where the law was concerned. This idea no sooner occurred to me than off I went to our own solicitor, and I told him the whole affair from first to last. Well, you know, Captain Norris, Searle is a plain-spoken old gentleman; and so he up and said, 'Okey, you've been a great fool'—yes, those were his very words, and I wouldn't have taken them from any other man—'you had no business,' he says, 'to have turned your cattle on to the common, and you had still less to go to Sharpe.' 'To be sure I hadn't,' I made for answer, and I felt directly after as though I had made a rare mess of it. 'Aye, truly,' he said then, 'and so you have; why you stupid fellow, you have just paid three times as much as you ought to have paid.' That galled me awfully when I heard it, and I went home feeling quite chapfallen. On the way I met Jackey, and I thought I would talk the matter over with him. My wife was away from home for a few days, and that was against me, for she is a woman who sees a long way off," and here Okey nodded his head in acknowledgment of his partner's shrewdness and superior sense; "and she would have advised me not to meddle with edge-tools, and keep clear of Sharpe. However, I am not blaming Jackey; for he didn't say anything, one way nor t'other; only when I told him that Lawyer Sharpe had cheated me, and that I was going to him, to make him give me back some of my money, he said he would go with me. So off we went, there and then. Now, Jackey, you may go on," added Okey, sinking back in his chair, quite exhausted after his long speech.

"And so you went to beard the lion in his den," exclaimed

Thorold ; "and there you committed the assault, I suppose," added, laughingly addressing Okey.

"Yes, just so," replied the latter. "We walked straight in the room, Jackey and I, and then I went up to Sharpe's desk."

Here Okey paused, and motioned for Jackey to go on.

"Yes, he walked bolt up to Lawyer Sharpe," said Hay "where he was sitting in a leather chair, scratching away with a goose-quill ; and says he, 'I'll just trouble you to hand up the money you've cheated me out of.' Well, there was a good many words passed between them, one way and another, which you hear in Court, as I've got to speak as to what they said on a Bible oath to-morrow ; so I'll not trouble you with 'em now. If this was just the end of it, Sharpe got up and wriggled himself along, like a snake, up to the Adjutant ; and then the next I saw was them two spinning about the room, like a couple of teetotums ; but as to talking about the assault, it's my bounden belief that it was the lawyer as was the guilty party."

"And what did you do?" asked Thorold, who could hardly speak for laughing ; while even Norris could not help sharing in his mirth.

"Why I just stood and looked on," replied Jackey ; "it was not for me to interfere between my officer and his enemy—leastways not unless I had seen he was like to get the worst on't."

"And how did it end?" inquired Norris.

"Well, while Sharpe was a tearing at the Adjutant, the door opens quite sudden—but I must tell you that some part of the time the lawyer had been calling out 'murder' from the window and in came a Jew fellow palavering, and a woman screeching and at last a policeman, and then the row ended ; only Sharpe said he was murdered, and that Mr. Okey would have to answer for his life. I got the Adjutant to draw off after a while, but I waited about the place myself ; and Sharpe got a doctor to come and see him, and they laid their heads together, I suppose ; for, in a few days, a writ was served here on Adjutant Okey, and that doctor fellow is going to speak to-morrow, as to injuries his lawyer friend received."

"It is a vexatious affair," observed Norris, who was always inclined to look at the blackest side of things. "I have heard of five hundred pounds damages in a case of assault."

Okey nearly fell off his chair at the appalling contingency hinted at by his landlord.

"And I have heard of one farthing," replied Thorold, laughing "and I believe Okey won't find himself a much poorer man to-morrow night than he is to-day. However, I shall be in Court, instead of going home I'll send a letter, and put up at the Feather

to-night, where you can join me early to-morrow morning. Bob, come to breakfast, and then we'll repair together to the Castle to hear the great case of "*Sharpe, gent., one, &c., versus Okey,—Assault and Battery.*"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SHARPE *versus* OKEY.

THE summer assizes for 1827 had been on a short time, and the morning of the day, which was to witness an event so important in the life of Mr. Reuben Okey, dawned with a bright and cloudless sky, and as the hours wore on the sun shone out in a blaze of fervid brilliancy. It was yet early, about nine o'clock, and Bridge-street, with its tall old houses, with their timber façades, projecting stories, and picturesque and lofty gables, looked cool and pleasant under the long-covered piazzas or rows, with darkened entrances to the gloomy shops, or where the long shadows fell in broad patches on the pavement beneath.

In one of the front rooms of the Feathers Inn, their breakfast-table drawn close to the open window, sat Piers Thorold and Robert Norris. The latter had joined his friend about eight o'clock, having been driven to Chester by Okey, who had gone off with Jackey Hayes to his solicitor.

The room in which the two friends were seated was a large apartment, with two windows in deep recesses, oak-panelled walls, and a low ceiling traversed with huge oak beams. The table was plentifully and luxuriously spread, but Norris had made but a poor breakfast, being still a prey to gloomy misgivings as to the forthcoming trial. Thorold was still urging him to try a little more of his favourite dish, broiled ham and eggs, when a bustle was heard in the street below, and the notes of a trumpet.

"There's the Judge on his way to the Castle," observed Thorold; and he and Norris rose from their seats and looked from the window into the street beneath. There they saw little knots of people collected on the pathways, a long procession of javelin men, in their long frock coats, a herald in gorgeous costume, with trumpet in hand, and, finally, the carriage of the High Sheriff, with a portly coachman seated on the hammercloth, powdered footmen in resplendent liveries, and within, the Judge in his black robes, and the High Sheriff in full Court dress.

A few minutes after the procession had passed Thorold and Norris prepared to leave the hotel, and passing along narrow, rambling passages with low ceilings, and down tortuous flights of stairs with heavy oaken balustrades, they found their way, from the cool shadowy rooms, into the streets, all bustle and activity. At the

door of the *Nisi Prius* Court they found Mr. and Mrs. Okey and Jacky Hayes, who informed them that their case was not on yet, as another was being heard, but that it was expected to be only very short.

Thorold and Norris made their way through sundry javelin men into the body of the Court. In a very short time the case that was being tried came to an end, the plaintiff agreeing to a nonsuit, and then the Clerk of the Court, a short stout man, rose up from his seat, in a small box beside the witness-box, and called out the case of *Sharpe versus Okey*.

Then came the shouting out of the names of the jury, and jolly-looking farmers, with sunburnt faces, shouldered and elbowed their way through the crowd into the jury-box. These honest, good-natured Cestrians looked grave and important, and unquestionably they all meant to be very impartial and just in their verdict; and no doubt they were so, but most probably in their inmost hearts they felt more sympathy for the defendant, that frank, good-humoured-looking fellow seated at one end of the attorney's table, than for the plaintiff, who sat at the other end, white, and tremulous, and scowling.

The jury were now sworn, "well and truly to try the issue between the two parties, and a true verdict to give according to the evidence."

Just at this moment one of the javelin men brought a message from the High Sheriff, who was acquainted with Thorold, requesting him to come with his friend and take a seat on the bench. Thither, accordingly, the two went, the bench being a raised platform, panelled off from the body of the Court, with a row of chairs upon it, and a door at the back of the Judge's seat, and another at the far end of the platform, through which Thorold and Norris entered. There were a few words of whispered introduction to the Judge, and then they took their seats, and the case began. Mr. Serjeant Baines, rising up, fresh and vigorous, spoke in a sonorous tone, and assumed that air of stern and menacing authority which had such a terrible effect upon witnesses fated to undergo his cross examination. He placed his brief on the table before him, threw back his robe, and then commenced, stating the case to the jury in a manner which excited the deepest wrath and indignation in the bosom of Norris, and fury in Okey and Hayes.

In this speech Sharpe was described as a painstaking, faithful and vigilant servant to his employers, the Wardens of the Hospital. Baines even going the length of quoting Scripture in his favour with much unction and fervour. His client's virtues, according to the learned Serjeant, were manifold, he was a pattern of every excellence, mildness was blended with firmness, justice with merc

in the character of this singularly amiable and worthy gentleman. Then came the dreadful reverse of the picture—the demand of Baines in a voice of thunder, and with a frightful crash of his fist on the table, “Who, think you, was vile enough to slander this most worthy man, and to commit a murderous assault on his unoffending person? why who but the brutal ruffian—for as such I must stigmatise him—who appears in this case as defendant.” After this rhetorical flourish, Baines paused for a moment, passed his white handkerchief across his forehead, settled his wig, hitched up his gown, and then started again, in a more measured and impressive tone. His theme now was the refinement of villany which shone forth in the character of the defendant. It had required a scoundrel of the blackest dye to attack in any manner so estimable a man as the plaintiff, and lo! that scoundrel had been forthcoming in the person of the defendant. Mr. Baines then detailed, at some length, the dispute respecting the common, making it appear as though Okey had been all in the wrong from beginning to end. He then spoke of the witnesses who would be produced, and what they could prove; but the most eloquent part of his speech was when he came to the assault. Here he surpassed himself, and Okey was stigmatised as a brutal ruffian, who would have robbed Chester of a man whom that city might be proud to claim as one of its citizens, who would have cast a blight upon that man’s hearth-stone, and would have made his wife a widow and his children fatherless. Baines concluded, by thumping the table again, and calling on the jury to show their detestation of the defendant’s conduct, and their sympathy for an innocent and deeply-injured man by awarding “good and substantial damages.”

“How the bullying rascal rants!” growled Norris, in an undertone; “he would make a good actor at a low minor theatre.”

“Enter first witness,” replied Thorold, as a tall, dark man stepped into the witness-box. Being of the Jewish persuasion, he put his hat on and was sworn on the Old Testament. He announced his name to be Moses Solomons, and that he was a dentist. In compliance with the request of Serjeant Baines, that he would state all he knew of the affair, he began to do so with great fluency of speech and manifest complacency, being evidently well pleased at this public appearance.

“I occupy,” he began, “a room, or I should say, rooms in the same house in Pepper Street, in this city, in which Mr. Sharpe has his offices. I was seated alone, one morning, awaiting the visit of a lady, for whom I was going to perform a most delicate dental operation, in short —”

Here he was interrupted by the Judge, who, seeing that he was going to ramble off, as voluble witnesses usually do, to some

matters quite unconnected with their evidence, blandly requested him to keep to the point.

"I heard," continued the witness, suddenly, a cry, short and sharp, as though of a person in distress, or in mortal agony. started up; I heard the cry again, and it resolved itself into the awful enunciation, which once heard is never forgotten—"murder." I rushed from my room, I listened—the cry came again, from the direction of Mr. Sharpe's office. I flew thither, trusting I might not be too late. I heard the trampling of feet, a confusion of sounds, the gasping of breath of a person on the verge of suffocation. I dashed myself against the door and precipitated myself into the room, and there I saw,"—here the witness paused, and some of those present in the Court eagerly awaited a dire revelation—"I saw," he repeated, "Mr. Sharpe in the grasp of a man of Herculean frame, whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Okey—the latter had his hand twisted in the plaintiff's neckcloth, but he relinquished his hold as I came in. Another person, who was in the room, appeared to be a passive spectator. For myself, not knowing what the cause of the affray was, I essayed to calm the passions of the opponents; and I remarked, in a soothing and persuasive tone, 'Order, gentlemen! order!'"

Here the witness waved his hand gracefully, and paused evidently thinking that here was a point.

"I think," observed the Judge, "that you implied in the earlier part of your evidence that you thought that murder was being committed in Mr. Sharpe's office. Am I right in so construing your words?"

Mr. Solomons bowed his head.

"And was that still your impression when you entered the room?"

"It was," replied the dentist. "I thought I perceived murderous intentions written on the defendant's brow."

"The witness imagined he saw a murderous intention written on the defendant's brow," said the Judge aloud, as his pen glided over the paper, on which he was making his notes, "and he waved his hand and said, 'Order, gentlemen! order!'"

Serjeant Baines clapped himself down in his chair in a rage when he saw the effect Mr. Solomon's evidence had had upon the mind of the Judge, who was leaning back in his seat, with a smile on his face, which he found it impossible to repress, while the jury shrugged their shoulders and nodded and grinned.

Mr. Spencer, Okey's counsel, now rose up, and, with a benignant smile, bestowed on the voluble Jew, said, "I shall not trouble this witness with any questions; no doubt the jury are quite satisfied with what they have heard from him, though I fear my learned friend is not equally well pleased."

Spencer now sat down, and the Serjeant, pulling his wig all awry in his ill-temper, told Mr. Solomons that he might stand down; then, shuffling the leaves of his brief about with great vehemence, he finally called for Mrs. Tulloch.

"Mrs. Tulloch!" shouted the clerk of the court, rising up in his seat; "Mrs. Tulloch!" reechoed the javelin men assembled about the Court; and "Mrs. Tulloch!" resounded along the Castle esplanade, as a messenger rushed off in search of the missing witness. In a minute or two, however, she appeared, looking very heated and flurried, and was ushered into court by a flourish of trumpets, which happened to sound just at that moment as the soldiers were about to commence their morning drill.

Mrs. Tulloch was sworn and the wrathful Serjeant proceeded to examine her, trying to appear as mild as he could, though inwardly chafing at her prosy, irrelevant answers, and her weak, quavering voice, which taxed to the utmost the Judge's powers of hearing, and compelled Baines to repeat over every word of her evidence. The substance of this was, that she was the mistress of the house, in which Mr. Sharpe rented rooms for offices; and being then in her kitchen heard cries of murder; and that on going to Mr. Sharpe's front room, from which the cry proceeded, she saw him in the grasp of the defendant, who was shaking him. It was with evident misgivings that Baines sat down, after having, with great skill and *finesse*, drawn from Mrs. Tulloch an account of the assault damaging to Okey; but then he knew that in the hands of Spencer, who rose up with a smile on his face, Mrs. Tulloch's evidence, being pliable as wax, would be moulded into quite another form.

Mr. Spencer now began his cross-examination, in the meshes of which she soon became, as Baines had foreseen, hopelessly entangled. She certainly had seen two men struggling; and those two men were Sharpe and Okey—yes, she believed Sharpe was struggling too—could swear she saw two arms moving—couldn't swear whether both belonged to Okey—one man had his hand in the other's neckcloth—thought it was Okey's hand, but couldn't swear—did not think it was Sharpe who had his hand on Okey's collar, but it might have been.

When Spencer sat down, Baines dismissed the witness, and in a voice of thunder summoned Dr. Armytage. The Doctor was forthcoming at once, and marched into the witness-box, with loud creaking boots, and an air of professional gravity. He was a pompous-looking gentleman with a bald head, as polished as a mirror; and he replied to the questions, put by Serjeant Baines, in a soothing, persuasive tone of voice, as though that gentleman were one of his patients.

From Dr. Armytage the Serjeant elicited the facts, embel-

lished with much professional verbiage, that he had found Mr Sharpe considerably shaken, suffering from nervous prostration, the pulse quick and irregular, the breathing short, the skin of the throat shewing marks of abrasion, the muscle called the *long colli*, which arises, tendinous and fleshy, from the transverse process of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth vertebræ of the neck appeared to be somewhat swollen. At length the doctor's replies and observations became so professionally learned and discursive that the Judge got up, and throwing back his gown, and folding his arms behind him, commenced pacing up and down the back of the platform to stretch his judicial legs, and, at last, pausing behind his own chair, he said to the Serjeant, in a half-jocular tone :

"Brother Baines, is it necessary that we should study the anatomy of the throat? If I apprehend you rightly, you prefer the case of common assault, not of serious injury to the vertebræ, in that event we should not have Mr. Sharpe seated at the attorney's table."

"M' Lud," replied the Serjeant, very curtly, "excuse me ; but I know my own case, and must conduct it my own way."

The Judge smiled and bowed, opened the door at the back of his seat, to let a little more fresh air into the heated Court, and extended his rambles into this inner apartment, reappearing when the Serjeant, after asking a few more questions of the witness, finally seated himself and abandoned the Doctor to Mr. Spencer.



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ALGERNON DARCY.

CHAPTER III.

IN the outskirts of a manufacturing town, north of the Forth, and which we shall call Dalesbury, there was, at the date of this story—and though building is active in that town, and new streets are laid up every year, there probably still is—a house of considerable size, situated in a garden, the extent of which—for it occupies four or five acres—is rather remarkable in a town where a long period of manufacturing prosperity has not only rendered ground exceedingly valuable, but has deprived villa residences of all amenity. In such a town, villas which, when built not very long ago were in the suburbs, became year by year more surrounded by stacks of chimneys, till the proprietor succumbs to the *genius loci*, and, selling his villa to be converted into a manufactory, secures a residence some miles out of town beyond the smoky circle. The villa of which we speak was already in a state of siege. On at least three sides of the garden there was a cordon of chimneys, and on the remaining side a large poor-house had been recently erected. But the villa ground had been carefully laid out. A screen of large trees shut out the town from the view of the inmates of the house, and but for the fuliginous atmosphere, which in general hung over it, the inmates looking out from their windows might have supposed themselves in the heart of the country.

In the large oval drawing-room of the villa two ladies were seated near the fire, just two days prior to the events already narrated. They were evidently mother and daughter. The elder, to judge from her dress, was a widow about fifty years of age. Her tall figure had an habitual stoop, and her face had already contracted those lines which appear when the human frame begins

to shrink. In her case the furrows were not of that stereoty nature which come in the ordinary course, but were clear hastened by ill-health, or by care, and a languid, melanch expression proved that the latter was the more probable caus Her hair, originally of a bright auburn, was sprinkled with gre giving it a singularly rich appearance. Her blue eyes, s bright and lustrous, had that wistful look which speaks either passed sorrow or prophetically of trial to come. Blended with ti was that rare expression of benevolence which vouches its ow sincerity, and still enriches the face, let time and misfortune c what they may, like the golden mist which beautifies any lanc scape. Such externally was Mary Legh, a widow Catholic lady who, with her daughter, had recently taken up her abode in th house we have endeavoured to describe.

Her daughter, Bella Legh, sat beside her. It was easy to se they were mother and daughter, for it needed only to abstract from Mrs. Legh the melancholy expression to which we have alluded, t round her emaciated figure, and fill up the sunken contour of he face, and you had the daughter before you, save that in the latte the features were not so regular, and, as is often the case, the ex pression was more vivacious and changeable than you could suppos Mrs. Legh's expression ever to have been. There was besides a archness in the large and not very well-shaped mouth, and an ir tellect in the well-developed forehead, which the elder lady neve had possessed ; nor, on the other hand, could that indefinable air goodwill, that capacity of love and sympathy, which illumined Mr Legh's face be seen on that of her daughter; on the contrary, the was a defiant air which spoke more of independence, if not of wa wardness, than sympathy. Bella Legh has a masculine natur which may chance to degenerate into selfish hardness or ripe into that rich satisfying life which acts as an invigorating ar stirring influence on others, and most on the other sex, who con within the circle of its magnetic power. At present her charact is unformed, rich in all bountiful possibilities, and her face refle as in a mirror every emotion of her soul. These emotions were rapid that her expression constantly changed, but it never lc an appearance of sound common sense and of good humour. Si was just on the confines of womanhood, and her manners were pe fectly natural and graceful. Never was there a brighter girl th Bella Legh at this period of her life—the ring of her laugh had effect on the most sombre. The frank impetuosity of her mann carried hearts by storm, and *blasé* men found themselves, to the surprise, sympathising with a girl whose ignorance of the worl with its attendant freshness and innocence, cost them, after the sp had been withdrawn, many a pang of regret and remorse when th

reflected how little in reality there was in common between them and her. But though fresh and ignorant of the world, Bella was by no means ignorant of other things. Her education, carefully superintended by her mother, was much better than falls to the lot of most girls. Her reading had been strictly and scrupulously pure. The culture was not that of Nature, with its variety and exuberance, but it was the culture of a well-tended garden, very pleasing, and beautiful and fragrant, and as yet without weeds. French and Italian books, as well as English, had been selected for her perusal.

The two ladies had sat some time in silence, Mrs. Legh gazing into the fire and Bella with work before her, which, however did not appear to engross her attention, for she had a letter in her hand which, although already read several times, was ever and anon referred to.

"Mother," said she at last, "don't you think it will be better to leave a day or two sooner. It will be delightful to get out of this smoke, and Edinburgh is so pleasant in winter. Do let us go this week. Why not the day after to-morrow? all our preparations are made sooner than we expected. I have been on the fidgets ever since we agreed to go."

"Has that letter nothing to do with your wish to leave Dalesbury?" said Mrs. Legh.

The girl blushed. "Yes, mamma," she replied; "it is from dear Darcy, and he writes me he can be in Edinburgh in ten hours from getting my answer."

"My dear Bella," said her mother, "I doubt if I have acted wisely in allowing your engagement. What right had either of you to fall in love so long as both were at school? but Darcy is a fine fellow, and I trust him." The sentence finished with a sigh. Mrs. Legh thought of her own girlhood and what had come of her romance of life. "My only child," she continued, "you know I will do anything for you; and to tell the truth, now that all our things are packed, I see no reason for not going, and I was just about to propose it. We will go to-morrow, so write Darcy."

"There is one advantage," said Bella, "in our position, that we do not require much leave-taking."

There was, indeed, no particular attraction in Dalesbury to the two ladies. Mrs. Legh had settled there simply because Annhill House, the mansion we described at the beginning of this chapter, was untenanted, and suited her taste and means, but they had no relations in the town, and had lived a retired life, cultivating society but little.

Bella's answer was as follows:—

"MY DEAR DARCY,—In your kind, dear letter you say you can join us Edinburgh at ten hours' notice. I was to have written asking you to take other three hours and come to us here ; but I have carried my point, and I leave to-morrow for Edinburgh, so if you start by the first train after receiving this you will be in Edinburgh precisely at eight o'clock at night. I have studied the trains, so there is no mistake. I shall not tell mamma when you are coming, but I will delay tea, and you will find everything comfortable when you come—a good fire, a warm room, tea, and two ladies, one of the expecting you. You see, I am getting domestic, and have given a little picture of a house. Now, I will be very much disappointed and very angry if you do not come at the precise hour I have mentioned. After all these preparations I shall be quite miserable if you don't appear. It will spoil the whole tableau, so, on your allegiance, I summon you to appear at the exact hour.

"I have nothing to write about. Mamma is quite well, though I think not in very good spirits, and that is why I am glad we are leaving this ugly, smoky place.

"Yours,

"B. L."

It was this letter which induced Darcy to absent himself from the coroner's inquest held on the body of Grenville on the 1st of December.

On his return to the hotel he found it waiting him. It was already 4 A.M., and the result of a long consideration was, the instead of going to bed he put on travelling clothes, and packed up in a valise a few things which he thought would be sufficient for the brief stay he intended to make. It was six o'clock before he had made up his mind to start, and another hour was consumed in settling with the landlord, and in breakfast.

Darcy reasoned thus : He had been an involuntary witness to a murder, but beyond that fact, and the brief acquaintance in the evening, he had no interest in the matter. The Count was absolutely unknown to him. He had never heard or seen him before. He had in his statement to the policeman told everything he knew of the tragedy—everything which could at all bear on the capture of the murderers. If he appeared at the coroner's inquest he could only state what he had already stated. His appearance could be of no use ; but, on the other hand, it would be exceedingly inconvenient to him, and might be very disagreeable. In all probability the inquest would be protracted for several days, and after it was over there came the trial, supposing the murderers were discovered and at the trial he would be a principal witness and liable to the trained torture of the counsel for the prisoner, who could hardly miss extracting a confession of the gambling transactions of the previous evening. But what, taken in connection with Bella's letter, principally determined him was the reflection that if he stayed away he might not be mixed up in the proceedings at all. The night had been dark, and the gas was dim ; he had not given

his name and address, and with the exception of the guests at the Hyperion, no one knew him in London. True, these guests would be mixed up in the examination, whether he appeared or not; and would not that lead to his discovery? Yes; but there was a chance that the body of Grenville would not be identified. It was as well to take advantage of that chance. If it were identified, then he would write from Scotland, or return to London.

Darcy was not in the most comfortable frame of mind when he took his seat in a first-class carriage of the morning train. He had a vague idea he was doing what was wrong. He felt he was sacrificing something very like a duty to inclination, and he had a perception that he would suffer for it.

Other thoughts soon removed these uncomfortable feelings. Was he not rich beyond his most daring dreams? Was he not in the very beginning of life? In perfect health and in an assured position. Moreover, was he not in love, and was he not soon to see Bella Legh? It was provoking—very provoking—this tragedy of Count Grenville. It was an incident which had somehow or other unnaturally intruded into his life; he would banish it. He would suppose it had never happened, and he did so for the time.

There were three gentlemen in the compartment and a lady. Apparently they were strangers to one another, and to judge from the first hour they would have continued so to the end of the journey; but when a frank, happy youth who wishes to speak is in company, even a party of Englishmen lose their national reserve. After all, this reserve can hardly be called national in the sense of being natural. We are reserved against our will. It is the effect of our social system. English society is essentially aristocratic in the good as well as the bad sense. We do not know the rank of a chance companion. He may be above or he may be below us. In either case we might hurt his feelings, or he ours, and all danger is avoided by silence. But Darcy was a novice and careless of dignity, and in a short time the travellers were conversing with him, and with one another, as if they had been old acquaintances. The hours passed quickly. Darcy's youthful paradoxes kept up the conversation with great animation. But it was midnight, and one after the other relapsed into silence, and at York they were all asleep. At Newcastle one of the gentlemen left, and the remaining inmates continued conversing till they reached Berwick.

At Berwick the guard was annoyingly particular about the tickets. Darcy and his fellow travellers had to exhibit them twice.

"I say, Sandy," said a rough voice from another carriage, "that lad tuk sic a glower at you. He'll ken you again, I'll be warrant."

"You may say sae," was the reply; "he could not hae been

mair inquisitive had we been bank robbers. I bet there is some land louser in the train, and the telegraph has been at work."

When the quarter of an hour allowed at Berwick had elapsed, and the passengers had resumed their seats, the station-master looked into the carriage where our hero sat, and asked if anyone had dropped a glove, and subjected them at the same time to the ordeal of which Sandy's friend complained.

From Berwick to Dunbar the two gentlemen were not inclined to resume conversation, and the lady shifted her seat to that next to Darcy. That gentleman began to think of Westminster Bridge.

At Dunbar a newsboy was heard proclaiming the atrocious murder which had been committed at Westminster Bridge by unknown murderers. Darcy's companions and he himself bought copies, and the two gentlemen, neither of very mild or prepossessing countenances, looked at one another furtively as they each read the narrative. Darcy, who flattered himself that the worst which could happen to him would be to have to go back to London to give evidence, enjoyed the pantomime, for he had read the addresses on the luggage of the two gentlemen—the one was William Playfair, Attorney, Lincoln's Inn; the other, James Brian, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.

Darcy read the account of the murder in the paper. It was graphic, but incorrect. A well-dressed man, as yet unknown, had been attacked by three men on Westminster Bridge, about three o'clock in the morning. He was seen by a gentleman to knock down one of them; but before the gentleman could get up to his assistance the other two struck him down, and then threw him into the river. No trace of the murderers had been found; the gentleman who had seen the assault saw them run across the bridge to the Surrey side. The body had been recovered; but all attempts to restore animation had proved abortive. It was not clear whether robbery had been intended. A considerable sum in bank notes was found in the pockets of the murdered man; but on the other hand, his watch had been wrenched from his pocket, and had been found at the scene of the scuffle, the murderers having probably dropped it when scared by the approach of the gentleman; this watch was in the hands of the police. The inquest would take place at 10 A.M. This telegraphic intelligence did not conduce to Darcy's peace of mind.

On the arrival of the train in Edinburgh Darcy observed an unusual number of policemen, and the passengers were again subjected to a keen scrutiny. At last two mild-looking men were quickly arrested, members of the London "swell mob," as Darcy was informed by a policeman—a profession the members of which

re always liable to be wanted when anything out of the common happens.

This arrest seemed a great relief to the two lawyers, and the appearance of a servant in attendance on the Writer to Signet at once established his respectability in the eyes of the other. This did not escape the observation of the keen Scotch lawyer. His features relaxed into a smile and then broadened into a laugh.

"My dear sir," said he to Playfair, "do you know for the last three hours I have looked on you as one of the murderers, and have had this clasp-knife open in my pocket to meet any professional experiments you might be disposed to try?"

"And I," said Playfair, "entertained the same flattering opinion of you; but I can relieve your anxiety satisfactorily, I think, Mr. Brian—nay, don't be surprised, I observed your name on your bag. I am Mr. Playfair, and my present intention is to stay at your house."

"Mr. Playfair," said Brian, shaking him heartily by the hand, "I am glad to see you! I had a letter a day ago to say you were coming. I really beg pardon for the opinion I formed of you, though, after all, the mistake seems to have been a mutual one. We must be a couple of rascally-looking fellows, for not only do we suspect each other, but the lady was afraid of us both. But come long; you are my guest, and I daresay we two murderers will get through a bottle of port peaceably together."

Both shook hands with Algernon, and Brian said—

"I'll tell you what, my lad, I don't know you; but before the demon of distrust got among us we had a pleasant time of it, and your face is in your favour; for though we two suspected each other, the lady suspected us both, but seemed to you as her protector. I believe in Lavater—I beg your pardon, Mr. Playfair; so if you happen to be in Edinburgh any time, come and see me; you will find us both together all next week, and, I think, not so bad as we look."

Darcy said he would not forget the invitation.

Darcy had no difficulty in discovering the hotel where Mrs. and Miss Legh resided, and it is unnecessary to say he was cordially received by both. Mrs. Legh was a romantic old lady; and the attachment between her daughter and Darcy was to her as good as a novel. Nor did it lessen her interest when Darcy told her of the good luck which had befallen him. She had been so long building castles in the air that she did not look upon his sudden accession of fortune as at all extraordinary. It was one of the hundred possibilities her fertile imagination had conceived, and the effects of which she had worked out in detail with no considerable power of invention. Bella was more astonished, and was not satisfied of the truth of the story till Darcy had stood

a very searching cross-interrogation. It was not that she doubted his word when seriously given: but that young gentleman was accustomed to indulge in a species of wit the point of which is to make others believe incredible and ridiculous things—a habit which, if I were a moralist, I ought here to denounce, and to come out with some of those sounding propositions of the necessity of truth on all occasions with which prosaic people do their best to destroy a good deal of amusement. No doubt hoaxing is unpleasant to the hoaxed; but it does him no great harm, and increases, as Dr. Johnson would say, the fund of harmless amusement in the world.

Our hero could not get apartments in the hotel occupied by the ladies; but he secured a room in one not very far off, and managed to pass most of his time in their company.

The newspapers were still occupied with the Westminster murder, which remained as mysterious as ever. The body had not been identified. The witness had not appeared at the inquest; no one knew anything about him; and the murderers had got clear off.

One day Bella, who had been reading the newspapers on the subject, said abruptly—

“I have no doubt, Darcy, that the murder will yet be cleared up. I think I could make a good guess as to who the murderer was.”

“Murderer!” said Mrs. Legh; “there were two of them.”

“That,” said her daughter, “is not so clear. We have on the story of this invisible witness, who, although described as a very young man of fashionable appearance, and good-looking, may yet have been the murderer.”

“How can that be?” said Darcy; “one man could not throw another over the bridge where the parapet is five feet high.”

“I am not sure of that,” said Bella. “Your fashionable, tall, good-looking fellows are generally athletes. But setting that aside, are not the circumstances suspicious? This man saw the murderer, gave the alarm and told his story, and then disappears; and hitherto there is nothing to corroborate his story. Besides, he had time to watch. I will take you a wager he did it.”

Darcy winced; the case was a plausible one for the jury, real parties did not turn up; and he began to have a disagreeable impression that if the Count were once missed, he would not be in a pleasant position. It was vain now to consider whether he ought not to have appeared before the magistrate. He had not done so, and our hero did not trouble himself with speculations as to what might have been.

Still he read the papers every morning anxiously; and

days after this conversation an ominous notice in the first sheet of the *Times* spoilt his appetite for breakfast :—

“The case *Segar versus Halden* was this day further heard ; but owing to the absence of Count Grenville, an attaché of the French Embassy, who when French Consul at Hamburg, had attested the affidavits of the Plaintiff, the case did not proceed, for on sending to the Embassy, it was discovered that the Count had left London no one knew whether.”

The disagreeable impression occasioned by this notice wore off, however, in the course of the day. He accepted the position. It was perilous, but by no means desperate. No identification had as yet taken place, and in the society of Miss Leigh he banished the whole embroglio from his mind, and passed the day and evening as pleasantly as ever day and evening had been passed by him before. But solitude and his hotel brought back the disagreeable subject, and long prevented sleep. The night was passed in considering all the possible phases in which his adventure might result, and he could not hit on any lucky issue. Whatever way he looked at it it threatened danger. He had got within the vortex of a system of events which threatened soon to break into a violent storm, before which he would be helpless. It was not much consolation to him that he was innocent. I don't know if, after all, that is any very great consolation to anyone who suffers ; it simply adds irritation to the physical or moral pain we suffer. It is a counter-irritant to abuse some living agent who has perpetrated the crime for which we suffer ; but if that agent is powerful and unassailable, there is no great satisfaction in baffled rage. But when we are the innocent victims of circumstances who have no souls on which to wreak our curses, harmless though they may be, and no bodies even when we cannot get at them to kick, it seems to me quite clear that innocence aggravates the punishment, and that we would take it much more quietly if we deserved it—nay, that we might even then take an ascetic pleasure in it, regarding it as a sort of satisfaction to conscience. But when, besides being the victim of unintelligent circumstances, we have brought ourselves under their power by our intelligent folly, then, I take it, any punishment which falls to the lot we have drawn is appreciated in its utmost poignancy, for all the satisfaction we can have is to curse our own actions which have conjured up the fiend, or legion of fiends, who are amusing themselves with our gambols.

There was probably no one in Edinburgh next morning who considered himself a more miserable wight than our friend, and it was with a simple anticipation of disaster that he took up the *Times* next morning in the public room. There were several people there, and though none of them paid any attention to him, he

thought they were watching what he was reading, and therefore he became absorbed in the money article; but whether Consols were above 90 or under 70, whether there was a panic on the market, or a mania, were questions which he could not have answered. The leading article next occupied him a quarter of an hour. What it was about he had not the slightest idea. To him it was a mere jumble of words. It contained no allusion to the Westminster murder that he was conscious of, for the slightest hint at that would have burst out on the paper before him in type a foot long; but the Thunderer was silent. It was a grave subject—foreign policy to which it was then devoting its attention, so that there was no mention even of London, no allusion to the Parliament in Westminster, nor to the Court in Westminster Hall. ■■ allusion to the foetid state of the Thames, not one word about ■■ police, embassies and their attachés, French or otherwise. Darcy was conscious at least of this. But now he had read the leading article and had begun the police reports, when one of the gentlemen in the room looked rather keenly at him. Darcy turned back to the leading article, as if something had interested him; the man uttered an audible “humph.” He was disappointed he was not to get the paper so soon as he expected. At last Darcy watched his opportunity, and glanced over the police reports. Nothing in that column. Not a single allusion—all safe, and he began to have the feeling so common to a gambler who is rapidly ruining himself, that the next throw of the dice, or rather the next venture in the Stock Exchange, for the dice is now a worn-out instrument of the devil, must and shall be a lucky one. But just as the speculator’s basket of eggs is kicked down and broken, so were Darcy’s hopes extinguished by the following notice in the advertising sheet:—“If this meets the eye of Count Grenville he is requested to return immediately to his official duties;” and the advertisement was repeated in French.

The market had evidently a tendency against him. The dice were throwing low numbers. He put down the paper hurriedly and left the room.

It was against his will that he called on Mrs. and Miss Leg as usual that forenoon. He felt he could not personate the free joyous manner of the lover, and he was not mistaken. His attempts at wit were forced and unhappy, and he sometimes forgot to laugh at his own jokes, and what was worse, he did not laugh at Bella’s happy retorts because he did not attend to them. His mind was exactly at the centre of Westminster Bridge, intently contemplating a dark object propped up against the pier of the centre arch. In spite of all his efforts, he could not get his mind away from that spot.

His abstraction was too obvious not to be remarked by Bella's quick eye and she took the first opportunity, on her mother leaving, frankly to ask what it was which so obviously annoyed him.

Darcy said, "Nothing annoys me, my love; only a headache."

"Don't tell me so," was the reply; "I know when people in whom I have taken an interest have something to vex them. It is but an imperfect sympathy which cannot at once detect the difference between annoyance and illness. I don't want to be your *onjidan*te from curiosity, Darcy; I have little interest in what pleases or annoys you lords of the creation, and therefore think you are often irrational both ways; but I promise to sympathise with you, and, perhaps, woman though I am, I may help you. Nay,"—and she smiled—"just because I am a woman I may help you; for we women take a simple, direct view of a thing which to you men appears clothed with a hundred consequences and effects which often prevent you seeing the real figure. But I am getting philosophical and grave as a book."

The fact was Bella was alarmed; the gloom on her lover's brow and the evident constraint in his manners assured her that something untoward had happened, or was apprehended; and she had been indulging in such bright and impossible dreams of happiness that her mind was quite ready for that relapse which ensues when the fancy has for some time bid adieu to the judgment. The dust of our castles in the air, when they tumble, is very apt to choke us sometimes.

"Tell me, dear Algernon, she said; "let there be no secrets between us. Believe me, I can bear anything so long as I know you love me."

Her lover was silent.

"Algernon," she resumed, "is it that fortune of yours which has disappeared. If that is all, believe me, I don't care for myself; you are all in all to me, you know."

"My fortune is all safe," said Darcy.

"Then it is something else, dearest; do tell me, for in my ignorance I will imagine I don't know what calamity, and will be quite miserable. Indeed, I will be unhappy hereafter to think that you do not trust me. Do not attempt to deceive me; something has happened which, as your betrothed, I have a right to know."

Darcy hesitated for some time, and she did not speak; at last she said, "Yes, Bella, I do trust you. Sit here by me, and I will tell you everything." He put his arm round her waist, and was insensibly and naturally entwined round his neck. Their lips met.

"Do you recollect, Bella, you were convinced that the gentleman who professed to have witnessed the murder at Westminster Bridge was the murderer? I am that gentleman! Nay, hear my story," said he, as he felt her involuntarily shrink from his embrace. "It was literally true what appeared in two papers. I did see the poor gentleman murdered and thrown into the river. It was I who told the policeman; and I ought to have appeared next day; but, dearest, I got your letter, and came down here."

"Is that all which annoys you?" exclaimed Bella, apparently much relieved, "Why, you have done no harm; and, so far as I see, there is little chance of anyone being troubled about the matter. The murdered man has not been identified. But still—" and she stopped suddenly.

"But still," interrupted Darcy sadly, "do you yet think this runaway, cowardly witness the murderer?"

"You foolish boy!" said Bella; "how could you suppose such a thought would pass my mind?"

"Simply," he replied, "because I know the same thought is a very common one at present in the minds of a great many people. You yourself had that opinion when this witness was a stranger to you; and your impression was exceedingly natural. Let me state the case: A man is murdered and thrown over the bridge. Another man gives the alarm to a policeman, and alleges he saw the deed committed by two other men who ran away. These men are not to be found, after every possible search, and the solitary witness fails to appear before the Coroner, and is also missing. Moreover, this witness had the murdered man's watch in his possession. Add to this, dearest, that it may also be found out that this witness was last seen with the murdered man, and that he knew who he was; and just suppose yourself one of the jury, and what would you say?"

"I would say you were speaking nonsense," said Bella, laughing, but nervously.

"It is quite true, my dear, all I have said."

Bella was silent. At last she said, "It is a bad scrape, Darcy, —that is all I will say; in the meantime, it may be nothing worse; but tell me the whole story."

Darcy did so.

Next day news arrived that the body had been identified, and when Darcy came as usual to Mrs. Legh's after breakfast, both he and Bella were aware of it.

Bella was prompt and decided. She had already told her mother all about it, and that good lady, though at first stunned with the news, took, as was habitual to her, a bright view of the subject. "What does it matter," said she; "you are innocent,

and all you have to do is to keep out of the way for a little till the story is forgotten?"

"Such stories are not easily forgotten," said Darcy; "an undetected murder is a subject of interest for half a century. If a clue could be got to the murder, which happened more than fifty years ago in this good city of yours, the whole *posse comitatus* of the law would be tracing it out with as much industry as if it had happened last week. Your confounded novelists will get hold of it; and all who delight in horror, will exercise their little wits in speculation as to who the very interesting murderer can possibly be. My friends will be recommending me to read it, especially the last volume, in which it turns out that the runaway witness is the culprit."

"Very true," said Mrs. Legh; "but meantime they may never find out the murderers, and so the novel need never be written, and, therefore, I am quite clear your prudent course is to keep out of the way; and now, when I think of it, we had better consult Mr. Brian, our legal adviser. I was to have taken you there to-day, at any rate, about the marriage contract; but I suspect that must be postponed."

"Very hard indeed!" said Darcy. "A heavy penalty, certainly, for taking a walk along Westminster Bridge in moonlight! I used to think the man very illused who was turned into an ape because he threw his walnut shells into the air, and by chance hit a genii in the eye; but he in a manner deserved it, for he had no right to throw his shells into the air."

It was a sorry attempt at wit, but Darcy noticed the tear in Bella's eye.

Darcy remained late that evening, and, after all, it was a happy one—one which he often looked back upon with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. His buoyant spirits soon dispelled the shadow of fear which had come over them, and Mrs. Legh's sunny nature declined to look at the dark side of anything. Bella alone was pensive and silent; but she, too, caught the prevailing humour. It was a consolation to all, and especially to Darcy, that the story had been told. The unhesitating belief of the two ladies in his innocence gave him courage for the worst. "Even if I am tried," said he; "the jury will likely think as they do."

Next morning the telegrams gave an abridged history of the murdered man:—His career had been adventurous. Grenville had been known by another name, that of Ferenzi, but whether his real name, and whether he was a Pole, an Austrian, or an Italian, was unknown. He was not a Frenchman; though in any case a refugee. He had resided for several years in Leicester-square, that cosmopolitan quarter of London and focus of European anarchy, under

the surveillance of the London police, it was believed at the station of some foreign Court. They had, however, found nothing against him. He had supported himself decently by giving lessons in French and Italian, and as a professional chess-player.

To him, as to many others in Leicester Square, the Second Empire was a godsend. In some passage or other of that strange life of Louis Napoleon it had been the good luck of Ferenzi to do a material service; and as it was at least one redeeming point in that monarch's character, considering how studiously he blackened by a rather noisy school of politicians, that he forgot a friend, Ferenzi was sent for, and the next trace of him was as Mr. Grenville, in the diplomatic service. His ability and his mastery of languages made him useful; he rose rapidly in the bureau, and at the end of the Crimean War, at the final winding-up of which he had been diplomatically employed, he was allowed to resume or assume the title of Count.

In the train of the French Ambassador in London, he had been received into good society without being recognised, and he lived, on the whole, a reputable life, so far as the police could discover.

But here the newspaper became terribly interesting to his friends. It went on to say that on the evening preceding the murder Grenville had joined several gentlemen at the Hypocrite, and had remained with one of them long after the others had left.

Clearly, Darcy was nearly run to ground. By this time it would be known in London who the latest companion of the Count Hyperion had been. It would be known that he had accompanied him to Westminster Bridge, and that he must have been a missing witness. Already the telegraph would be at work enquiring where he had gone.

The game, however, was not yet, Darcy thought, actually lost.

"I am tolerably sure," he said to Mrs. Legh and Bella, "that if any one who knew me saw me depart by the train, I did not leave my name at the hotel. The things I left there will hardly be taken away by any one in the attempt to find out their owner, and I carried my own bag to the station."

Bella shook her head. "All this may give us some time, but I am sure the police will soon ascertain all about you. Come, let us go to Brian."

But Darcy declined to go till the evening. That day had been set apart for an excursion to Roslin, and Darcy would have it carried out. So to Roslin they went; and I am bound to say, had not he seen the two lovers and that placid old lady together in the walled garden at Hawthornden, they would have thought that they had nothing in the world to vex them. Hawthornden is the classic ground

Edinburgh lovers. All the couples in that learned town belonging to the middle and upper ranks have delicious reminiscences of this deep dell, its dirty stream, its thickly-planted trees, its caves, and the time-worn walls of the old house of the Drummonds shutting in the valley. It is a quaint thought to an Edinburgh gentleman, when telling to her who is soon to be his, the old story, that in the same grounds, probably at the same spot—for there is a magnetic attraction in the caves—his great great grandfather went through the same tragi-comedy.

Not a single allusion was made by any of the party to the perplexing embroglio in which Darcy found himself. It did strike him occasionally that he ran some risk of being hanged; but he kept that thought discreetly to himself.

It was late in the evening before Darcy went to Mr. Brian's house. He insisted on going alone. It was not far to the residence of the Writer to the Signet. On ringing the door was opened by a maid servant, who might have been tidier. She conducted Darcy, who had sent in his card, not into the business-room, but ushered him at once into the dining-room.

There he found Brian and Counsellor Playfair sitting over a bottle of port which showed signs of depletion; and to judge from the rosy faces of the two lawyers, had not been the first they had discussed after dinner.

Brian, on our hero's entrance, rose unsteadily from his seat. He was a man of not very pleasing features. He had a hooked nose, a heavy forehead, and shaggy eyebrows, which gave his keen, dark eyes a vehement and almost savage expression.

"So you have come at last," he said. "Playfair and I were just speaking about you, and wondering when you would turn up. I did expect that I would have business with you; for I had an idea it was you Mrs. Legh spoke to me about. We will have a difficult job of it, my young friend; but no business to-night. Bella Legh's interests demand a cool head and the forenoon. Sit down and help us with a fresh bottle."

Darcy quite agreed with him that it would be as well to postpone business for that evening, at least.

He found the conversation of the two gentlemen exceedingly interesting. Both were well read, and both ingenious and somewhat combative in argument. The subject which they had been discussing, and on which they now both appealed to Darcy, was as to the comparative merits of Byron and Scott.

"I have been trying," said Playfair, "to convince Brian that Byron is the greater poet of the two, but his Scotch pride will not allow him to make the admission."

"Say, rather, my good taste," interrupted Brian. "Byron's

poetry is altogether egotistical—a perplexed hero—a worshipper himself, and for qualities for which he ought to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered. I don't mean to say Byron ever acted the Gaiour, or Lara, or Manfred ; but I really think it was sin from want of opportunity, not from want of desire."

"But what of his poetry?" said Playfair; "I am not at present defending his morals."

"I don't like the fellow," growled Brian.

"You must allow," said Playfair, not heeding this irrelevant interruption, "that his descriptions of scenery are magnificent. No one who had such a sympathy with nature could be absolutely egotistical. Then, it is something to be able to give a passionate expression of passion. Scott has as good an eye for scenery as not so intimate a sympathy. He seems to me too much a landscape painter, and then he is never carried away by passion. Unfortunately, Sir Walter was a Scotchman, and respectable."

"Scott was a good man," said Brian, "and you can never hear him read the 'Bride of Lammermuir' if you say he could not touch the hand of a master every chord of human passion; and as to descriptive powers, they are not appreciated now-a-days from a base habit novel readers have got into of skipping the scenery. Confess, Playfair, you have been doing that with the Waverley novels."

"I generally," said Playfair, "read a good novel (most of Scott are good) twice. The first time I read a story, I confess I like the scenery and sentiment too; but the second perusal is for the style, and then I linger longest on those parts which I passed over at first. Now I have read the best novels of Sir Walter—and by that I mean all but those which, as he said himself, smelt of the apoplexy, and these are only four or five—three, if not four times; but still I remain of opinion that Scott had only a delineator's love of landscape. He held his word pictures up to the light to see if they looked well, and shifted his point of view when necessary to throw in the more striking features. It is all art—perfect art—it may be, but nevertheless, quite conscious. Whereas Byron writes of scenery like the God Pan—himself almost a portion of it, without the slightest idea of its being good or bad. Thus it is transfused with sentiment; the trees speak to one another; streams, in their ceaseless, happy motion, carry on an argument; the illogical, but forceable method of the poet. The sounds in the far mountains re-echo the deep emotion of his turbulent nature, and the heavy cloud, which foretells the storm, is electrical with the thunder of his passionate despair."

"Bravo!" said Brian, "I have nothing to say to this rhapsody. Neither Scott nor I could understand it. To us a mound is a mountain, and a river is nothing but a river; but the

hold they are much more beautiful in themselves simply as they are in nature, than when troubled with human feelings and sentiments. Give me a golden mist, hanging on a mountain bathed in every other direction by the sun, and I care not what traditions surround it, or what morbid analogies it may suggest to any phase of human life. It is difficult to abstract these analogies. An artificial school has reared us in its sentimental phraseology, till everything in nature is transfused with a human colouring; but I am convinced that the severer style is the better, and that the great features of nature are grander in themselves dissociated from such a puny, unsatisfactory, and changeable animal as man. Scott was a master of his statuesque style. His descriptions of scenery are always simple and direct, couched in a simple and primitive language, which has its origin in the very nature he describes, and was perfected long before artificial life began to frame her morbid vocabulary."

Whether this controversy ever came to an end, Darcy never knew. Whatever effect it had upon the disputants, it had a soothing effect upon him; and it was from a sound slumber he was awakened by the noise of Playfair bidding farewell for the evening to his host.

Brian and Darcy were now alone together, but the flushed face and thick speech of the former would have prevented the latter mentioning the business on which he had called, had not Brian abruptly said, "And now, my lad, let us to business."

Our hero hesitated. He began about the bush. The business I have called to speak about to-night does not concern the arrangements with Miss Legh but it is to me even more important, and it is exceedingly difficult and delicate. Will we begin it to-night?"

"I understand you perfectly," said Brian; "you think I have drunk too much to attend to business. You are quite mistaken—I grant you I am unable to carry on a critical or literary conversation, except with Playfair, who has had his share of the bottle. But come to business; that is my trade, and, drunk or sober, I think I can see my way through a legal difficulty as well as any one."

And, indeed, it seemed he was right, for to Darcy's astonishment the somewhat obfuscated lawyer seemed suddenly to become sober, his eyes cleared, and his whole aspect changed. He took a large draught of water, and the metamorphosis was complete. The half maudlin bacchanal was a sagacious, cool, apparently perfectly sober man of business. There was no reason to postpone the explanation.

"You recollect," said Darcy, "the day when we travelled together from London to Edinburgh?"

"Perfectly," said Brian.

"And you also recollect that on that morning a murder had been committed at Westminster Bridge, and that, on that account, the passengers by the train were subjected to what you thought an impertinent scrutiny."

"I do," said Brian. "Playfair and I each suspected the other of being the objects of the scrutiny—thanks, I suppose, to our villanous legal countenances; and the lady suspected both of us. But what have you to do with that business, my young friend?"

"Why, only this," said Darcy, coolly, "I am suspected of having committed the murder, and I have called to secure your services as my agent in the defence."

Brian was, to use an expressive phrase, struck all a heap. He could not have been more astonished had he been accused of the crime himself. But after a little he burst into a hearty laugh, saying, "Not so ill done, youngster! but James Brian is two old a bird to be caught with chaff."

"What I have said," replied Darcy, after he had given full time to Brian to regain his composure, "is literally true." You will have seen by the papers that the witness who disappeared so mysteriously, and whose story up to this time is all the public know of the murder, is suspected, and, I confess, on pretty strong grounds, of being himself the murderer. I am that witness."

Brian was convinced that his companion was in earnest, but contented himself with saying, "Let me hear your story."

Darcy told it clearly, and in detail, and mentioned the inducement which had brought him to Edinburgh, and prevented him attending the inquest.

It was clear to our hero, as he proceeded with his narrative, that Brian was not favourably impressed. He listened attentively; but with the air of a man who, when he wishes to know your story, evidently only regards it, in the meantime, useful as affording a basis of getting at the truth which it perverts. When Brian had concluded he said, "Well, young man. It is your wish, I suppose, that I believe this story?"

"My wish," said Darcy, "that you believe the story! What do you mean?"

"Why," said Brian, "I do not believe it. Your story is incredible, and, moreover, if the circumstances be as you have narrated them, you have a good chance of being hanged. But, suppose," said he, "you tell me the true story. If I am to take up your case, that is the better way to begin."

"Zounds, sir!" said Darcy, "am I to understand you believe me guilty? If so, I have nothing more to say. I must get a legal adviser who will believe my word, for any other will be working

on a theory which is not true, and may commit terrible mistakes." There was a frankness in the young man's expression and manner totally inconsistent with the character it would have been necessary to assign to him, had Brian's suspicions been well founded. He wavered in his opinion.

"I will admit," said he, after a pause, "that you do not look as if you were guilty, and, indeed, had I not in my lifetime met not a few very prepossessing scoundrels, I would trust Lavater. But—"

"Stop!" said Darcy, "either you believe me, or you do not. If you do, I am willing to follow your council; if you don't, I assume at least you will not betray me, and I will seek other advice."

It would be difficult to say what it was that made Brian a convert; but he came to the conclusion that his client was innocent and his story true. But it did not suit him to admit so much, and he was curious to see how the young man would act if he appeared still unconvinced.

"Whether I believe you guilty or innocent," he said, "is, after all, of no great consequence. It is, perhaps, best I should think you guilty, for in that case my ingenuity will be taxed to get you off; whereas, if you were innocent I might rely too much on that. So, if you please, we will waive argument and assume your guilt."

"I will not permit it," said Darcy, fiercely.

"On that supposition," continued Brian, regardless of the interruption, "you will see that the strong point in your favour—and, indeed, the only strong point, if I am to take your narrative so far as correct—is that no one saw you commit the murder, and the burden of proof is, of course, on them. Now, let me see," he continued, tapping his snuff-box: "after you had committed the murder you told—"

"Stop, sir, I command you!" said Darcy. "If you go on in this way I may really commit a murder in your own house." But here Darcy looked at his opponent and discerned signs of unmistakeable amusement in the keen, black eyes which were bent on him, and his wrath exploded in a hearty laugh, in which he was joined as heartily by Brian.

"Yes;" said the lawyer, "I believe your story—every word of it. I have no doubt you are as innocent of the murder as I am. But the question is how will we bring others—say a dozen Londoners—to the same opinion in opposition to the well-understood prejudice that a man in the dock has no business there, and would not be put there without good reason; and in opposition to the very plausible speech, which Mr. Attorney or Mr. Solicitor will make in the interest of hanging. Really, jesting apart, and the man of business looked anxious and thoughtful, your case is a most

difficult one. There is no use shutting one's eyes to the fact that the circumstantial evidence is strongly against you. If the case had been laid before me in writing, without the advantage of having seen and conversed with you, I would have come to the conviction which, I admit, even with the advantage of a personal interview, was my first impression, that you were guilty."

"I am sorry to hear this," said Darcy. "I know I am innocent; but I don't like to run a risk of being hanged. If that be your opinion, I had better get out of the way."

"I wish you had asked my advice sooner," said Brian. "Say, the day we travelled together. I would have insisted on your going back to London, and it would never have entered into anyone's head to suspect you. But your flight, for it will be so considered, inevitably suggests only one explanation to outsiders who know nothing of you and Bella, and who would think your account of the reason for coming down here so suddenly, only a very clumsily trumped-up story. I am compelled to say that, if you are caught the chances are against you as the case stands at present. The mischief has already been done; and, if you give yourself up now, there are a hundred ways of accounting for your surrender quite consistent with your guilt. For instance, it would be said that you despaired of ultimate escape, and, therefore, surrendered voluntarily to take the possible benefit of such a step on the minds of the jury. I counsel delay if possible; you can't be much worse than you are, and something may turn up in the interval which may clear you. I confess I don't well see what can turn up of this kind, as I despair of the murderers being found; but you should take the chance if you can. At any rate, let us sleep over it. You remain with me all night. In the morning my opinion will be matured, and I will have decided on what ought to be done. And now suppose we dismiss business and have a bottle of wine."

"With all my heart!" said Darcy; "the business is not a pleasant one. It will be time enough to resume it to-morrow; and I have no objections to a bottle of wine."

"You have plenty of nerve," said Brian, "and deserve a bottle of the best."

It is unnecessary to relate the conversation which followed. Any third party would have supposed the Writer to the Signet and his young friend were boon companions, with none but agreeable associations between them. Our hero was a premature philosopher, and had either acquired or inherited a profound belief in the saying, that sufficient to the day was the evil thereof, and Brian, a man of the world and of business, was of opinion that it was more than enough.

The moment business was dismissed. Brian relapsed into the quasi-intoxicated state, in which he had been before the consultation commenced, and Darcy, after finishing a bottle, was glad to plead weariness and retire to his chamber.

Next morning Darcy found Brian and an elderly lady, whom he subsequently learned was his sister, waiting for him in the breakfast-room. There were no signs in the Writer to the Signet of the evening's symposium; and it did not strike Darcy as at all incongruous that, on the servant's coming up at a summons from the bell, Brian read a long chapter from the Bible and delivered an extemporary prayer. The ceremony was transacted with a decorum, and even a fervour, which left no doubt of the sincerity of Brian, or of the religious complacency of his audience—and, indeed, it is a characteristic of the Scotch curiously to dis sever their ordinary from their religious life; so that a man who during business hours has all his energies devoted to the main chance, and in general pursues that object with little hindrance from any sentimental consideration for others, and at meals, and in the evening, is wholly, and somewhat grossly, devoted to the good things of this life, suddenly, when the supper is over, and before the toddy is brought in, relapses or rises into a fit of solemn piety which is very impressive, and even overpowering. Nor is there, in the morning devotions, any infusion of a livelier or more gentle element such as the fresh spirits which generally attend the first hours of the morning might lead one to expect. These appear after devotions; and breakfast is a light, social, refined, and, occasionally boisterous meal. But the preliminary "service," in a well-regulated Scotch household, especially if the master is conscious to himself of being something of a *bon-vivant*, is solemn and ponderous, and must have the beneficial effect it is intended to have on the servants and young people.

Brian's was a model house on the old Scotch footing, and the whole seemed in excellent keeping. What was called, appropriately enough by him, "the morning sacrifice" was no sooner over than Brian relaxed; and you might have failed to find among the old noblesse of France a more *piquant* converser or a gayer and more *debonnaire* manner, than that in which he indulged during breakfast. The meal over, his sister curtsied and retired, and immediately another change passed over his mobile features. Gravely with unalterable *sang-froid*, he reviewed the position of Darcy, which he had evidently maturely thought over. He stated all the different contingencies which might arise, and the possible results, canvassed the several courses of action which the situation allowed, and then, with little interruption from Darcy, who could not deny the cogency of his reasonings, he came to the conclusion that only

one course of action was open to him, and that was, to keep out of the clutches of the law as long as possible.

It was a hard alternative. Darcy, young, in perfect health, suddenly enriched, conscious of innocence, loving and beloved, was he to incur all the inconveniences and disgrace of a fugitive from justice? Was he to skulk about the country in the same way as one guilty of some infamous crime would require to do? And all this for no crime that he had done; but simply owing to a chain of circumstances which had entwined themselves round him? It almost drove him mad to think that the power which had him in his clutches was nothing better than a blind fatality, a casual connection of events, which had, as it were, tumbled haphazard upon him and threatened to stifle him. It was a waking nightmare. It would have been far more tolerable had there been some blood-and-bones tyrant, who, out of caprice alone, was subjecting him to all this persecution. He could have cursed the tyrant silently, and waited his time for revenge; but there was no use cursing chance or fate.

So there was nothing for it but that Darcy should become an innocent felon without a ticket-of-leave, and the sole question to decide was, where it was best to go. On that point Brian gave sagacious advice.

"No use," said he, "going to the Continent. No doubt the police there have been communicated with; and our consuls, eager to be of use to justify their salaries, would do their best to secure the Westminster murderer; but what do you say to the highlands of Scotland. It is not a very likely place for a fugitive from the law to go to, for though no place is better for concealment than a highland hill, your *mauvais sujet* likes good living and must have society of some kind or other, and, therefore, he never goes to the highlands of Scotland. But you will go there, and I recommend Sutherland as the most depopulated and interesting of counties, where there is plenty of fishing and shooting. Moreover, it so happens that I have at present instructions from a client to get him a tenant for a very capital moor. It is large enough for three guns, and I have already secured two," said Brian, "and you will be the third. You will find your companions very nice fellows, and if you happen to be discovered and subsequently hanged, I believe they will look upon it as an uncommonly good joke."

Darcy at once agreed to the arrangement, and the terms of lease were accordingly then and there interchanged, and Mr. Seymour, the name Darcy selected, became one of the tenants of the Ashcoram shootings, with the right of fishing in the celebrated Lake of Ashcoram, and the salmon river which runs out of it.

Darcy did not venture out that day; but Brian had Mrs. Legh

Bella to dinner, when the arrangements they had made were fully settled, and very reluctantly agreed to. The difficulty was, to find a plausible reason for breaking off the marriage, which had only been spoken of to one or two of the few acquaintances Legh had in Edinburgh, but luckily without mentioning the name of the *fiancé*. A good reasonable quarrel must be contrived, and by Brian's advice it took place on the settlements. Legh wrote a letter to himself from Darcy, highly indignant and unreasonable, which Darcy copied out and signed. It indulged in very ill-natured remarks about the Scotch nation in general, Scotch lawyers in particular; gave an absolute refusal to give certain explanations Brian was supposed to have asked, and backed up by saying that as he must suppose the lawyer acted on the instructions of his clients, he thought it due to himself at once to break off the engagement. The correspondence concluded by a letter from Darcy to Bella, dictated by that lady, in which Darcy defended himself, in the most high-flown terms, in her favour, but added that he could not give the information required by her without forfeiture of honour, but conjured her to believe that all was as it ought to be, and that she would never regret trusting him, but that if she would not confide so far in his word, it were better that all should be ended between

Darcy dictated Bella's reply, in which, in the most feeling and despairing terms she lamented the obstinacy of her mother in opposing the directions of Brian, and that she could not marry without her mother's consent. As for freeing him from his engagement, she plainly declared as she had no intention of breaking it herself; trusting all would come right, in time, she would liberate him. At the same time, she must say that she could understand why he could not give Brian and her mother the reasonable explanations they asked.

Brian looked carefully over the correspondence, backed up the letter on the series as a copy, and tying them round with red string, packed them up in his desk, and remarked, that after so painful correspondence it was the most natural thing in the world that a young gentleman should immediately and abruptly leave Edinburgh, and that he should think a month or two's seclusion in the Highlands the most hopeful course to soothe his agitated feelings. After this they dined together at Brian's hospitable board, in better spirits than might have been anticipated; and Brian next morning, after packing his portmanteau and paying his bill, departed for the Scottish Central for the Highlands.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THAT the time might soon come when wars will cease and armies be disbanded has long been the earnest prayer of the Christian and the dream of the enlightened philosopher. With Europe one vast camp, and wars and rumours of wars continually distracting the nations, that blessed reign of peace does not seem likely soon to commence.

The present century has been pre-eminently distinguished for its colossal armies, and hard-fought and sanguinary battles. The first fifteen years were passed in wars which cost the lives of not fewer than three, perhaps even of four, millions of men, and which seriously retarded the progress of the world.

With the fall of Napoleon, at Waterloo, the principal source of danger was removed, and for thirty years Europe was able to breathe, or, rather, it had time to partially recover from the effects of those expensive, and in many cases iniquitous, wars, which had laid waste a large part of the Continent, and had brought sorrow and poverty to millions of homes. That brief period of uneasy repose over, a new era commenced, one not perhaps so remarkable for the number and duration of its wars as for the ceaseless preparation made for war—preparations little less ruinous and unwise than actual war itself—and so vast, so well organised, as to transform a great part of Europe into an enormous camp, and half the men of Europe into soldiers.

The wars of the last twenty years have been on a colossal scale. Europe has several times seen a million, sometimes nearer two millions, of armed men in motion. The United States, separated by the broad ocean from the rest of the civilised world, have been the scene of a terrible and fratricidal conflict, in which some hundreds of thousands of brave and generous men were consigned to an early grave. Battles have taken place in which from 300,000 to 500,000 men have been actually engaged. Science has exerted herself to the utmost to improve the weapons with which the mighty armies of the present day are armed, and to render possible the rapid concentration of still larger masses of troops.

Firearms are in general use as remarkable for their accuracy of fire as for their length of range. The whole strength of a nation is called forth by the breaking out of war, and the most tremendous

efforts are made to lose no time. As soon as war commences there is little time for further preparation; the object then being to turn to instant account everything that had been prepared for the purpose during the busy years of peace.

Long before fresh bodies of men could be properly drilled, long before the destruction of valuable *materiel* could be replaced, the war may be over. While it lasts, short, sharp, and exhausting; but, fortunately, soon over. Then once more come the feverish, insane rivalry of preparation, the easily-aroused suspicion, the ill disguised fear of friends and foes.

On the scale of recent wars, hostilities could not last long. In a single month many millions of pounds are expended, and far larger sums wasted or destroyed. There is a cessation of industry of all kinds, and pestilence and famine would certainly be the result of a great war lasting six or seven years. In consequence, therefore, of the short duration of hostilities in modern times, a war, however terrible and sanguinary while it lasts, would not permanently tax the resources of a nation, and give rise to the heart-rending suffering of the Thirty Years War, or of the Seven Years War; were it not that the preparations and expenditure of those periods which, by an excess of courtesy, are known as times of peace, make it difficult for a nation to recover from its losses and defeats.

The wars of the present generation have been remarkable in many ways. The care taken not to cause unnecessary loss or suffering to the unhappy inhabitants of the country the seat of hostilities is in itself a pleasing proof of the higher civilisation and more practical Christianity of the age. The humanity and tenderness with which the wounded of both sides, and the prisoners, are treated would have startled the old Peninsular armies, themselves far in advance of the troops of the middle ages, and would have seemed to the Great Frederick a mark of effeminacy. This consideration for the helpless inhabitants of the invaded country, and this humane, and almost at times generous, treatment of the wounded, are sufficient to show the progress which has been made towards that state of universal brotherhood which will one day make war impossible, and they are the strongest proofs that the unselfish labour of the friends of peace will ultimately be crowned with success.

Surely, now that the world admits that the wounded are men and brothers—not wild beasts and enemies—and are entitled to the tender care which a suffering brother would claim and receive; now that the conquerors, as soon as the battle is over, are the first to hasten to the rescue of their wounded foes, and to spare no pains to remove them from danger, and to provide them with every com-

fort,—there seems some possibility that the nations of the civilised world will advance a step farther, and perceive and acknowledge that war must be a heinous crime, and doubly iniquitous now that men are beginning to admit that God has of one blood created all the races of mankind, and that He designed them to be brothers and friends. But this humanity and consideration—excellent as far as they go—ought not to blind anyone to what war really is. War and destruction are convertible terms, and must always remain so.

There is nothing of which man has any knowledge so awfully destructive, while it lasts, as a great war. Men, horses, houses, property of all kinds, and the costly *materiel* of war, are sacrificed with a prodigality which, even in these humane days, is appalling; and which might become ten times as frightful, were circumstances to arise which should call forth, in wild fury, the darker and fiercer passions of the combatants. It is certainly not likely, but it is quite possible, that in some future struggle between two of the principal Continental nations, success might incline first to one side then to the other, and then, again, incline to the former; and that two or three years of bloodshed would be required to bring the conflict to a decisive termination.

The suffering caused by six months of war is bad enough; but this suffering would, in every succeeding six months, increase in geometrical proportion. At last, when the exhausted combatants had to seek, in an armistice, the repose they both sorely needed, the injury done to the more unfortunate might be without a parallel in the world's history.

The power for mischief which an enormous army, like that of Germany in the late war, possesses, probably surpasses anything which even the strongest enemies of war have attributed to it. A million of armed men, exasperated by opposition, privation, and hatred, might destroy dozens of flourishing towns, and transform the most fertile provinces of Europe into a desert. Twenty years of hard work would be necessary to repair the loss, and to restore the country to its normal condition. Those who set great armies in motion must never be allowed to forget what may some day be the consequences of a protracted modern war.

In one respect, the wars of the last twenty years have been very unlike what might reasonably have been expected. They have been sanguinary enough, in all conscience; still, considering the kind of weapons used, and the immense size of the armies engaged, the casualties have been comparatively few.

In the great Napoleonic wars the percentage of killed and wounded appears, according to the most carefully compiled statistics, to have been so much larger than what has lately been the

rule, that, in spite of the colossal dimensions of the armies engaged, it does not seem probable that any of the recent battles have, with perhaps one or two exceptions, cost as many lives as the principal battles of the beginning of the century. A percentage of from six to seven, to occasionally fourteen or sixteen, killed and wounded, may fairly represent the average loss in recent battles. Unless gross errors have been made in the returns, generally accepted as accurate, the percentage of casualties, sixty or seventy years ago, ranged from twelve or fourteen, to twenty or thirty. In one or two cases, the percentage appears to have fallen little short of fifty; while on one occasion, that of Albuera, the casualties in the victorious army, approached eighty per cent. The battle of Albuera, in the way, is a singular proof of the horrors of war. A most cautious and impartial critic, Sir William Napier, does not hesitate to say that it ought never to have been fought, as no possible advantage could result from it; yet in that action nearly twenty thousand men fell.

The explanation of the smaller percentage of mortality of late wars—a result not to have been expected—is, probably, that now, in consequence of the deadly nature of the weapons used, a great battle resembles nothing so much as a number of skirmishes. Formerly, large masses of troops manœuvred so near to the enemy's lines as to suffer terrible loss from weapons comparatively rude, but formidable enough when brought to bear on large bodies of men and horses.

The progress of military science has actually been of service to humanity, though exerting itself to the utmost to make war still more destructive. Modern firearms make it necessary that troops should be broken up into long thin lines, and that advantage should be taken of any shelter, however small. Dense masses of men can rarely in these days be exposed to the fire of artillery and infantry near at hand. Were they to be so exposed, the most frightful destruction would be the inevitable consequence.

Still greater improvements in the range and accuracy of firearms will probably lead to such a further scattering of the troops engaged that the percentage of casualties will be still more diminished.

The experience of the last two hundred years has shown the folly of wars of conquest. Probably, henceforth there will be little danger of organised attempts to wrest large tracts of territory from a foreign nation. When successful, the cost of hostilities would make the advantage gained a doubtful one, while the difficulty of retaining possession of a conquered tract of hostile country for more than a very few years seems to be getting greater and greater. What, perhaps, is still more important is that public opinion, both in England and elsewhere, would no longer sanction attempts of

the kind, unless, indeed, they disguised themselves under some more or less plausible pretext. From the danger of wars of conquest Europe seems nearly free.

Wars to preserve the so-called balance of power are not likely to be common in future. There never was a time, ancient or modern, when the continent of Europe was parcelled out equally among ten or twelve principal nations, all pretty nearly of the same strength. There never was a time when one or two, at least, did not possess far greater power and wealth than the rest.

Of course, however, the statesmen of the last century never pretended to be distressed at the weakness and poverty of Portugal or Switzerland, or to fear that the greater strength of Austria or France endangered their safety and property. In all their schemes for the preservation or the restoration of that *ignis fatuus*—the balance of power—they only thought of the four or five principal states of Europe. All they attempted to do, all the ministers of the last century and of the first half of the present one contemplated, was to keep the great powers of the world about as powerful the one as another. At best, therefore, the balance of power was a very one-sided affair. Experience taught them nothing. They would not, they could not, see that the balance of power, even in the case of the great empires of Europe, was yearly changing, and that the first one, then another, came to the front; and for a time was supreme.

The wisdom or folly of the government for the time being of any nation was, of course, enough to increase or decrease the power of that nation. Success in a long and sanguinary war was often enough to give the victorious people an amount of *prestige* which, at a time, overthrew or disturbed the balance of power.

Three times in the course of a hundred years England possessed, in all probability, more power than any of her rivals. Once, at least, in the same century, France was omnipotent. Once in the same period, Prussia, ruled by the victorious Frederick, was almost without a rival. Within the last twenty years France has seemed to be the most powerful nation in Europe; and when her star set at Gravelotte and Sedan, Prussia rose to the top, and now can look down on all her rivals and neighbours. The very attempt to preserve the balance of power is certain to lead to greater confusion than ever. No nation can long retain the supremacy; for while several powerful countries, all very populous and wealthy, divide the Continent of Europe amongst themselves, a turn in the wheel of fortune may lower one, and raise another. The death of her ablest generals and statesmen might deprive Germany of her well-earned pre-eminence.

The source from which danger will long continue to come is

far removed from either of the preceding. Wars, in future, will generally either be wars of revenge or wars intended to keep up the dignity or *prestige* of a nation. There will be no pretence of making conquests, though an occupied tract of country may be permanently retained. There will be no thought of restoring the balance of power. Either ill-feeling between rival nations recently at war will rankle and smoulder until the loser in the former conflict sees, or fancies that it sees, a favourable opportunity for re-commencing the strife, with the prospect of gaining two or three barren, though brilliant victories, as a set-off to the late defeats; or some petty insult will be offered to the flag of a nation, or to some of its people; and then, in the first furious outburst of indignation and blind rage, war will be resolved upon. Nothing but rivers of blood are then able to wipe out an injury, which, inflicted by one man on another, would not always even lead to a lawsuit.

Times have much changed since Bacon wrote that: Foremost among the matters over which kings had to watch, were the power and advance of their neighbours, with whom it was not to be their endeavour to remain at peace; but over whom they were to keep guard with the easily-aroused suspicion of a savage mastiff. Certainly, this is the natural construction which anyone would put on Bacon's own words. "First, for their neighbours," he wrote, "there can no general rule be given, (the occasions are so variable) save one, which ever holdeth; which is, that monarchs do keep due sentinel, that none of their neighbours do overgrow so [by increase of territory, by embracing of trade, by approaches, or the like,] as they become more able to annoy them than they were; and this is generally the work of standing counsels to foresee, and to hinder it. During the triumvirate of kings, King Henry the Eighth of England, Francis the First, King of France, and Charles the Fifth, Emperor, there was such a watch kept, "that none of the three could win a palm of ground but the other two would straightways balance it, either by confederation, or, if need were, by a war; and would not in any wise take up peace at interest,—and the like was done by that league [which Guicciardini saith was the security of Italy] made between Ferdinando, King of Naples, Lorenzcius Medicis, and Ludovicus Sforza, Potentates, the one of Florence, the other of Milan. Neither is the opinion of some of the schoolmen to be received, that a war cannot justly be made, but upon a precedent injury or provocation; for there is no question but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause of a war."

What a state of suspicion and hatred must obtain under such an order of things! What hostility between nations, when their governors are intent only on weakening and injuring one another!

Was this all that the Christian religion, whose motto is love, could do in fifteen centuries to enlighten the understanding of one of the wisest and greatest of men? If Bacon had got no farther than this, what were likely to be the opinions of the yeomanry peasantry of that period?

In another of his essays, the one on the true greatness of kingdoms and estates, Bacon wrote something more, much in the same style as the above. "No body can be healthful with exercise;" so far he is undoubtedly right: "neither natural body politic; and, certainly, to a kingdom, or estate, a just and honourable war is the true exercise. A civil war, indeed, is like the heat of fever; but, a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serves to keep the body in health; for in a slothful peace, both courts will effeminate and manners corrupt; but, howsoever it be, happiness, without all question for greatness, it maketh to be so for the most part in arms; and the strength of a veteran army though it be a chargeable business, always on foot, is that which commonly giveth the law, or at least the reputation, amongst neighbour States; as may well be seen in Spain, which hath had one part or other, a veteran army almost continually now by the space of six score years."

If Bacon did not perceive the evils of war, but, thought that just and honourable war was for the good of a nation, and likely to keep it in health and vigour, who can wonder that men far less gifted fell into the same terrible error, and that the vulgar, at times, have looked upon war waged in a foreign land, as a noble and manly sport? Bacon saw the advantage which disciplined troops must necessarily have over raw and badly-organised levies. But, though he evidently foresaw that the expense of a large standing army would be great, he could not have guessed to what a length the rage for standing armies would one day go.

War, it seems to be thought by many who allow themselves to be deceived as to what its fruits really are, calls forth heroic patriotism, and generosity; therefore, it may elevate and purify a nation. Were war really to bring together those classes of a nation usually in time of peace and prosperity widely separated from one another, and almost hostile, something might be said in its favour. Were it to give rise to kindlier feelings between classes, to give rich and poor one common object, it would have some redeeming features. Unfortunately, war does not promote good feeling even among the non-combatants who remain at home; though it does give them a fresh topic for conversation, and now and then cause them great excitement.

War separates nations; erects impassable barriers between friends and foes; strengthens that narrow, unchristian love

country, which makes the inhabitant of some wretched little state place the interests of his fellow-countryman above those of all the rest of the world. This be-lauded feeling of patriotism is the greatest curse of the human race. Against it every writer, preacher, and statesman, ought to fight.

While the people of one insignificant Italian commune looked upon the inhabitants of the neighbouring *paese* as enemies, or, at any rate, as foreigners, how could Italy, for example, cease to be broken up into six or eight hostile countries, each in its turn made up of a hundred unfriendly *paesi*? The unity of Italy was impossible, until all the people who inhabited the communes of Naples or Genoa felt and admitted that they belonged to one race, and were brothers; and until the petty principalities and kingdoms of the Italian peninsula merged all their differences into the one proud name of Italian. Peace and progress were only possible when no longer proud of being Calabrese, or Livernese, or Genoese, the people of Italy recognised that they were Italians. It was the wars of the middleages which kept up this odious isolation, this detestable enmity between the people of the same valley, an isolation, an enmity, which, until recently, made the Venetian suspicious of, and unfriendly to the Florentine, and the Pisan jealous of the Milanese.

It is war, and the unwise speeches of narrow-minded men which make the French jealous of the Prussians, and the Austrians hostile to the Germans. In other words, patriotism—at least some forms of what passes for it—is of all things the most likely to lead to deadly wars, and to interfere with the spread of civilisation, and of the Gospel of Christ. Against that patriotism—which blinds men to their duties to one another, and makes them forget that they are brothers—the strongest language may well be used.

Here and there in modern wars, there are heroic deeds and generous actions. But ought they to be allowed to palliate the excesses of war? Ought they to be placed in the balance against the frightful catastrophes for which every war is detestable?

Frederick William Robertson was an accomplished and humane man; but he fell into an error not unusual among speakers and writers on war. He allowed himself to be carried away by the grander features of war, and so forgot its horrors. Perhaps he looked upon war in the light with which those who have only seen reviews think of it? Perhaps he never attempted to picture to himself its terrible realities? At any rate, there are passages in his writings, as well as in those of most authors who have touched on the question of war, which are calculated to foster the old delusions, and to make men think of the battle-field as a scene of heroism and nobleness. Woman, thought this eloquent man, might gain by war, because of the more chivalrous respect paid to

her. War, he wrote, was terrible, but it might be better than peace, if the latter were to be purchased by the accumulation of riches and the decay of men. War might root out cowardice. War might unite those who were separated from one another by mean religious and political dissensions. War might revive enthusiasm, and rekindle manliness.

Perhaps war may really occasionally do all these things, but only for a time. But at what a cost would these blessings be purchased! They would be bought with suffering and blood. They would entail the separation of nations for years. They would keep up patriotism, but they would lessen the love of mankind. They would narrow the sympathies of those who would seem to be gainers. The circumstances which brought these benefits would make more distant the advent of the reign of peace, not that peace ignoble and vile, which is synonymous with cowardice and sensuality, but better even than war, but, that higher and nobler peace when the love of Christ the Merciful will cover the land as the waters do the sea, and higher pursuits, more unselfish aims, will possess those who try to walk in the steps of Him who was the great Exemplar.

As soon as war is over, and the tramp of the war-horse and the roar of the cannon are no longer heard, then return ill-feeling and hatred at home, the wider separation of classes, the fiercer enmity, the more easily-aroused suspicion. Where were the unity, the patriotism, the chivalry, which the last great continental war ought to have brought? What were its fruits in France? Where the reign of the Commune, the destruction of the great buildings of Paris and the carnage of the fortunately very short civil war, all that the blood-stained fields of Woerth and Gravelotte could do for the internal peace of France? That war saved France from the horrors of the Bonapartist dynasty; but it inflicted on her other miseries as great, perhaps as lasting.

But undoubtedly there are opportunities on the battle-field as in the trenches for displaying courage of a kind never exercised at other times. Were there never again to be a war, the world could never again see a handful of heroes defending, to the very death, some hotly-contested spot. There would be no more Victor Crosses, no more chivalrous rescues of the wounded, no more those tragic episodes written with the finger of blood, such as that one related by the Rev. F. W. Robertson. In one of Sir Charles Napier's campaigns a small party of English soldiers, in consequence of a mistake, charged a large body of the enemy, firmly protected behind a strong breastwork. All the English soldiers were killed after a gallant struggle. Now, it seems that the warlike hills of that district place around the wrists of chiefs and valiant soldi-

who fall in battle a green or a red piece of cotton, the latter being the most esteemed. But for war, there would be no more opportunities for a chivalrous foe to place around *both* wrists of their fallen enemies the highest badge of honour they had it in their power to confer, in token of their extraordinary admiration of their surpassing courage, as happened to the handful of British warriors, who fell near the rocks of Trukkee. No! war alone renders these things possible.

But peace gives opportunities for valour as grand, as heroic, though of a different kind. Can anything on the blood-stained field of death surpass the matchless heroism of ignorant English sailors, who have again and again died nobly in the waves, trying to rescue the perishing, no matter what their country or creed? Brave English colliers have gone down to certain death trying to take help to men who were probably lying dead deep down in the bowels of the earth.

In great fires, and in other awful catastrophes, there has been ten thousand times, both in England and in other countries, the same constancy displayed, the same noble intrepidity shown. Let but the need for assistance arise, let it be thought that twenty men are perishing unassisted in a deep mine, from the effects of an explosion, another of which might occur at any moment and illiterate men would press forwards in crowds to go down to the relief of their friends. The wealthy proprietor, with all his advantages of education and culture, generally stands on one side, for they would only be his slaves who were dying below; but the ignorant colliers would not hesitate to risk all, for every moment might cost the life of a man and brother. Heroism as great as that of the battle-field would have been displayed, wherever needed, because the voice of duty was heard in the hearts of those who so distinguished themselves. The men who fell at Trukkee would have died as willingly in any service of danger. Where heroism and chivalry are wanting, the presence of danger cannot call it forth, whether danger presents itself on the battle-field, or in the dark depths of the coal mine.

The causes leading to war are generally so trivial as to make the wonder greater that any attention is paid to them. A third-rate official seizes a small ship belonging to a foreign power, and immediately the indignation of the latter is aroused. Every man and woman clamours for instant war, and excuses and explanations fall on inattentive ears. Or a government fancies that it has some claim on a desert island, and that some other power is interfering with these claims. Remonstrances and counter-remonstrances are freely banded about, and the ill-feelings of the rivals are fanned, until they find vent in war. The desigus of a nation on some distant and valueless part of the world, schemes which might never mature

into anything more than empty designs, are sometimes thought to justify another nation in going to war, to check the pride of the former, and to cripple its power. Sometimes the declaration of war affords the very opportunity that was sought for bringing the project in question to perfection.

Few men could offhand write down the probable causes of most of the great wars of the last two hundred years. Still fewer, after two years' study of the question, would agree with one another as to the causes of those wars. School histories think it enough, as a rule, to state that in such and such a year there was war between France and England, or Spain and Germany; but the causes are seldom alluded to.

In consequence of the causes of war being so trivial as usually to be too insignificant to admit of being clearly committed to writing, it has, of late, appeared probable to many thoughtful men that, if the investigation of the grievances which seemed likely to plunge two nations into war could be brought before a properly constituted and responsible tribunal, many wars would be prevented, and much crime and bloodshed made impossible. The progress of civilisation, the rapid and frequent intercourse between nations, the high principles of most modern statesmen, and the horror with which many of the people who clamour for war regard it in their sober moments, seemed to show that the time for the settlement of disputes by International Arbitration was come. Of late the enlightened labours of several influential philanthropists have drawn the attention, not only of individuals and communities, to the importance of the subject, but have compelled some governments and nations, not merely to admit its value, but actually to resort to it on many occasions. Thus proofs have been given of what may some day be the ordinary way of settling international disputes.

International Arbitration is not, after all, the fruit of the wisdom of the present day. In 1671 Sir William Temple so clearly pointed out the motives which, in that day, might plunge France into war, that no one could have spoken more plainly against the trivial pretexts sometimes thought to justify hostilities. The recognition of the trivial causes leading to hostilities was the first step in the way to International Arbitration. On the 15th of March, 1826, President Adams, in a message to the House of Representatives, drew attention to what had been done in the preceding fifty years by the United States, in conjunction with other countries, to diminish the horrors and the frequency of war. And, again, on the 12th of June, 1849, in the House of Commons, Richard Cobden moved that an address should be presented to the Queen to take steps for the settlement of future disputes by International Arbitration. Cobden was supported by Hobhouse, Milner Gibson

Roebuck, and Joseph Hume, and opposed by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. In the treaty of 1856, as well as in the twenty-third protocol of the Paris Conference, are clauses binding the contracting parties to the use of mediation before appealing to arms. Of course, among the promoters of International Arbitration are many diversities of opinion as to what could be done by it, and as to the way in which it ought to be done. Briefly stated, the opinion that is in most favour is that quarrels are continually arising of so trivial a nature that, were it to become the rule to refer them to a properly-constituted tribunal, the delay would, in many cases, be long enough to allow the ill-feeling that had been aroused to die away; and that, in the second place, were the rule of resorting to arbitration to be established, no nation need fear the loss of *prestige*, were it to make a move towards a reconciliation.

At the present time, war is often resolved upon in such a hurry that hostilities have actually commenced before people have found out, as they generally do, sooner or later, that there was nothing deserving of a recourse to arms. In other cases, a government, which might try to re-establish good feeling, when the danger of war was imminent, would be branded as cowardly by its opponents, and would lose the confidence of its supporters, and so would imperil the dignity and *prestige* of the country, whose affairs it administered. Let the rule be once established that all, or most quarrels, should be dispassionately discussed by arbitrators, and many wars would be prevented. The interests of other nations, not immediately concerned in the quarrel, would make them interfere to preserve peace and good-will.

After all, then, International Arbitration is a very simple matter. It is only an attempt to carry out the principles, which regulate the conduct of individuals, in the concerns of nations. No private person would dream of breaking into a neighbour's house to seize upon money that was due to him. Public opinion would consider such a measure reprehensible, however just the claim might be. No man who had been injured by another would be allowed to take his enemy's life. But, in the dealings of nations, things are gravely and deliberately done, which, between individuals, would not be attempted, or at any rate, would not be tolerated.

Were the arbitrators to fail to settle the dispute, there would still be time enough to resort to war; at any rate, the causes of the ill-feeling would by that time have been made so generally known that no one could be in doubt as to the matter in dispute. Now, unfortunately, few people have any knowledge of what the rights of the question at issue are.

Clearly stated, the question of International Arbitration is so

simple that, five hundred years hence, no one will think it possible that the apostles of the movement in their day encountered great opposition and enmity, and had to work so hard. In spite of simplicity and justice it is difficult to make the world at large understand its importance.

No doubt Mr. Henry Richard, with whose name the matter now honourably connected, expects very much from the tribunal he wishes to see constituted. Perhaps he hopes that before long wars would actually become impossible. Whether he goes so far or not signifies little; for even those who are his opponents, and will expect little from his labours, admit that if a tribunal of the kind he proposes should only prevent one war in twenty, a great deal would be accomplished. The last ten years have proved that the time may come when the most extravagant expectations of Mr. Richard will be fully realised, and International Arbitration will render war impossible.

It would be impossible, in this paper, to refer, at any length to what Mr. Richard has done, beyond saying that he has laid his views before the governments of many nations. In the House of Commons, of which he is a member, he has brought the matter nobly forward.

In the Italian House of Deputies, Signor Mancini introduced a motion, in favour of International Arbitration, which was calmly and generously discussed, and was finally carried *without one dissentient vote*. In two other countries the greatest attention has been paid to the matter, and the governments of these states have discussed the question publicly and fully. Though the same success did not await the supporters of the motions in favour of international tribunals with which they met in Italy, enough interest was displayed to prove that, both in the north of Europe and in the United States Mr. Richard had many friends, who felt with him, and were determined to promote the matter he has at heart. Mr. Richard need not fear a little opposition and calumny. He has right on his side and his labours, though he may not live to see them triumphant and finished, will lay the foundation of that structure of peace for which all good men long.

In the English House of Commons, Mr. Richard's motion, on the 8th of July, 1873, met with a favourable reception. It was supported by many able and distinguished men. Among the majority, which voted for it, were John and Jacob Bright, Donald Dalrymple, Henry Fawcett, Sir John Lubbock, Edward Miall, and Mr. J. Hardy. Among the minority who opposed it were T. Brassey, Sir Charles Adderley, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Samuel and the late Mr. Henry Winterbotham.

Though Mr. Richard is a Nonconformist, and sectarianism is

party feeling are allowed to influence all votes in the House of Commons, on this occasion there was less party spirit shown than usual. The motion was opposed and supported, to some extent, on its own merits.

Another zealous and hard-working friend of International Arbitration is the Rev. Arthur O'Neill, of Birmingham, a platform orator of great eminence—at one time, perhaps, better and more widely known than he is now—but whose support would be an assistance to any cause. Mr. O'Neill, whose sufferings in the cause of liberty, many years ago, have gained for him the sympathy of every friend of justice and freedom, and whose earnest eloquence and extensive learning obtain for him the respect of all who come in his way, has been working hard and indefatigably to do his best to disseminate, in the Midland districts of the country those principles which it is Mr. Richard's privilege to make known over a much wider area.

The views of the enemies of war have been grossly misrepresented, and, probably, have been sometimes wilfully mis-stated. There are persons who look upon all wars as unjust; and who may be called peace-at-any-price men. These people would disband every regiment in the country, and would refuse to take up arms to repel an invasion. The supporters of International Arbitration are not, as a body, disposed to go so far. All they propose doing is to discourage war, and to devise means for preserving peace. Many of them, though they deplore the size of modern armies, would not sanction the dis-armament of any nation unless others followed its example, nor would they refuse to take part in what they felt was a just war. Some would even go farther, and would admit that there might be times when aggressive war might be justifiable and necessary. They do not ask for peace at any price, but they do ask that governments and nations should never resort to arms until all hope of preserving peace is over. But they know that the occasions on which judicious friends and arbitrators would be unable to bring about a reconciliation would be rare indeed.

The constitution of the International Arbitration Tribunal has been made a sore stumbling-block in the way of its establishment; not, however, by Mr. Henry Richard and his party. It has been intended that a permanent court should be established, while, in the mean time, it has been pointed out that such a body would not possess the confidence of all parties. There are serious objections, at present, to a permanent court, though the time may come when such a body will meet, and will work harmoniously.

The aim of the promoters of arbitration is to make it the custom of nations never to resort to hostilities until the services of umpires have been put into requisition. Were this rule established, when

disputes did arise, umpires would, as a matter of course, be appointed. A permanent court is not indispensable—indeed, there are some objections to it; but there can be no doubt that were the custom established, the disputants would have no difficulty in appointing judges of high reputation and unquestioned impartiality to weigh calmly and wisely the merits of the question. Such a tribunal would always be favourable to peace, for the representatives of neutral countries would, in every case, be anxious to discourage war for their own sake. A court of impartial arbitrators appointed when its services were needed, and invested with necessary powers, would be the surest bulwark of peace in the world and might be trusted to leave no stone unturned to preserve amicable relations.

In all probability the uses of International Arbitration will be more marked for many years to come in cases in which the subject of dispute is of such a nature as not to arouse the fiercer passions of the offended people. Were a second Trent affair to occur, it might be impossible for the wisest government to preserve peace. Occasions may arise, when a whole people, like one man, may demand war, and the ministry will find itself a helpless instrument for evil in the hands of newspapers and demagogues. But instances of this kind seldom arise. In those cases in which the cause of the quarrel is not of such a nature as to lead to an immediate war though it might long continue to excite ill-feeling, and might, for years, furnish a fitting theme for inflammatory newspaper articles, then, through the jealousy kept up, might one day lead to hostilities, the services of arbitrators would, at one period of the quarrel, be of great use.

In the disputes for which the Alabama was responsible, perhaps there were moments when war between England and the United States was to be feared. As a rule, the danger was remote. If feeling, however, was kept up, and the two nations were in such a mood that a war might, at any time, have been entered upon ostensibly in consequence of some fresh insult given by one side to the other; but, in reality, in consequence of the Alabama affair. A court was appointed with the mutual consent of the two parties and to that court the matter at issue was referred. Few persons are able to appreciate the difficulties with which the adjudicator had to contend. Under the able presidency of Count Sclopis, a man of whom Italy may well be proud, every claim was heard and settled, and now England and America are at peace, and a reconciliation of a kind that no war could have brought about has taken place. In a very few years no traces will remain of what threatened to be a constant source of peril.

Though not altogether connected with International Arbitration

there are one or two other matters which the friends of the movement have at heart. The one is the reduction of the immense armies of the present day. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the rivalry which leads to the keeping up of millions of armed men is iniquitous and unwise. Were half the soldiers in Europe disbanded there might still be as great danger of war as ever, but the evils attendant on great armies would be reduced one half. The relative position of nations would remain precisely the same, though the condition of every nation would be improved. The other matter is to promote anything which would be for the relief of the combatants, as well as of the non-combatants, in time of war. For instance, the soft lead bullets, used by the Snider, Chassepot, Mauser, and Needle rifles, inflict, at short distances, the most frightful wounds. The aperture of exit may be several inches in diameter. In the late war the Prussians naturally, though erroneously, came to the conclusion that the French had used explosive balls of small diameter, contrary to the Convention of Geneva. The hard balls of the Martini-Henry rifle, consisting of one part of tin to twelve of lead, do not cause the same disintegration of tissues. For the sake of humanity efforts might be made to induce all civilised governments to use hard balls, which do not give rise to the horrible laceration referred to. Surely it is quite enough to know that a man has been shot through the thigh or the shoulder, by a Martini-Henry ball, to feel sure that his chance of recovering quickly enough to take part in one of these short modern wars is incalculably small.

A wound from a hard ball would probably take, on the average, six months to heal, so that the severer wounds of the softer bullets are not required to disable those who have the doubtful honour of being hit. Another advantage which would result from the use of hardened missiles would be that fewer limbs would have to be amputated, for fewer long bones would be splintered into fragments. Those persons whose humanity and practical Christianity are prompting them to do the utmost to reduce the frequency of wars may safely be trusted to render all the assistance in their power to measures which have as their object the reduction of armaments and the relief of the wounded.

The friends of arbitration and peace have been accused of dwelling too much on the money cost of wars, and of forgetting that all the money expended on war would not have been wisely spent by the nation had there been no war. No doubt the cost of wars has been prominently brought forward, while their social evils have been little referred to, so that there has been some ground for this complaint. The fault may not, however, lie with those who seem guilty of it. The truth is, that it is in the great towns that public opinion has

pronounced most strongly in favour of arbitration, and it is in these places that money is especially worshipped. Every argument would fall dead on the ears of some merchants and colliery proprietors which did not deal with money. In most cases, the surest way of reaching the intellect and the heart of a tradesman is through his pocket; and those friends of the movement, who have made much of the money cost of war, have either done so because, living in towns, their thoughts were unduly full of the importance of money, or because they have seen that this was the only way of influencing the employers of labour, and, therefore, they have done well in making much of so potent an argument.

No human being, who deserves the name, can refuse to sympathise with those who are labouring hard in the cause of humanity and universal brotherhood. There may be people who question the wisdom of the measures proposed, and many others who disbelieve in them entirely. No one, however, ought to doubt the motives and high principles of Mr. Richard, and of his unselfish and conscientious supporters. No one ought to venture to impugn the courage of those men, whatever their country or politics, who take the lead in an unpopular movement. The soldier needs fortitude and perseverance, but so does Mr. Richard, who, for a time, at least, met with opposition enough to test his metal thoroughly, and whose heroic labours have proved that he is quite as much entitled to a Victoria Cross, or to be mentioned in despatches, as the majority of those who have gained those coveted honours.



THE ROMANCE OF PEPIN McNIDGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD MARKWICK.

CHAPTER I.

UNEVENTFUL must have been the life that does not record at least, one episode of romance. Even the dulllest and most commonplace of us, when looking back upon the undulating and motley-hued perspective of past years, must note, among the sombre greens and browns that have formed the staple tone of our intellectual landscape, some spot where the prevailing tint is roseate. And whatever may be the character of our social environment whether we vegetate in the atmosphere of the "great unwashed," finding courage for the momentous questions of love, or solace for the wounds of blighted affection alike in the pewter pot; or whether our persons be clothed in purple and fine linen, and we are able to go gracefully down on our knees on the turkey carpet in the seclusion of the paternal drawing-room, there to plead before god Cupid with the fervid eloquence that is born of the champagne bottle—in either case the spooney, sentimental heroism that animates us is pretty much the same. There is much the same vague notion that troubles and dangers of abnormal proportions are, of necessity, to be encountered, overcome, and gloried in for the sake of the particular one who at that moment happens to personify our ideal of feminine excellence. Nor can this notion be wondered at, when we take into consideration the fact that the greater part of the modern fiction, from three-volume novels to penny biographies of highwaymen, has for its principal aim and purpose—nay, often for its only *raison d'être*—the delineation of the apparently insuperable obstacles which invariably arise to prevent the tying of the matrimonial knot between ardent and faithful lovers. Even in this romance, the birth, growth, and ultimate fate of which this veritable history is designed to portray, the truth of the proverb that "the course of true love never runs smooth," is, to a certain extent, exemplified. And though our hero was not a knight, never mounted a war-horse, or ran a tilt for his lady-love,—yet the feeling which impelled him to brave perils and overcome difficulties in the cause of the mistress of his heart, was as true and earnest

an emotion as ever burned in the breast of the mediæval lover rendered immortal by Tennysonian idylls.

Pepin McNidge was tall : there could be no possible doubt about that. Even his bitterest enemies were forced to admit that he was decidedly tall. But he was also thin, and sandy, and short-sighted : which characteristics, not being generally regarded as graces, or desired as accomplishments, gave the aforesaid bitterest enemies the opportunity of particularising the tallness which they were forced to admit as lankiness, and of likening Pepin himself to such common, well-known specimens of inanimate nature or art as best exemplify the mathematical definition of a straight line, length without breadth. Not that he cared particularly for what they said or thought, for he had a soul above such trivial things, and rather gloried in his peculiarities ; for, as he was fond of oracularly remarking, " There never yet existed a man who marked out a clear and distinct line of action for himself, and adhered to it, but, sooner or later, he became an object for the jealousy-winged and envy-tipped arrows of his less-enterprising fellows, and for the sneers of the unsympathising world at large." This, which was a favourite statement of his, and had been composed with much care and regard for effect, may not appear at first sight so applicable to the peculiarities referred to above, as to those which owe their origin less to birth than to the later exigencies of time and circumstances ; but as he boasted not a few of the latter as well, a second glance must convince us that though referring more particularly to his acquired eccentricities, he at the same time aimed an odd shot at the deriders of his natural ones. At any rate, he had undoubtedly " marked out a clear and distinct line of action for himself ;" and was he not, in consequence thereof, the object for many " jealousy-winged and envy-tipped etceteras ?" Had he not forsaken the usages of his class, thrown off the trammels, at least by night, which still must bind him by day, and even essayed to climb the steep of Mount Parnassus ? Of course he had, or in all probability this history would have never been written, and the world would have been less wise than it is.

Pepin McNidge was one of those lucky few who are the sons of poor but honest parents. Very early in life he had manifested his preference for the mental rather than the physical, by retiring to a corner of the playground which was attached to the school he attended, there to become absorbed in the thrilling adventures of Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard, while his less studious schoolfellows were deep in knuckle-down or leapfrog. He would not have demeaned himself by the low desire, so prevalent among boys, for cherry-stones ; while for buttons he had a contempt that was inexpressible. And this, to a certain extent caused him to be disliked

whom he, at a very early age, had stigmatised as pleasure."

It was not in this way alone that he rose above the ordinary. He was a perfect marvel for reciting, and would hold forth and could secure an audience; which, in justice to his efforts, we are forced to admit was not often. But at last occurred which made him famous to the end of the term. His master, who had just managed to live respectably on his meagre salary in single blessedness, suddenly determined to do his best; and in pursuance of this determination, he decided; and it was to celebrate this happy event that the master gave a treat to his pupils in one of the fields attached to the school, on which occasion, when every one had eaten and drunk to the utmost limits of his capacity, some of the boys commenced a performance of music, which, according to custom from time immemorial, commenced with the doxology, and ended with "God bless us." Then came the *pièce de résistance*: a recitation by Pepin McNidge, entitled, "Selection from the Lady of the Shalott."

Many opinions were advanced by the boys as to whether it would prove a success, or fail ignominiously, the general feeling in favour of the latter: though a boy of the name of Cribb, who was a betting-man, offered to give odds that he'd win, which was readily accepted, as nobody knew precisely what it meant. Pepin verified the most sanguine predictions by reciting to the end without a stumble, and with an energy of delivery that carried all before it. And when he placed his right foot half a yard in advance of his left, lifted his right hand to his head, knit his brows and affirmed that—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly,
From its firm base as soon as I,"

asm knew no bounds, while even the Vicar clapped his hands and smiled approvingly. Ah! that was a great day for all, and the greatest of all for Master Pepin McNidge, the hero

of the day, however, by the way, just to show that when he left school with a well-earned reputation; and that, too, in the sphere congenial to his tastes and aspirations. He would have thought a great deal to have been able to adopt some profession or vocation; talents he felt he possessed would have been brought into play. But the fates—and the pecuniary liabilities incurred by his father when he had madly rushed into the vortex of the wine and bacon trade—forbade, and on leaving school at the age of sixteen he was fain to transfer his attention from the flowery literature to the hosiery department in a small retail

draper's shop in the town of Muddleford. It was a terrible change: a small mind would either have given up the hopes and ambition of the past, and have settled down into a prosaic hosier for the rest of its days, or have collapsed. But the mind of Pepin McNidge was not small; and though he despised the occupation of pandering to the vile taste of the multitude who thronged the shop, especially on a Saturday night, he nevertheless saw the necessity of spending all his energies in the pursuit of those pecuniary advantages which accrued from the sale of fag-ends of ribbon and faded flowers, thereby increasing the very moderate remuneration he received for an unwearied application to business between the hours of eight in the morning and eight at night.

From the general description which has been given of the personal appearance of Pepin McNidge, it may be gathered that he was not a perfect Adonis. Indeed, he candidly admitted (to himself) that he was not what the world called handsome. But he felt that the literary fire which burned within him, and which manifested itself in disordered locks, pensive looks, and collars and cuffs with Byron's head printed thereupon, gave him a character which even red hair, angularly-shaped body, and disproportionally thin legs, could not conceal. Then he would frequently go for long walks with a bundle of books under his arm, and a look of abstraction on his face; would indulge in profound reveries with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and when aroused therefrom would start and give such a visible effort to bring his mind down to the lesser things of earth, that you could see with half an eye that he had been cogitating a comet at least. All these things, together with the ease with which he varied and illustrated his conversation with apt quotations from standard authors, invested him with a sort of mysterious charm that went a long way with the feminine population of Muddleford. But that which made him, more than anything else, an object of admiration to those of the female community whose propensities were the blue-stockinged, was the superior atmosphere which seemed to pervade him—his literary unapproachability, if we may so term it. He held himself aloof from the common ruck of girls: he was never seen walking in the park on a Sunday afternoon with any of the fashionable nymphs of Muddleford. He would be seen gloomily contemplating the gay crowd of passers-by from some secluded nook among the trees; or wandering with a slow and melancholy step along some bypath, with "Shakspeare" under his arm and "The Origin of Man," sticking out of his pocket; or pouring into the attentive ear of his friend Tibbins (his only friend) some rapturous eulogium on a poem he had recently met with, some startlingly new and original theory he thought of propounding; or some excited denunciation of

the painted and bedizened multitude, who were disporting themselves within a stone's throw. He thought very strongly on the latter point, as may be inferred from a burst of eloquence which, on one occasion, fell from his lips into the ever-ready ears of his *fidus Achates*, Tibbins, "Look!" said he, pointing to the crowd of both sexes that was wending its way to the park to participate in some festivities going on there. "Look at this thoughtless multitude, who with heedless step are passing by the pleasures of solitude, the joy of poring over a musty volume, the pages of which shine with the lore of ages gone by; neglecting the happiness that accrues from burning the midnight lamp to the wisdom of the past, of devoting the solitary night, in the seclusion of the closet, to the genius of the present, or of building an altar on which to sacrifice a fervid adolescence to the glorious possibilities of the future. Poor painted butterflies, the creatures of an hour, how soon will they flutter through their little earthly span, and quit this scene of wasted opportunities to be consigned to the cold embrace of universal mother earth, 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!'" It is needless to say how heartily Tibbins re-echoed these sentiments, when he had recovered himself sufficiently to do so.

While speaking of Tibbins it may be well just to pourtray his most prominent characteristics, among which must certainly not be reckoned his nose, for it would have been difficult to have discovered a nose which by nature was more unprominent. In figure he was short, very short and stout, with plump little legs and pippin cheeks, and eyes which twinkled with an ingenuous roguishness that was pleasant to look upon. He had an honest, good heart, the prevailing sentiment of which was love for his parents and sister, and admiration for the qualities of his friend Pepin; an admiration which was increased by the fact that he possessed none of these qualities himself, being slow of speech, solid and practical in mind, and most unimaginative and unliterary. His father was the proprietor of an old-established grocery business in the town, and by perseverance and attention to business, had accumulated a nice little fortune, all of which was destined to line the pockets of his son John and his daughter Mary Anne, when he, John Tibbins senior, should be gathered to his fathers; the same having been duly and legally set forth on parchment, attested by divers witnesses, and then consigned to a strong box in the strong room of Silas Wrinkleton, Esq., the solicitors who lived just out of the town, in the large white house with the green blinds. John junior had, for some time past, taken an active share in the business, and hoped to continue to do so while health and strength lasted; for if ever he indulged in any day-dreams for the future it was to see himself the proprietor of

that snug little business, with a comfortable little wife and such pledges of affection as Heaven should be pleased to bestow ; a coterie of friends, chieftest among whom would be Pepin McNidge ; the means whereby to live in peace and help the needy ; and last, but not least, a seat in the town-council. Yes ! he did hope some day to be a town-councillor, to improve the roads, keep the pump in order, have the town clock better regulated, and generally make and unmake laws for the special behoof of the inhabitants of Muddleford.

About six months before our story opens, some little excitement had been caused in the town by the appearance of the special four-wheeler attached to the railway station, outside of which was a considerable amount of luggage and a parrot, accompanied inside by an elderly gentleman of well-attired though weather-beaten exterior, and a young lady, whose close resemblance in point of features to her companion left no doubt, in the minds of the Muddlefordians who witnessed the arrival, that she was his daughter. They drove straight to a house which had been unoccupied for some time, called "The Firs" (probably because not a vestige of fir had ever been seen within miles of it), and entered upon possession. The next day, in some incomprehensible way, it became generally known the gentleman was a retired naval officer who had seen service, named Captain Bell, and that the young lady who accompanied him was his only daughter. Great excitement had presently ensued among the members of that sex which is justly termed "the softer," from the fact that Miss Bell had already appeared in divers coloured silk dresses, and had worn as many as three different bonnets in one week. Indeed, Miss Beatrice Wrinkleton, who had hitherto been the acknowledged belle of the town, went so far as to assert that "she knew she was a creature ;" which strong language met with the entire concurrence of her large circle of feminine friends, who had met in solemn conclave to consider and devise the best means to be employed in humbling the pride of the above mentioned "creature."

Among the members of the opposite sex, however, but one opinion prevailed ; and that was that the dancing brown ringlets of Miss Bell were charming ; that the sparkling eyes of Miss Bell were starlike ; that the figure of Miss Bell was irreproachable ; that Miss Bell's *tout ensemble* was irresistible. All this occurred in August. In December Mrs. Tibbins gave her Christmas party, which was one of the most popular events in Muddleford ; and, of course, invited Miss Bell, whom she had met at a tea-meeting, and who promptly accepted her invitation. Many of the other young ladies, led by Miss Beatrice Wrinkleton had, thereupon, privately declared their intention of absenting themselves from the party ;

but as the day drew near, with that inconsistency which is such a charming feature in the mental phenomena of women, they had changed their minds and decided to go, relieving their overcharged bosoms by speculating as to what Miss Bell would wear. And when the night at last arrived, and Miss Bell appeared in the simplest of white muslin dresses and the sweetest of smiles, even Miss Beatrice Wrinkleton condescended to remark that "white muslin seemed to suit her." And when she had played an overture, sung one or two songs, danced with the three plainest gentlemen in the room, and in many other ways proved herself as amiable in disposition as she was fascinating in appearance, one and all were fain to admit that she was the most delightful person they had met for a long time.

But where was Mr. Pepin McNidge all this time? During the earlier portion of the evening he had retired, immediately after an introduction to Miss Bell, to a remote corner of the room, and thence had pensively gazed at her through his glasses, without, however, making any attempt at a closer acquaintanceship. But just as supper was announced he had emerged from the obscurity that had enveloped him, had descended the stairs in close proximity to her, had picked up and returned her fan when she dropped it, in so doing touching her hand, and receiving a thrill which penetrated to the small of his back; and finally, had seated himself on her left at the supper table, after brilliantly outmanœuvring the fourteen other gentlemen who had individually aspired to that honour.

Now a flow of language was one of the special things on which Pepin prided himself, and on this occasion he surpassed all his former efforts. Never had words come so easily, puns been made so wittily, repartees been given so rapidly, or an effect produced so triumphantly as at this memorable repast; and when they at length rose to return to the drawing-room, it was with proud satisfaction that he felt he had made an impression that would be lasting. And to what further achievements he might have been led, had not Miss Bell's cab been directly after announced, it would be hard to determine; but he had experienced the ecstasy of seeing her pass by many eager aspirants, to ask him to find her shawl and place her safely in the cab, all which he had done in a perfect glow at the distinction, receiving at her hands, as a parting gift, the flower she had worn in her bosom all the evening. Ah! that flower; since that eventful night with what fond rapture had he taken it daily from its resting-place, in the drawer where he kept his clean clothes, to look at it, and sigh over it, and smell it! for something told him, in tones that were not to be mistaken, that he had met his fate.

Since that time he had lived in a daily tremor of expectation,

hoping, yet always fearing, to see her. Often, while contemplating a distant but approaching object which resembled one of the bonnets she was in the habit of wearing, had he walked into the arms of some stout lady who was turning a corner, to his own discomfiture and her manifest detriment. Often, when going to some customer's house, with a brown-paper parcel under his arm and a yard-stick in his hand, had he fancied that he saw her coming down the street, and had thereupon hurried down the first turning and round another way, cursing in his heart the miserable badges of his trade, which fate compelled him to carry. Once he had met her face to face, when he had taken off his hat with a flourish, inclined his body in the approved style, and walked over a small child which stood in his way, all at one and the same time. After this occurrence he had privately bought three candles, and had burnt them in the midnight solitude of his bedroom, while composing that poem which commenced thus—

“A gentleman I easier can pourtray,
But how shall I by any means convey,
The many phases of the witching grace,
The varied charms of figure and of face,
The locks Hyperion, or the killing glance
Of sparkling eyes that look at you askance
With such deep meaning in their liquid gleam.
That as you meet the softly kindling beam,
You needs must yield, the magic spell obey,
That spite your reason, charms your heart away !”

And much more to the same effect, all of which had appeared in the Poet's Corner of the “Muddleford Weekly Chronicle,” entitled “Stanzas to A.,” Annie being the Christian name of Miss Bell. Public opinion had been very much at sea as to the author of this sentimental effusion; but what cared Pepin for that. *He* knew; *he* walked about with the proud knowledge that in *his* brain had germinated the lines which agitated the breasts of all the young ladies of Muddleford whose names begun with an A. And perhaps *she* knew; what rapture, what ecstasy, that thought gave him! and his heart glowed with a triumphant fire, that even packages of hosiery could not damp, nor brown-paper parcels and yard-sticks extinguish.

Then had occurred an incident which for a time caused the reason of Pepin McNidge to totter on its throne. One morning *he* had risen rather earlier than usual, and had settled down to a poem *he* was writing; but after cudgelling his brain for two hours and vainly seeking for inspiration by the approved method of hitting his forehead and walking with unsteady steps up and down his chamber, and having only succeeded in writing one line, a corresponding line to which seemed beyond the reach of human ingenuity.

he had relinquished his efforts, had descended into the shop and commenced dusting his department with a heavy heart. And when he saw the postman entering the door, he had gone to take the letters from him with averted look and melancholy air, and had commenced sorting them in a spiritless sort of way that was quite pitiable to behold; and when he came to that scented envelope, it was with a listless curiosity that he turned it over to see to whom it was directed. But his countenance changed when he read, in charming feminine characters, the address, "Pepin McNidge, Esq., 42, High-street, Muddelford." He drew a long breath, carefully examined its exterior, and smelt it; then drew another long breath, opened it, and read—

"Miss Bell presents her compliments to Mr. McNidge, and requests the pleasure of his company at an evening party, on Friday, Dec. 26th. Dancing to commence at 9 o'clock."

Now if there was one trait more conspicuous than another in his habit of mind, it was the coolness and *sang-froid* with which he deported himself under trying circumstances, or on sudden emergencies; but this momentous character of this communication, the tremendous issues it involved, and the clear proof it so unmistakably gave that he was not entirely forgotten by her whose absolutely distracting perfection had never for an instant been absent from his mind, were altogether too much even for his self-possession. The shop seem to swim round him, and he reeled against a pile of prints, bringing them in confusion to the ground, and was only brought to his senses by hearing the voice of his master exclaiming, in harsh accents, "Mr. McNidge, sir! what is the matter with you; you'd better be careful, sir!" And he had mentally determined that he would be careful; careful of that precious letter, which he took the first opportunity of kissing and then consigning to the pocket which was nearest to his heart. How he eat next to nothing both that day and the next, deriving support principally from the continued reperusal of that letter; and how he spent two whole evenings and wasted a quire of best note-paper in endeavouring to compose a suitable answer, it is needless for us to particularise. Let it suffice to narrate that an acceptance of the invitation was at length written and despatched (and, of course, immediately after, when it was too late, he remembered a very telling sentence that he had entirely omitted); and that in the course of a few days he had recovered himself sufficiently to be able to refrain from any outward and visible signs of the joy that refreshed while it agitated his soul within.

CHAPTER II.

TIME had come round, and it was the evening of Christmas day. All day long the snow had been falling, accompanied by a fierce north-east wind, that whirled the snow flakes about in such a mad style that they seemed half undecided whether the ground were their destination or not, and so kept making a rush first to one side and then to the other, and then straight up in the air like so many unquiet spirits. Nevertheless, the ground had become covered far and wide with a white mantle of considerable thickness; and now, in the dusk of the evening, as Pepin and his friend John stood looking out of the window of Mr. Tibbins' house, they noticed how rapidly the wheel and hoof marks in the road and the dirty track on the path were becoming filled up and erased by those little restless morsels, whose behaviour was wilder than ever. Pleasant had been the day so nearly over. Pepin had dined *en famille* with the Tibbins', the only other strangers being two orphan nieces of his host's, who had come to spend Christmas with them; and then all had joined in playing charades, blindman's buff, family coach, and other Christmas games, in which the principal talents required are good temper and agility. Pepin had joined in all this, but it was with a coolness and want of zest, together with occasional fits of abstraction, that made it but too apparent that his thoughts were far away. John had not noticed it, being too much engaged with such ordinary pleasures as are found in eating and drinking, dodging about to escape the pursuer in blindman's buff, or disporting himself in the intricacies of the gay quadrille. But Mary Anne had felt it deeply. There had been a time when the plump little figure, rosy cheeks, and laughing black eyes, of which she was the happy possessor, had been a great attraction to Pepin; when he would have been sure to have secured her hand for the first set, which he knew she liked, and which he danced so well. True, he had danced with her once during the evening, but it was with a coolness and apathy that went to her heart. And now the tea-things having been cleared away, and Mr. and Mrs. Tibbins having ensconced themselves by the fireside, she was sitting with her two cousins, embroidering, some slippers, and wondering what could be the meaning of it all; while Pepin and John were talking by the window.

"I've sanguinary hopes of doing of it," said John, alluding to the first attempt he had made that evening to unravel the mysteries of that dance called the "Redowa." "I shall have another go at it to-morrow; that is," he added dubiously, "if anybody 'll try it with me."

"Oh! you will do it in time," said Pepin, turning from the window; "and if you'll take my advice, you will have *sanguine* hopes for the future."

"Ah!" said John, apologetically, "I thought it didn't sound quite right, but you know what I mean. And I really *do* think I shall do it pretty soon," he added, returning again to the subject on his mind; "it's very difficult at first, but when I get over them twists I shall have it; let's see, this is how it goes, aint it?" and he executed a series of hops and skips and false starts, which Pepin watched with an amused look of superiority, for he had mastered "them twists" long ago.

John had discontinued his efforts to attain proficiency on "the light fantastic toe," and had resumed his occupation of watching the snow flakes, when the silence was again broken, this time by Pepin. "John," said he, turning to his friend, "do you believe in mental magnetism? Do you believe," he continued, without giving John time for an answer, "do you believe in that mysterious affinity that exists between some people, drawing, nay, forcing them into close and intimate relations one with another? Have you experienced that subtle power which makes us feel attracted or repelled by a person whom we have never seen before? Can you analyse the spell that is sometimes cast over us by a soul mightier than our own? Ah! I believe in it; I have experienced it; but vain is my attempt to analyse it!"

"Is it though!" said John, in a tone which implied incredulity, "well, I shouldn't 'a thought it."

"Now," continued Pepin, "take as a very common illustration the friendship between man and man; take the friendship which exists between ourselves, John. Now, I am tall, and you are not; I give my entire leisure to the wooing of the Muses, you scarcely know the difference between a Muse and a-a-a dromedary. I pay great attention to verbal and grammatical accuracy in my conversation, you maltreat the Queen's English with an innocent calmness and incoherency of articulation, which I assure you sometimes throws me into a cold perspiration; and though I know that a better effect would be produced when we are out walking together, if I did not have to double myself up quite so much to enable me to carry on a conversation with you; though, I must admit, I should prefer you to have a taste for literature and a mind for grammatical harmonies,—yet for you, friend John, I cherish a feeling of friendship such as I have for none else!"

"So do I, old man, so do I," said John fervently.

"And can you not imagine what it must be," Pepin went on with increasing enthusiasm, "when the other to that sacred bond of union is of the gentler sex? when the heart that beats in response to

your own is feminine? *Then* what a charm is thrown over you life; how brightly the sun shines, how sweetly the birds sing, how changed everything appears *then*; with what increased energy do you put forth your strength, straining every nerve to render yourself more worthy of your *alter ego*!"

"Don't you, just!" said John; "I believe you there," and so he did from his heart, though he had but a very vague conception what anybody's "*alter ego*" was.

Pepin laid one hand on his friend's shoulder, and looking him full in the face was about to say something in his most impressive manner, when his glance, wandering for an instant round the room, encountered a look of mingled sorrow, reproach, and a something else which he could not quite understand from Pollie; while at the same moment he heard Mrs. Tibbins notifying that supper was ready; so in some confusion he turned abruptly away, and meeting one of the cousins, made some vague remark, and asked her to come to supper, which she did in a slight flutter at the honour done her. And though his conscience, roused by that look, rather smote him, it was soon forgotten in the bewildering character of the knowledge that to-morrow was boxing-day, and that really, without any chance of mistake, on the evening of that day the ball at Captain Bell's was to take place.

During supper that was the principal topic of conversation. Both John and Pollie were going, and great were the anticipations indulged in with regard to the splendour and diversity of the entertainment. It was already known that two violins and a cornet had been specially engaged to accompany the piano during the dancing. And some real private theatricals had been got up by some of the young people; none of your charades, which are at the best but make-believes, but a real play, with real dresses, real swords, a real stage, and some very nearly real thunder and lightning. And though Mr. and Mrs. Tibbins were not going, they took as much interest in the proceedings as if they were, the only silent one of the party being Pollie.

Poor Pollie! It certainly was very hard to have to pretend she was delighted to go, when she would much rather have stayed away. She did not care particularly for these grand affairs at any time, her taste lying more in the direction of a quiet, cosy, homely little party with no formality. And now that Pepin was estranged from her, she cared less for gaiety than ever. For she had seen through it all; she had noticed his lately-acquired depressed looks and bright-coloured neckties; she had read the piece of poetry to "A.;" she had heard and understood his rhapsody that very afternoon about "affinities" and what not, and had seen the inward delight that moved him at the prospects of the morrow; and she knew only too well that at

must be traced to that fatal evening at her father's house where he had first met Annie Bell. So it is not to be wondered at that she looked forward to the coming festivities with feelings not joyous but grievous. And it was quite a relief to her when supper was over and they separated with mutual expressions of goodwill and good wishes for the new year just approaching; Mr. and Mrs. Tibbins and John to sleep the sleep of the just, she to retire to her chamber and shed many sorrowful tears, and Pepin to wend his way to his back attic, there to lie tossing about in vain endeavours to think of the best way of saying what he meant to say to Miss Bell on the morrow, and finally to fall into a troubled slumber from which he awoke in a state of great perturbation, having dreamt that he had attempted to say what he meant to say to Miss Bell, and had made a mull of it.

Boxing-day dawned at last, as all days we have been looking forward to do in due course of time, and with it came more snow and more wind. And the hours passed with their ordinary speed and regularity, though to Pepin, the anxious one, they seemed to drag terribly. Often, when in the hurry and bustle of business, had he thought of the joys of solitude, and the good use he would make of days of leisure, had he been fortunate enough to possess them. And now that he had what he desired, for business was suspended, and he had the whole of the day to himself, how vain were his attempts to put his good intentions into practice. He got out paper, pens, and ink, and set to work on an epic poem he was writing in pentameters; but the Muse would not respond, and the words would not rhyme. Then he tried blank verse, but succeeded even worse, producing nothing but blank paper which was reflected in his own blank face. Lastly he threw all his energy into an essay he had lately determined upon writing, having for its aim the proving that woman is necessary for the welfare of the universe and the happiness of mankind; but it was no use trying. When he had just built up in his mind a very elaborate argument, before he could put it to paper, the thought of that blue waist-ribbon Miss Bell had last worn would come upon him with such overpowering effect as to put to flight every other thought in his head, and to reduce to chaos his reasonings *a priori*, together with his deductions *a posteriori*.

But the time when he could, with some show of reason, begin the operation of dressing arrived at last. And when that task was completed, and he saw as much of his person reflected in the glass as its rather scanty dimensions of six inches square would permit, he could not help thinking that the dress suit he had hired for the occasion fitted him to a nicety, and that the white rosebud in his button-hole was perfection itself. And it was with a feeling of

proud satisfaction swelling in his breast, at the consciousness that this evening at least he would look worthy of his choice, and be able more triumphantly than ever to carry all before him, that he descended the stairs and entered the four-wheeler which had been specially chartered to convey him safely to his destination.

It is a matter for regret that space will not allow of as full and circumstantial a description of what occurred, on that eventful evening, as we should like to write and as our readers might desire to peruse. And our regret is the keener that we cannot rescue from oblivion the graceful speeches and witty rejoinders that Pepin made, under the magnetic influence of those bright eyes. And we feel an almost irresistible impulse to describe in detail how John Tibbins, having found a young lady willing to share the perils of a Redowa with him, "had another go at it," and performed "them twists" in a most satisfactory manner. But inexorable space, or rather want of it, forbids, and we must content ourselves with briefly mentioning the fact, that at last, being fortified and emboldened by supper, Pepin led Miss Bell out to dance a schottische, in the grave performance of which he resolved himself into a series of animated geometrical figures of an exceedingly tasteful and intricate character; and that at its conclusion he led his partner to a cool and sequestered corner in the conservatory where they both sat down.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for that charming dance," said Pepin, with much *empressement*; "will you allow me to bring you some lemonade?"

"Oh, no! thanks!" said his companion, who was fanning herself with her handkerchief. "I am not thirsty, and this is such a pleasant spot to sit in—is it not?"

"Yes, indeed," he rejoined with an expressive look; "a veritable Eden to me, I assure you, blest as it is by the presence of the one who—"

"Do you see that beautiful camellia bud?" she said, interrupting him and looking away. "I wish you would get it for me—then—I have something particular to say to you."

Pepin did not require to be asked twice, and very soon he secured the bud, claiming as reward the privilege of fastening it in her dress; which operation having been at length satisfactorily performed, he sat down just a shade closer to her than before, and prepared to listen.

"Now," she began, "before I tell you a word you must promise me faithfully never to reveal it to anybody: not to a living soul!"

"Upon my sacred word of honour," said Pepin solemnly, at the same time placing his hand upon his breast, "I vow I never

will. To whom could I wish to unfold—the communion of two hearts—the—

"No; I am sure you will not," said she, interrupting him. "I am sure you are of too honourable a nature to commit such a breach of confidence (here Pepin laid his hand upon his heart), and there is no one but you in whom I can confide (here he with difficulty restrained himself from going down on his knees), and really I am most unhappy," and she lifted her handkerchief to her eyes.

In a voice trembling with emotion Pepin besought her "not to distress herself, to dry her tears, to rely upon him," and much more to the same effect, and even went so far as to take her hand and press it.

"You must know," she continued after having yielded to his entreaties and become calm, "you must know that a—a very particular friend of my father's is in great trouble and even danger. He has, unfortunately, got himself mixed up with some political disturbance, and with others has been compelled to leave this country to escape the clutches of the law. And this morning we have received a letter from him, telling us that he has returned, and is at present hiding at Wixley, and that he is absolutely without money or necessaries of any kind, having been compelled to pawn or sell all he possesses for his daily need. And he is not well enough to walk here from Wixley in this weather.

"Dear me!" said Pepin, quite shocked; "how dreadful!"

"Yes; isn't it?" she replied; "and the trouble is increased by the impossibility of communicating with him. You know," she continued, in answer to his inquiring look, "we dare not address a letter to him in his correct name, for fear of making his whereabouts known; and the foolish fellow omitted to tell us in his letter what name he was passing under; and we know nobody whom we could trust to go to him. Really, I can't think whatever we shall do," and she raised her handkerchief to her eyes again.

Pepin comprehended the situation in a moment; he saw that here was an opportunity of achieving something worthy of himself. Had the lady been any other than Miss Bell, the chivalrous regard for the fair sex which was such a prominent feature in his character, would have impelled him to do his utmost on her behalf. But when the distressed one was his idol, his love and his guiding star, the one whose presence haunted him by day and marred his slumbers by night, there was no room for reflection or hesitation. So he ventured to take her hand once more, and said in a voice of trembling fervour, "Dear Miss Bell, if you can trust me, I will go for you."

Miss Bell withdrew her handkerchief from her face, and look at him with eyes made more beautiful than ever by the bewitching glitter of tears, and said gratefully, "Oh, Mr. McNidge, how can I thank you? I was sure from what I knew of your character that you would help us; but what a terrible journey it will be, in this weather too!"

"Oh! pray don't think of that," said he eagerly; "I'm sure I shan't care a straw for it. I rather enjoy roughing it, and I am quite fond of snow. When would you like me to start? Now! Immediately?"

"Oh, no," she answered with a smile. "Of course, not to-night; but if to-morrow night will be convenient to you, I should be so glad, as I am so dreadfully anxious to hear how he is."

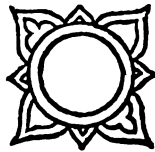
"To-morrow night it shall be done," declared Pepin with a determined air; "to-morrow night the very natural anxiety which you and your father feel for the safety of a friend shall be dissipated, whatever obstacles array themselves in my path. Nothing in the world shall prevent me carrying out a request of yours." And Heaven knows he meant it.

"We had better now return to the drawing-room or we shall be missed," said Miss Bell, after a short pause; "before you go to-night I will give you this purse and letter, which you have so kindly promised to give to Mr. Franklyn; that is his name, Harry Franklyn. You will find him at the Wheatsheaf, a small public house down a place called Crabb's Gardens. I don't know how you can ask for him, only be sure you don't mention his real name. But I know I can trust to your discretion," she added with a bright smile, the charm of which sent a glow to poor Pepin's heart that threatened to pulverise it.

With what different feelings did he lead her back to the drawing room! How indescribably important he felt as he surveyed the other members of the party, who were doing their flirting, or what not, in the old humdrum, commonplace style, that had equally prevailed when their grandfathers were boys! How he pitied them as he watched an ardent swain eagerly fetching lemonade, almonds and raisins for the object of his admiration, and then seeing himself by the fair one's side, assume a look of self-complacency which said, as plainly as possible, that he felt he merited some reward for his trouble! And how stupid, Pepin thought, must be the position of one born in good circumstances, who had fallen in love with a lady of equally good circumstances, by whom he was loved in return, and whose parents united with his parents in desiring the match! How much more glorious it was to have soared high above the sphere in which he was born, and to have fixed his choice on one who was the object of universal admiration, and

whom a Duke might be proud to make a Duchess—whose father was a weather-beaten old sea captain, with an imperious manner, and a way of looking at any one who seemed desirous of paying his daughter more attention than the strict rules of politeness required, in a manner that seemed to say, "Come, sheer off, my hearties, don't think you've any chance with that tight little craft!" And with what proud anticipation did Pepin imagine to himself how the old captain's face would relax when he heard of his gallant achievement in the snow; how he would "shiver his timbers" with astonishment, and "splice his mainbrace" with delight; then, finally, he would say. "Take her, my boy—she's worthy of you," or something to that effect! And then Pepin thought how he would take her—and he got so immersed in the contemplation of that prodigious thought, that he did not notice the gradual departure of the guests, until he suddenly became sensible of the immediate presence of his divinity, who slipped a letter and a purse into his hands, and with a hurried explanation that she must go to look after the comfort of her departing friends, bade him good night and God speed, and was gone.

He was rather taken aback at the abruptness of this leave-taking, for he had meant to say something tender at parting; but he comforted himself by thinking of their next meeting, and the stupendous results that would then ensue; and he furthermore relieved his feelings by thanking Captain Bell with extreme warmth and fervour for the delightful, enchanting evening he had enjoyed, and then taking a most affectionate leave of him, which made the old gentleman jokingly ask him "whether he thought of dying shortly?" to which Pepin responded "that he sincerely hoped not;" but did it in a way that left it open to be inferred that he might meet with a violent death at no very distant period. For he had read many authentic cases of people losing their way and being frozen to death; and he knew the risk would be his shortly, and he gloried in the knowledge.



"SOUGHT FOR SILLER."

By the Author of "The Widower's Wooing," "Maude Carrington's Mistake,"
&c., &c.

"RULES TO BE OBSERVED AT STANTON HALL IN THE EVENT OF FIRE."

"*Rule No. 1.*—As Women are certain in emergencies to lose the little head they have, they are desired, should a fire occur, to cut a hole in a blanket and put their heads through it, and then to assist in saving the most portable of the furniture. N.B.—The blanket had better be kept ready for use by each woman in my establishment."

"ABSURD!" I cried, taking down a large card which hung over the drawing-room mantle-piece. "We can't have this hanging there, May: it's too ridiculous. I shall hide it somewhere."

I had barely concealed the obnoxious card under the sofa cushion, when the author of these curious rules entered the room where May and I were sitting enjoying a cosy chat in the gloaming of a dark December afternoon. Advancing into the bright fire-light, he exclaimed: "Why, bless me! where's that card of mine? It was hanging here this morning. Who has touched it, I should like to know?"

"I am the culprit," I said. "You must blame me; and I promise to cut the blankets to-morrow."

The wind was sighing and moaning outside amid the branches of the old fir-trees in the now desolate garden, and ever and anon the lilac bushes were swayed against the panes of the low, old-fashioned windows of the low, old-fashioned drawing-room; for everything at Stanton Hall, saving our two young selves, dated from 1700 and something; and Stanton Hall itself dated from I don't know when, but very far back, indeed, I should think; it never could have had any pretension to style of any kind, architecturally speaking, either Norman, or Tudor, or Elizabethan, or even Gothic; but was built, I suppose, because some one wanted a large house to live in, and was not particular as to what it looked like from an outside point of view. For it was square, and grey, and bare, and very ugly, while within the rooms were very numerous and comfortably, if not luxuriously, furnished. There were old-fashioned chairs and old-fashioned china, and old-fashioned mirrors, which were evidently designed as an antidote to vanity. Venus herself would have appeared a plain-looking young person, had she ventured to peep into them. I confess I avoided them on principle, having once seen my oval face puffed out like a yellow

in; my shapely head—for I have a shapely head and an
nce of russet-brown hair—flattened down to within one inch
little pointed chin, leaving me all eyes and a turned-up
o it was a horrible caricature of Marian Neville, my sprightly
too sprightly to suit the notions of Admiral Cuffe, whose
nd ward I was. He got on much better with his ward No. 2,
nesake and cousin, Marian Neville, called May, to dis-
her from me. We might have been twins, for we were
the same day, and, singularly enough, we had both been
e same Christian name. Moreover we were left motherless
erless about the same time, only that my parents died in
l, and May's father and mother in India. Captain Neville,
r brother, was in a cavalry regiment and comparatively a
n; while Captain Neville, the younger brother, had married
ss—the beautiful Miss Bradley—who was May's mother.

two poor little orphans were left to the guardianship of
James; and he, not knowing what to do with his two
lless charges, asked everybody's advice, and then did what
e blamed him for doing—he placed us in a convent, near
here we remained until we were seventeen, with occasional
the homes of our schoolfellows in Paris and elsewhere. I
ave been May's senior by years, from the care I took, and
ing I bestowed, and the love I felt for my little May flower,
d to call her, for she was small and slight, and delicate and
he was quite half a head shorter than I was, and if her
ace did not at once take strangers by storm, and if they
es rather overlooked her, they made up for it when they
o know her and her childlike, innocent ways, so full of
and winning grace. With her dark-brown eyes and her
ite skin, she reminded one of a little, white kitten, or a
hite dove, or of anything that was soft and white, and warm
ming. We had everything in common; in childhood we
ur toys and our bonbons, as we now shared the amusements,
asures, and advantages, of our young ladyhood. May
on our continuing to dress alike; and as pink was her
e colour, our plumage looked a trifle gay for our sombre
dings, and our pink cambric, pink cashmeres, pink silks, and
lles, used to make Uncle James inveigh against the extrava-
f our sex.

te in our fate, as far as we had hitherto travelled, we were
rly unlike in our fortunes, May being an heiress, and I
portionless; for she would inherit £100,000 on her coming
he dower of her dead mother, while I should inherit £5000
f dear extravagant father.

heiress-ship of hers troubled her very much. She was a

romantic little soul, and was morbidly fearful of not being wooed for her sweet self; so she had pledged me to secrecy as to which of us two was the rich Marian Neville, and as there was no one to enlighten the world but Uncle James, and as his dislike of fortune hunters ranked next to his dislike of, and contempt for, our sex, I did not attempt to discourage the notion that gained ground in the neighbourhood that the tall, handsome, high-spirited Miss Nevill was the fortunate heiress.

We had never been separated but once, and that once was when she left us to spend a fortnight with a married school-fellow of ours in Lincolnshire. I had caught cold and could not go at the last moment; but I insisted on her doing so, and how I afterwards regretted that visit was ever paid! but for that she might never have known Mr. Warburton. I don't say that he was not just the sort of man a girl like her would make a hero of, especially if he laid himself out to please her, as I am very sorry to say he afterwards laid himself out to please me. • I can't deny his good looks either; they were patent to all. He fancied, and, I think people fancied, that he bore a striking resemblance to the Crow Prince of Germany, and, I believe, he used to cut his hair and grow his moustache after those of that august model. Oh, what did that dear, good-natured, round-faced, blue-eyed, stalwart Harvey Prescott invite such a wolf in sheep's clothing to stay indefinitely at Prescott Grange! Did his slight acquaintance with him warrant such a blunder, as I must call it? And then he was blind as not even to see that May was all sparkle, and animation and coquetry, when that provokingly good-looking Mr. Warburton was present.

Before Harvey brought him to our house I suspected, from many little hints and half confessions dropped by May, how matters stood between them. He had laid siege to her tender little heart from the first moment of their meeting, and though nothing of a definite nature had been actually said by him, he had yet implied unutterable devotion. She was as sure of his affection as though he had actually and positively declared himself; and it was with unbounded delight that she heard of his intended visit to the Prescotts.

Knowing all this, great was my indignation and astonishment at finding the whole battery of his attentions turned exclusively to me. It was on me, and not on May, that he bestowed his tender glances, his low, whispered words, his hand pressures, his outspoken admiration; and May, with all a woman's injustice, laid the blame of her lover's fickleness at my door, quite ignoring the probability of his having heard in the neighbourhood of heiress-ship. I never for one moment attributed the change in him to aught else. I had heard that he was very impecunious, tho-

of good family ; and thought doubtless that he was in search of an heiress, that he wanted to marry money—many people do ; it's usual, if not chivalrous. Still I could not forgive him for making a shuttlecock of May's heart, and winning her love when he supposed her to be rich, only to throw it aside so coolly when he imagined himself to have been mistaken. Neither could I excuse the insult to her as well as to me—in his thus openly seeking me under the eyes of her he had so recently sought. I therefore, forbore to set him right, feeling it would be doing a wrong instead of a kindness to May, and to that honest Harvey Prescott who so loved her, though silently and humbly as yet. But to return to Uncle James. He was always very kind to us provided we did not run counter to any of his hobbies—and he had many. These rules in case of fire were his last. They were written out in a large text hand on cardboard, and were hung up in a conspicuous place all over the house, from kitchen to attics.

"I am surprised at your taking them down," he continued. "Have the goodness, my dear, to put them where you found them."

And he placed himself on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, looking very combative. His blue eyes sparkling with irritation, his white hair standing very erect, and his weather-beaten old face looking additionally rosy, from the combined effects of the wind, the fire, and the heat of his argument.

"I'll put them up again," persisted I, "before dinner, as soon as our rehearsal is over," and I drew the skirt of my pink cashmere away from too close contact with his boots, which were not guiltless of mud, and gently smoothed the brown fur with which it was trimmed.

"We expect Mr. Prescott and Mr. Warburton every minute—don't we, May?—Will you be prompter, uncle, I asked, by way of compliment, though devoutly hoping he would refuse. "It's our first rehearsal, and I'm afraid we don't any of us half know our part as yet."

"Thank you, no, my dear ; I'm too old for such nonsense. It's very well for you young people ; but in my young days young ladies had something else to do than act plays."

May was comfortably ensconced in a low chair, bending forward to on her part by the fire-light, her eyes bent down to the book resting on her knees.

"Such devotion as yours deserves an adequate reward," she murmured. "'My happiness, I feel, will be secure in your hands. Such devotion as yours'— Oh, Marian, I can't get this bit by heart," she exclaimed ; "you take the book, dear, and let me try. I'm sure I shall never know it."

"Rubbish !" cried Uncle James, contemptuously. "Can't you

find anything better to learn than that ; in my days Shakespear was thought good enough."

"Shakespeare is quite beyond us," cried May, laughing ; "the little comedy is almost too much for me. You are responsible I break down, Marian," she added, giving me the book.

It was very well for her to say that, but I knew well enough whose persuasions it was that had induced May to undertake the part of "Lady Alice" in the clever and original comedy of "Two Strings to my Bow ;" she wanted to play Juliet to Mr. Warren Warburton's Romeo.

"Perhaps it may fall through, after all," I said. "Certainly, we don't seem to find any one to take the part of my haughty father. I have written to Mr. Prescott to scour the country for a suitable parent for me, so we must wait and see what he says about it when he comes." A ring at the door-bell informed us that the actors had arrived, and the next moment three gentlemen entered the drawing-room. I seized the poker, not as a weapon of defence against the advances of the new-comers, but with a view of making the wood blaze up brightly, that I might see what the stranger was like.

"Have you brought me a father, Mr. Prescott ?" I exclaimed, and the next moment I was sorry for the remark, for the blazing wood threw a flickering light over the room, and over the face of the stranger—for it was at him I looked ; and instead of a young Oxford man I had expected Mr. Prescott would have captured from that seat of learning, I saw a staid-looking, middle-aged man, with a short yellow moustache, a full face, tall, and round-shouldered, and wearing his left arm in a sling.

The stranger laughed a pleasant laugh, quite the pleasantest I had ever heard, as he said, advancing to my side, with quiet self-possession, "I believe I am brought here for that purpose ; and I willingly place myself at your disposal, Miss Neville. I hope I shall not be compelled to treat my daughter with undue severity, or to blight her matrimonial prospects," and the kindest pair of eyes in the world scanned my face in the flickering light.

"Miss Neville," cried Harvey Prescott, as old Anthony brought in the lamp and placed it on the table, "you will find Major Gunthorpe a great acquisition ; I met him quite by chance this morning ; he is staying with a brother of his at Oxford ; he is one of the Ashantee heroes, so you must make much of him ; his name will look very well in the programme."

Uncle James now came forward, and shook hands cordially with Major Gunthorpe before beating a retreat, remarking that he should only be in the way if he stayed, and we should probably get on better without him.

Rehearsal begun very tamely at first. Major Gunthorpe read his part from his book, and I, being his only and much-loved daughter, was ever by his side, and received much paternal patting from him, which soon caused us to be on surprisingly good terms with each other, considering the shortness of our acquaintance; and when, at the close of the last scene, I had to sink fainting in his arms, on the discovery of my lover's treachery, and he had to exclaim, "From henceforth, my child, we will be all in all to each other; I will remove you far from this traitor's path," he glanced so beautifully at the traitor—Warren Warburton—and looked so tenderly down on me, sobbing on his breast, that Harvey Prescott exclaimed enthusiastically, "Bravo! Gunthorpe. Didn't I say you would do it first-rate; you are the best father I ever knew."

His only answer was a quiet smile at me, which made me somehow feel rather conscious.

Mr. Warburton was certainly not at his best this evening. His lot was to make alternate love to "Lady Alice" and "Rose"—May and myself. I watched him closely, and noticed how listlessly and mechanically he said his love speeches to her, while she, with her cheeks flushed, and a vibration in her musical voice, told too plainly—at least, to me—that she was not acting at all, but was very much in earnest. I hoped that she would notice the difference of his manners towards us both as I felt and noticed it; and at last I think she did, and some one else also—one new recruit,—for after I and Mr. Warburton had gone through a very pretty love scene, which was most affecting and effective, and where he had to plead for my love on his bended knees, and where he pleads with such earnestness and force as to make me quite angry with him, more especially as he was supposed to be only trifling with my affections, while devotedly attached to the Lady Alice, I felt inclined to shake him for his cool impudence in taking advantage of the situation to make a display of admiration of myself.

After this terribly compromising behaviour on the part of Mr. Warburton, Major Gunthorpe, from being actively pleasant towards me, became merely passively so, giving me up to him in every little way he could in a most provoking manner. I felt inclined to upset and extinguish Mr. Warburton to the best of my power, but then I reflected that I should be doing May a service, and a great one, if I could help her to the knowledge of the kind of man she was letting her tender little heart grow fond of, before, by any mischance, he should come to learn that she, and not I, possessed what he was in search of—money; besides, Harvey Prescott seemed so happy and contented if allowed to be near her, taking what I knew as only good-natured friendship on her part for the feeling that rested on his; and thinking, moreover, as I did, that by-and-bye

she might favourably contrast the worthlessness of the one with the worth of the other, and so allow herself to be consoled. I determined that she should be disenchanted as soon as possible if it depended on me, at the risk of my being reckoned a flirt by—well everybody.

"Have you met Mr. Warburton?" I presently asked of Major Gunthorpe, finding that there seemed to be little or no cordiality between them; "he is reckoned a very good actor." He looked at me quietly, as if meditating on the motive of my question, and then answered slowly—

"I suppose he is a good actor; he seems to understand his part very well. Perhaps he has practiced it a good deal."

"Not with me," I answered quickly; "this is the first rehearsal we have had." I was unaccountably anxious to disabuse his mind of the impression that was evidently taking root there, respecting myself and Mr. Warburton; but I fancy that I failed in this, for he only said, drily—

"If that is the case it does him great credit; but I am hardly a competent man to pass judgment on his merits, as I confess the little I know of him has not prejudiced me in his favour. But pardon me," he added lightly, "I ought to find something more agreeable to say to you. Ought I not?"

"I have not had a moment to congratulate you," said a soft, small voice at my elbow. "My dear Miss Neville, I am charmed with your vivacity and *espieglerie*. I was prepared for much, but not so much real talent as you have displayed this evening."

A rebuff almost sprung to my lips at this ill-timed flattery, but instead of which I bestowed upon him a pleasant smile, and said meekly, "I hope your praise is not satire in disguise, for I am afraid I hardly played up to you."

"That will come in time," he murmured, bending over me; "I dare not hope for more as yet."

"We are not acting now, Mr. Warburton," I said, annoyed that Major Gunthorpe should have moved away in so marked a manner.

"Indeed we are not, dear Miss Neville," he replied. "I never was more in earnest in my life; never so desirous to please, and never so far from succeeding I fear."

His handsome face was very close to mine, far too close I thought, as he stood smiling with the conscious air of a favoured lover, stroking his moustache with one hand, and idly playing with a locket attached to his watch-chain with the other. I felt we were making a ridiculous tableau, and that Major Gunthorpe thought as much. So I laughed a little mocking laugh, pausing before crossing the room to where May and Harvey Prescott were standing, to

"I don't believe in your humility a-bit, Mr. Warburton ; and now you don't wish I should."

May and Harvey Prescott were in deep conversation, their heads bent close together over the little book they held, though her head hardly reached to his shoulder.

"You mustn't say that bit quite so fast, Mr. Prescott; for I am to recover from my embarrassment on your unexpected declaration," May was saying; "and you don't give me time to think again?"

"Since the first moment I saw you, dear Lady Alice," commenced Harvey, "I have known but one hope, one wish, one thought—"

"You make me laugh, Mr. Prescott," she said, taking the book from his hand; "you run the words all together. You are too great a hurry. We'll have a quiet little rehearsal to-morrow, that will be best, won't it, Marian?" she added, turning to me.

"How kind you are to put up with me!" Harvey murmured. "What time shall I come?"

"Whenever you like," she answered, good-naturedly; and while James just then making his appearance, with the intimation that the half-hour bell would ring directly, the gentleman took the opportunity, and after a general and lively discussion as to future rehearsals and invitations to be given and costumes to be worn, they soon took their leave.

The ten days that followed threw us more than ever together; the days we met at Prescott Grange, Harvey's paternal home, where the people made much of us, Harvey, their only child, being more like a grandson than a son to them, they, his parents, being married late in life, as well as others. We all met at Stanton Hall. Nothing especially interesting took place on these occasions, except Mr. Warren Warburton making himself horribly conspicuous by his devotion to me; while May grew sad and reserved, with a touch of coldness in manner towards me, which was natural under the circumstances; but which grieved me very much. As to Mr. Gunthorpe, the more we saw of him the more we liked him. Mr. James took an especial fancy to him, asking him to dinner sometimes, and even to stay the night, a great mark of favour on his part when this happened. I sometimes took a stroll with him

after breakfast. There wasn't much to see about the quiet old place, but what there was I showed him; the dogs and our horses, the greenhouse, and even the pigs, for he said he was fond of them; so of course I took him to the farm-yard, and made him see the turkies, and the geese, and the pigeons. I was quite amused at a soldier being so domestic and so easily pleased. And

with my short gown, and my stout boots, and my warm grey jacket trimmed with beaver, I braved all weathers, taking long walks with him and Uncle James, May being too delicate to face the cold winds and the frost, and sometimes the snow. I did not know how thoroughly happy I was at this time till afterwards. Uncle James made me blush one day by telling me, before Major Gunthorpe, that I was looking radiant, and even asked him, with charming simplicity, if it were not so.

"Nothing like exercise for young ladies, is there, Gunthorpe!" he said, tapping my cheek, for he was in a particularly good humour this morning. "You've got your mother's grey eyes, Marian, if you have nothing else, and you remind me of her very much at times, poor thing!"

Major Gunthorpe's answer to this was a pleasant protecting smile, offering me, at the same time, his hand, in his gallant, semi-paternal, wholly tender manner, to assist me in crossing an unevenly muddy stretch of ground, while perpetrating a little joke as to his making the best use he could of the only hand he had.

I thought him the most delightful of companions, he had seen and done so much, he knew so many people worth knowing, he had such a happy knack of conversing without seeming to converse. It was no wonder Uncle James monopolised him in the way he did, and no wonder every one liked him and I more than all.

The evening of our theatricals found us with a very sympathetic and good-natured audience. The temporary theatre in other words, the long dining-room—was delightfully crowded; it made my heart beat on first seeing such an array of faces. I was sure half the country was there, with half the country's friends; and in an imposing background of domestics, coachmen and footmen, stable-boys, gardeners, ladies'-maids, house-maids, and kitchen-maids, all were there to admire and to applaud.

We all knew our parts, and all acted our best, and the gentle Lady Alice looked very lovely in her rich dresses, in her robe of black velvet and old lace, and diamond stars, and again in the robe of pale pink silk and pearls, and lastly, in her sea-green shimmering valise; for Lady Alice was the wealthy daughter of a noble Cavalier, while I, as a Puritan maiden, the daughter of a stern puritan parent was attired with puritan simplicity, the only relief to my soft grey dress being my cuffs and collar of white linen, and my red-brown hair loosely tied with a blue ribbon, so loosely tied that when I was finally folded in my father's arm, a stray tress caught in a button of his coat, and my efforts to disentangle it only brought down my wealth of hair over my shoulders in graceful confusion, adding to the abandonment of my attitude: the audience considering the tender manner in which he smoothed it back from

my face as a part of the tableau, pronounced the scene an excellently arranged one and true to nature, while I foolishly thought that the touch was a loving one, as I looked up into his face for one moment. After the play, when we had all resumed our ordinary attire, there was a little dancing and a great supper, in the interval of which Warren Warburton contrived to isolate me from the others, much against my will. "Your uncle is looking for you, Miss Neville, I think," he said; "I saw him in the billiard-room last."

"Thanks!" I answered; "I will go to him," and I ran quickly down the old corridor to the dimly-lighted billiard-room. One glance showed me it was empty, and I was about to return to the drawing-room, when I turned and beheld Mr. Warburton on the threshold. He had followed me there, and caught my hand as I was about to pass him.

"Stay one moment, Miss Neville," he said; "I never get a chance of speaking to you alone. Sit down here, won't you? and let me talk to you."

No, indeed," I replied; "we can talk here—can't we? then I can see what every one is doing." The hall at the end of the corridor was lined with couches and settees, and everyone was talking and laughing in little groups.

"As you like," he answered, leaning his back against the wall; "as long as I am with you I don't much care where we are, providing you will smile on me ever so little."

"Ah! Mr. Warburton," I said, impulsively. "That's one of your gallant speeches, that you have ready for all occasions. I daresay you have said the same to many others, my cousin May, perhaps?" and I looked at him keenly to see how he took my thrust.

A half contemptuous smile flickered for a moment over his cold good-looking face, and then he said earnestly—

"Is it possible, Marian, you can do yourself the injustice of being jealous of your little insipid cousin, May?" and he shrugged his shoulders. "Make your mind quite easy, my dear girl—I have never thought seriously of her for one moment; she is as tame and childish as you are *piquant* and tantalising, my bewitching Marian."

"You think so," I said dryly, controlling with difficulty the indignation I felt that he could so speak of my beautiful little May. "How lucky it is she doesn't hear you!—she wouldn't feel flattered. Who knows?" I added carelessly, "perhaps you will say something equally disagreeable of me to-morrow."

"Do you think I should?" he cried bending his eyes down to mine with an impassioned glance. "Can you not read my heart better than this—my beautiful Marian?"

"I won't let you talk to me like this," I said with affected playfulness; "it's chilly here and they are all moving into the supper-room; give me something to eat." And I placed my hand on his arm, and followed to the supper-room in the wake of the others, hating my self-imposed task, and yet glad that my opinion of this man was a correct one, and thankful that my darling would escape his clutches by my means.

HESPERUS.

I.

PALE, tremulous orb, most like the love
Which, when my morn of life was done,
Yet ere had waned the westering sun,
Smiled on my path from Heaven above.

II.

The garish joys of day were fled,
Youth's noontide hour for ever past,
Shadows were falling deep and fast,
And many an one I loved was dead,

III.

When in the purple-shadowed sky
Thy gentle radiance stole from far,
Then rounded into Hesper-star,
So bright because none else were by.

IV.

Yet even when they thickly stole,
Poor puny orbs, upon the night,
Thine influence still, more full and bright,
Exerted all its old control;

V.

And still will shine, when night is deep,
And, gathered to our solemn rest,
With heads upon the pillow press'd,
We calmly rest in dreamless sleep.

VI.

Yet ere descends that certain night,
Let us the gentle witchery own,
And wander, thou and I alone,
Beneath the hallowed gloaming light.

CLODE MORTON.

THE HUNCHBACK CASHIER:

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.¹

CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

NEAR to the City of Winchester lies the small village of Little Worthy, a quaint-looking place full of associations with the past. Here is the old church dedicated to St. Martin, dating centuries back, with the three large stone figures in front of the door, supposed to represent Christ and the two Marys. The broad meadows, and fields, and green woodlands that lie all around the little village, were given by the third son of the Conqueror to the monks of Hyde Abbey eight hundred years ago. How things have changed since then! How many have come and gone, and played out the dream of life in that little village, and in the old cathedral city—churchmen and people, knights and burghers, young and old!

Perhaps thoughts similar to these were passing through the mind of a sorrowing widow, who, with her two orphan children, sat weeping on a stile, midway between Winchester and Little Worthy.

It was a bright July afternoon, and the sun poured down, hot and glaring, on the sad group; but the weary, heart-broken woman little heeded it; she had seemed as one moving in a dream, and had scarce yet passed from her trance of grief. All nature, however, was bright and joyous, in sad contrast with her sorrow-stricken face. The birds were twittering in a clump of fine old oaks hard by, mowers were singing in a neighbouring hay-field, the blue waters of the Itchen wound like a band of silver through the green landscape; and in the distance, melting away into the golden clouds of the west, lay the North Downs, a long range of greyish-white hills, with a stretch of heath, forming a dark purple patch amidst the lighter tints of the uplands.

Mrs. Berrington was young in years and old in sorrow. On that

¹ The catastrophe of this story is founded upon fact. It is scarcely necessary that the writer should say, that for the allusions to manners, customs, costumes, and so forth, she is indebted to old pamphlets, newspapers, magazines, &c., of the last century.

bright summer afternoon she had followed the body of her husband through the streets of the city to its last resting-place. Among those old houses, with their red-tiled roofs, she could look upon the grey towers of the church, beneath whose walls she had seen him laid in his quiet resting-place. Oh the agony of that stricken heart! What a luxury it was to sit there and weep! He had been all that to her. They had loved so truly and fondly, their souls had been so perfectly united, they had never known what it was to have a quarrel. They had not been rich, but they had been content with what they had. Perhaps their only real sorrow had been a sad accident which had transformed their first-born, a fine, noble-looking lad, into the pale, delicate, misshapen boy, with an unsightly projection on the shoulders, who sits mournfully at his mother's feet, making a cowslip ball for the tiny little sister by his side—too young to realise her loss—while her brother tries to stem the torrent of his own grief, that he may prevent Rose from troubling poor mamma with questions.

Mr. Berrington had always enjoyed good health, until a violent cold brought on consumption—that disease fatal to so many of England's sons and daughters. Mrs. Berrington hoped against hope, though the sad malady made rapid and fearful strides. She brought her husband to Winchester, his native place. All she did was unavailing. Seated at the open window, on a balmy summer day, such as that on which he was buried, his head resting on the shoulder of his faithful and loving companion, he passed quietly away from life to death, without sigh or struggle—so gently, that she hardly knew that he was dead. Then, alas! she found that the jewel had gone, that the casket was empty, and that John Berrington's name should be known no more. To weep undisturbed was a luxury, but even this sad privilege Mary Berrington could no longer enjoy. She knew she must be up and doing. The staff and prop of her life had gone. There was no one now to stand between her and the rough usage of a hard world. And then there were her two poor children, the little girl scarce four years old, and the sickly deformed boy, to whom her heart clung the closer from his very misfortune.

She must go home—what a solitary home now! though she and her children were not its sole occupants. Perhaps she would rather that she should have been alone, for at home was her own uncle, a man reputed rich, but hoarding what wealth he had, though he could take it with him to that shadowy world on the borders of which his foot already trod. Some little time before his husband's death Mr. Pepper had proposed coming to live with his niece. The prospect was not promising, as he had never shown any affection for her, his sole relative. He was known for

close and penurious man, and was accompanied, moreover, by a cross, ill-natured serving-woman. However, poverty reconciles us to many hard things, and so, for the sake of the small stipend he offered, Mary Berrington received her uncle under her roof, waited on him hand and foot, and bore with the surliness and taunts and malice of Betsy. The old man threw out distant hints of benefiting her children, of making them his heirs. On her own account his niece would have been too proud to bend to the many indignities the selfish old uncle put upon her; but she considered that, rather than destroy her children's chances, she ought to bear the burthen, however great it might be.

The cottage inhabited by Mrs. Berrington was situated just on the outskirts of Little Worthy. It was a small white stuccoed house, with a porch covered with woodbine and dog-rose, a little garden dark with evergreens, the high road stretching away in front, with plantations on either side, and the dusky roof-tops and spires of Winchester visible in the distance.

"You've been long of coming home," said Mr. Pepper's morose old servant, as she met Mrs. Berrington and her children in the vestibule of the cottage. "I gave him his tea an hour syne," she added, jerking her finger in the direction of the door of the little sitting room in which her master usually sat. "He could na bide waiting so long; and now there'll be fresh tea to brew. I reckon the master will no' be for any extravagance; there'll be little enough; an' if we are to waste, there'll be less."

"I do not want any tea, Betsy," said Mrs. Berrington, her voice broken by grief and an irritation which she could not altogether repress at the insolence of the woman; "and as to extravagance and waste, I am not likely to be guilty of either the one or the other; but in any case it will not affect my uncle, as I do not wish him to keep either myself or my children."

"'Tis like he'll have to, though," muttered the old woman. "Come your ways," she added aloud, addressing the hunchback, "I trow you'll be for your tea, if your mother isn't. Wi' all your lank lean body and famishing looks, you tak more meat and drink, I warrant, than e'er a man in the parish. I'd be ashamed to feed i' sich a gait, and never to do a stroke of work."

An imploring look from his mother stayed the angry words on the boy's lips, and he followed the old woman in silence into the red flagged kitchen, where a scanty meal of bread, thinly spread with butter, and a little milk, was set out on a table for him and his little sister—the quantity of edibles but ill according with the idea conveyed by Betsy's words as to the consumption of food by poor Humphrey. The largest share of the milk and the choicest bits of bread and butter were given by him to Rose, and then, after

tea, when the little child, weary and exhausted, had cried herself sleep because she had no dear papa to kiss, he stole in to her, knelt down beside her bed, bowed his head on his folded arms, wept long and bitterly. Then he prayed for the dearly loved mother and the little sister, and so grew more composed. He rose from his knees, and standing by the open window, watched the sun die away in the west, till his thoughts gathered brightness from the crimson-tinted clouds. A brief dream of happiness filled the boy's soul: he would work hard, he would make way in the world, he would win a home for his mother and sister, and all their troubles would be at an end. And so the night surprised him still weaving that bright web of hope. The stars were out, and the glistening lamp of the tiny glow-worm sparkled on the green turf under the shadow of the beeches in the quaint old garden, before the voice of Betsy, calling him to supper, aroused him from his reverie.

In the little sitting room Mr. Pepper was seated with his niece at the open window, for the night was oppressively hot. He was a tall, thin man, with white hair, keen dark eyes, and very bushy eyebrows, clad in a loose dressing-gown, which he usually wore in the house to save his coat. As Humphrey entered the room he caught the words, uttered by Mr. Pepper, in an angry tone, "Eating you out of house and home," a remark which he doubted not applied to himself.

"Humphrey is not strong enough for the work you propose," said Mrs. Berrington, evidently in answer to some proposal of Humphrey's.

"Well, I don't know what's to be done; I can't keep him at home only a poor man, niece, a very poor man," said Mr. Pepper emphatically.

"Mamma, I can work, and I will work; I am stronger than you think me, indeed I am," exclaimed the poor boy, as he placed his thin transparent hand on his mother's shoulder.

"You see the lad has more sense than you have, niece," said Mr. Pepper.

"Humphrey does not know what he is talking of," replied Mrs. Berrington, sadly, "you know that, uncle; how could he carry heavy loads? John Berrington's son has not the strength to be a grocer's errand boy, even if he could so lower himself."

"Oh! as for that, beggars must not be choosers," remarked Mr. Pepper, with a sneer.

"I am going to try and get employment myself," said Mrs. Berrington, without noticing her uncle's taunt, "and that may lead to something for Humphrey."

"Indeed! this is a new idea," said Mr. Pepper, elevating his eyebrows; "and what are your plans, may I ask? In

manner do you propose to make a fortune that may enable you to bring up your son in idleness, for that seems to be the sole aim of your life?"

"In our prosperity my husband did not intend to bring up Humphrey in idleness," replied Mrs. Berrington, her voice faltering as she alluded to that dear one who had gone from her for ever; 'certainly I shall not do so now that trouble and affliction have befallen me. I spoke yesterday to Father Metham about Humphrey, and probably he may hear of something. He is all goodness and charity."

"Oh, yes! Father Metham? He's a very good man, I dare say—a saint, perhaps. But I don't like saints in every-day life," replied the old man snappishly. "Father Metham is always wanting something for somebody. He would give the coat off his back, I dare say, if he thought one of his neighbours wanted it; but I'd rather keep mine, lest, in my turn, I should not find such a charitably-disposed person. But about yourself; you haven't answered me yet, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to try and get employment as a teacher," replied Mrs. Berrington. "I shall go and see Dr. Burton to-morrow; he has been very kind, and I dare say he may be able to find me some pupils."

"I wish he may do any such thing," answered Mr. Pepper, impatiently; "the most he will do will be to let you pay him in kind for the pills and powders, and visits and drugs, he favoured your husband with and let you teach those two gawky daughters of his—but no such luck, I shall have a long bill to pay—some one must pay it, you know," he added hastily, seeing his niece was going to speak, "and that will be me, if I can find so much as will satisfy his rapacity. However, we'll say no more about it. I wish you may be able to keep your son as a fine gentleman, that's all! I doubt it. Let us go to supper. Close the window, for the draught will waste the candle, and I shall have to be careful of candle ends, as well as everything else, when I have a doctor's bill to pay which may be measured by the yard, I dare say."

CHAPTER II.

IN SEARCH OF EMPLOYMENT.

THE early morning mist was floating upwards in the clouds of silvery vapour from the green hill-sides and woodlands around Winchester as Mrs. Berrington, on the day after her husband's funeral, made her way thither from Little Worthy. She had started early, as Dr. Burton, on whom she intended calling first, was rarely

to be met with at a late hour in the morning. She entered the old city by the north gate, passing under the turreted archway where the yellow sunlight glimmered on the dark leaves of the ivy and edged with gold the sombre outline of the grooves made for the portcullis in the days of yore, and the massive hooks that had once supported the gates—those old gates through which mailed knights and belted troopers had so often passed, in those far-away times when Stephen of Blois was crowned in the old city, and when it was the metropolis of England.

Ascending a flight of steps, Mrs. Berrington pursued her way along the walls, her mind too preoccupied with sad thoughts to note the many beauties of the scene around her. Far beneath stretched away the meadows, a sweet fragrance rising up from the heaps of golden hay which the mowers were scattering around them; beneath her feet lay the walls, a solid mass of flint, the greyish hue of the stones relieved by patches of moss; here and there a profuse growth of ivy, and in many places trees, their trunks springing from interstices in the walls—oaks and ash, their boughs drooping toward the golden meadows beneath.

Dr. Burton's residence was in Great Minster Street: an old house with plenty of shade, that hot summer morning, from the trees around it, and cool and pleasant within—at least so thought poor, weary, heavy-hearted Mrs. Berrington as she sat in the Doctor's study. An old-fashioned room was that study, with wainscoted walls and a great high mantelpiece of wood, carved here and there into curious grotesque-looking faces, and with a glass door at the far end opening out into a pretty, old-fashioned garden shaded by giant oaks and beeches and elms, with grass plots grown over with daisies, and beds of all shapes, full of roses and pinks and carnations. A sweet fragrance from all those many-tinted flower beds, and through the dark foliage of the trees, the grey tower of St. Lawrence's Church—the tower beneath whose shadow lay the grave of John Berrington.

"None of you ill, I hope?" said the Doctor, a pleasant, genial-looking man of sixty or so, as he bustled into the room, clad in professional black, with knee-breeches, ruffles at his wrists, shoes with extensive buckles, and a portentous full-bottomed white powdered wig.

"No, there are none of us ill, thank God," replied Mrs. Berrington. "I only wanted to ask your advice—you have been very kind to me and mine. I wished, in fact, to know whether you thought there would be any chance of my obtaining any pupils at Winchester, and whether you would say a word in my favour to some of your friends."

"Certainly, I will do anything in my power, my dear madam."

answered the good Doctor, "though I am sorry," he added with a sigh, as he gazed on the slender form and thin pale face of the young widow, "that you should be compelled to think of the laborious occupation of teaching."

"Oh, I do not mind the labour; I only hope I may be able to get employment, that's all," replied Mrs. Berrington; "and, Dr. Burton, will you send in your account, please, and I will settle it."

Poor Mrs. Berrington, before she started on her journey that morning, had looked over a few little trinkets she possessed, and determined on selling them to pay the account.

"My account?" said the Doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff. "Bless you! I am a very careless man. I have never put down my visits or my drugs. Never trouble your head about that matter; if you get rich you can pay me something, if not—well, I fear I may be a debtor when my last accounts are made up in the other world, and this little affair may make a small balance in my favour. By the way, I see Mrs. Burton in the garden; I will go and ask her about the teaching," and the good man hurried through the glass door, glad to escape from Mrs. Berrington's grateful thanks.

Under the shadow of the old beeches Mrs. Burton was busy among her flowers. She wore a large pair of garden gloves; a huge pair of scissors were in her hands, and she was snipping off dead leaves just as her husband reached her.

"My dear," said the Doctor, breaking at once into his subject, as was his wont, "didn't you say yesterday that you should like to meet with some accomplished, experienced person to finish the education of our two girls?"

"Yes, I did," replied the lady, "but I doubt I shall not find such a person in Winchester. Have you any one in your head, doctor?" she added, looking suspiciously at him as she spoke, "because if you have, I know beforehand the person won't suit. You know nothing of the essentials required in a governess."

"Stop! my dear, pray! and hear who the lady is," ejaculated the Doctor, "before you condemn my suggestion—Mrs. Berrington, I have heard you say yourself, is a highly-educated woman."

"Mrs. Berrington going to teach!" exclaimed the good lady, in mingled astonishment; "but, Doctor," she added, in an apprehensive tone, and looking inquiringly at her husband as she spoke, "what about your fees?"

"Oh, we shall see; there is time enough for that."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady wrathfully; "I know what I all see, my daughters begging their bread, if their father continues

to defraud them in this way, being so mighty generous to other folk at their expense."

"I think there is no danger of that," answered the Doctor adding, with a tone of great composure, which increased the annoyance of his fair spouse, "and the risk which you have premised is so slight that I am willing to brave it, even though the future of our children is concerned. However, to return to the subject upon which I came to speak to you, what do you say about engaging Mrs. Berrington to teach the girls?"

"I will think about it; indeed, I daresay I may decide upon having her as governess," answered Mrs. Burton rather hastily—the good lady seeming inclined suddenly to enter into her husband's views, rather to his surprise. "But one thing I must beg of you, that you will not interfere with any arrangements I may make with Mrs. Berrington."

Dr. Burton contented himself with having won the day so far as to gain his wife's consent to engage Mrs. Berrington, and he simply said, as he turned towards the house to tell that lady the result of his embassy:

"One thing, my dear, be liberal in your salary to Mrs. Berrington—that I insist on."

"Do you, indeed!" muttered Mrs. Burton, as she hastened towards an arbour, where the two Misses Burton were seated. "Well, you shall pay her a liberal salary, certainly; but I'll take care and stop some of it towards defraying that bill, and I shall give it to the girls for their clothes. Charity begins at home."

"With this benevolent aspiration on her lips, Mrs. Burton entered the arbour, and threw herself on a little rustic seat. The two sisters were not unlike: fat, fair, and rosy, with hair powdered and frizzed, and drawn up to a stupendous height over a cushion, innumerable pins and layers of pomatum being used in the construction; dresses of sky blue French lutestring, all flowers and frills, and expanded by wide hoops, and aprons of flowered lawn.

"Your father will be the death of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton.

"La, mamma! how you terrify us!" exclaimed both sisters in a breath.

"You will be beggars on the face of the earth! Your father is always making bad debts and excusing people from paying what they honestly owe. I expected there would have been a good round sum to receive from John Berrington's widow; but no such thing! She is to be your governess and have a liberal salary forsooth! Here am I, pinching and saving, so that you girls may make a good figure in the world, and here is your father scattering his money broadcast, as you may say."

"I am sure we don't want a governess," exclaimed Miss Caroline.

"I was going to ask papa to buy me that pink damask we saw at Mrs. Dutton's," interrupted Miss Sophia; "but, of course, if nobody is to pay him, there'll be no money for us. A nice thing indeed!"

"Oh! I shall give Mrs. Berrington to understand that I expect her to return me a portion of her salary towards defraying this bill," said Mrs. Burton in a determined tone. "She will be too proud to say anything to your papa, and I think, girls, you will find her useful; you are not quite finished yet. And then I believe she is very clever at her needle: she can work in the schoolroom—there is my Mechlin head and lappets," added Mrs. Burton, musingly; "I wonder if she can mend lace."

"Oh! mamma," interposed Caroline; "if I have that black velvet suit she might quilt the blue silk petticoat for it."

"Perhaps she can trim caps," remarked Sophia. "I want a mob with blue ribbons."

In this way the mother and daughters went on, laying out work for the new governess, till they decided that her coming would enable them to dispense with the services of a mantua-maker.

"I shall go and see Mrs. Purcell this afternoon," said Mrs. Burton as she left the arbour; "and, by the way, she might perhaps like to take singing lessons of Mrs. Berrington. I know Martha was thinking of having some. I'll propose it, and if she does she might as well give her her dinner; she can have her lunch here; I don't see why she should dine with us, as your papa intends giving a large salary."

Unconscious of all the hard remarks that were made about her, Mary Berrington sat in the study in a rather happier frame of mind than she had been in for some time past; for the Doctor had told her that Mrs. Burton would most likely engage her for her daughters, and would see her that morning, when all would be settled. And so she sat counting up how much she could earn, and how happy she would be in supporting her children, and in being no longer dependent on her poor selfish old uncle.

CHAPTER III.

A GOSSIP OVER A DISH OF TEA.

"My dearest friend, I have come to take a dish of tea with you this afternoon, and to hear all the news from London, where I expect you have been mightily amused."

The above remarks were addressed by Mrs Burton to her bosom

friend, Mrs. Purcell, the wife of a barrister a man of great attainments and learning, but whose intellect had unfortunately become impaired from the effects of a severe sunstroke, so that he had been compelled to retire from practice, and had settled in Winchester, his native place. Mr. Purcell was of a younger branch of an old family. The Purcells and Methams—notwithstanding their difference of religion, for the former were Protestants and the latter Catholics—had been for many generations on terms of intimacy and friendship. In the dire days of the first penal laws, when the refusal of a Catholic to take the oaths of supremacy was made treason, and the practice of his religion involved heavy fines and forfeitures, and later on, when the victorious Puritans raised louder cries to enforce more rigidly those laws, and caused Commissioners to be appointed, with powers to seize two parts of the estates of all Papists for the use of the Parliament, the Catholic gentry and proprietors throughout the kingdom would have been ruined had it not been for the kind feeling and friendship of Protestant neighbours. These generously accepted conveyances upon trust of the estates of Catholics, in order to screen them from the knowledge of the Commissioners, and right honourably did they perform the trust reposed in them—restoring the estates to the rightful owners when the danger was past. In this manner had the Purcells often come to the aid of their Catholic neighbours, the Methams, in the hour of need.

Mrs. Purcell was a fine lady, given to hysterics and vapours, whose sole recommendation to her husband had been a tolerably good fortune. She had been brought up in France, but though she had been educated at one of the first convent-schools, the good nuns, do all they could, had been unable to prevent her growing up into a vain, affected woman, weak and vacillating, and yet at times disposed to obstinacy.

Mrs. Purcell was seated in a pretty, old-fashioned room, panelled with oak, with portraits, in oval frames, hanging around of the ancestors of the Purcell family; cloth hangings of dark blue were drawn over the windows to exclude the sun, and the room was filled with the faint odour of perfumes. An inordinately ugly little lap-dog lay curled upon a silken cushion, and the table was covered with shreds of brocade and lace and velvet, Mrs. Purcell being apparently engaged in selecting patterns.

"I am so glad you have come, my dear," said Mrs. Purcell, languidly; "I was going, indeed, to write you a note to ask you to do so, but I felt unequal to the task. Travelling from London has quite exhausted me. I thought I should have died in the chariot yesterday before we got to Winchester."

"But of course, my dear, you enjoyed yourself in London,"

observed Mrs. Burton; "and I know how you would be sought after. One does not meet every day with loveliness, accomplishments, and fortune combined," added Mrs. Burton, administering one of the usual doses of flattery with which she was wont to ply her friend.

"Certainly, I had great attentions paid to me," replied Mrs. Purcell; "but," she added, in a plaintive tone, "I am much to be pitied. Consider my position—still in the bloom of my youth, tied to a madman! You know he is quite mad at times, and when he is not, his coarser nature and rude, uncultivated ideas incessantly jar on my delicate organisation. You know how nervously susceptible I am, and that little things quite prostrate me sometimes. Piers has such a loud, disagreeable voice, and says such uncivil things when he is sane, that he is more bearable when his delusions are on him. The thoughts of my sad, uncongenial home quite embittered my hours of pleasure in London. However, I had some little enjoyment. I went to a masquerade last week. I wore a rustic habit, with a garland of flowers; and, by the way, our friend Metham, the banker, was there, dressed as a Spanish Don. His wife is no better, it seems, for their travels in France and Italy, and so they are coming back to Winchester. They say Mrs. Metham was pretty before she was ill, but I never could see any prettiness in her. What do you say?"

"Compared to some one else who shall be nameless," replied Mrs. Burton, looking significantly at her friend, "her looks are nothing to boast of. And have you heard about Metham, fighting a duel? I saw his brother the priest a while ago, and I tried to worm something out of him; for, you know, I like to know the ins and outs of everything. But he is so close."

"Oh! I believe, for certain, there was a duel; but I don't know what it was about," answered Mrs. Purcell. "There was a talk of a quarrel at cards, for he is a dreadful gambler, some say. I suppose he is coming to Winchester because he has to retrench his expenses. And that boy of his is a horrible monster! What do you think I heard him say at Lady Betty Glanville's? 'Who is that sallow old woman in the yellow brocade? Her face is the colour of her gown.' Meaning me, my dear!"

"The wretch!" ejaculated Mrs. Burton, turing up her hands and eyes.

At this moment Mr. Purcell entered the room. A fine-looking man, over six feet in height, of Herculean make, with a florid, good-humoured face, but a slight wildness at times in his large, bright blue eyes—an indication of his sad malady; added to which he often talked in a loud and rapid tone, and, when walking, strode along as if he were running a race. He wore a light-coloured iron-grey suit

of clothes, silver laced, and he had a gold laced three-cornered hat in his hand, as he had just come in from a walk with a staid, sober looking, middle-aged attendant, who never left him night nor day though he was, in truth, even when his delusions were upon him perfectly harmless. His hair was powdered and tied up in a long tail.

"My dearest madam, I kiss your hands!" said the barrister, in affected rapture. "For what are we indebted to the felicity of your company to-day? How goes the world with all our friends? Who has been ruined at cards? Who has beaten her waiting woman. I know you and my wife must have had some iniquities to mourn over in your mutual friends. You ladies like a little backbiting now and then: it's a refreshing occupation."

"We were talking about Mrs. Metham's health," said Mrs. Burton stiffly.

"And I daresay you pitied her for Mike Metham's extravagance didn't you? and said he would go to the dogs? I can see by your faces you did. But you're wrong. Michael is getting sober and staid. He will reform; but I doubt about his boy. He has a queer temper, and will make some noise in the world, whether for good or bad."

"I suppose you have heard about John Berrington's death?" said Mrs. Burton, as she sipped the tea which a servant had just brought in. "How unfortunate some people are! He gets ill and dies, the boy is a hunchback, and she, poor body, must go out teaching, and my husband loses his bill—a great loss!"

"I should say so," remarked the barrister; "a Brussels lace mob and ruffles for Miss Caroline gone at one sweep!"

"Really," exclaimed Mrs. Burton, vouchsafing no reply to Mr. Purcell's remark, "when people do meet with so many troubles, I think sometimes they make them."

"Curious that! Do you think that Humphrey produced that hump for the love of it, then?" interrogated the barrister.

"I don't say in all cases," answered Mrs. Burton. "However, I came here this afternoon to tell you, Winifred, that I am going to engage Mrs. Berrington to finish my girls; she has, I believe, a sweet finger on the harpsichord, and sings too, and I thought you might like her for singing lessons. I know you spoke not long since of her taking some. It would be a great charity."

"Seize your time, my dear," said the barrister, rubbing his hands and chuckling; "kill two birds at one stone, do a good work and profit yourself by it at the same time!"

"It would be no great advantage to me," said Mrs. Purcell rather disdainfully; "there are plenty of singing mistresses to be

ot. However, I'll take some lessons if I feel capable of the exertion. And what hours does she come to you?"

"Oh, in the morning, my love. She would come to you in the afternoon, and if you didn't always feel inclined to sing, you might find some sewing for her; she is a very useful person. I believe she can dress hair as well as any tire woman. I will get her to do mine when I go to Lady Carlton's ball."

"How unfashionable you are!" interrupted the barrister; "ladies have men now to do all the hair-dressing. Let me come and do yours," he added, persuasively.

"Yes, it's quite true. In town we have men milliners, and men to do most things just now," said Mrs. Purcell, "and it's much nicer than having women; it's all the fashion, I assure you. Bring the girls to-morrow, and I'll show you all the suits I brought from London, and tell you about the routs, and balls, and assemblies I attended."

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERY.

THE little temple in which those of the old faith worshipped in Winchester about the middle of the last century stood in St. Peter's Street. It was only in 1792 that Dr. John Milner built his church on the site of the one we are now speaking of. All honour be to his memory! It was he, and such as he—those single-hearted, hard-working old priests—who kept up the faith they taught in those troublous, weary days, of which those who live in this liberal and enlightened age can form no conception. Father Metham, the priest who tended the little vineyard in Winchester when John Errington died, was a good, kind-hearted, old-fashioned priest, much respected and esteemed even by his Protestant neighbours. He was an old man, the eldest surviving member of an ancient Catholic family. He had passed, in his early manhood, through a bitter ordeal; he had seen those days when, in disguise in some secret place, almost at the peril of his life, the priest celebrated the mass. Those had been days in which the members of the old faith could see, perchance, a priest but rarely in a lifetime, when they would walk for many a weary mile in the snows of winter, or the burning heats of summer, to hear the mass once before they died in the oratory of some loyal old Catholic's house, where there was a priest's hiding hole and a secret staircase from the oratory.

Report spoke not too highly of Michael Metham, the priest's younger brother by some twenty-three years; he had been a dissipated, extravagant man, and had certainly never let religion stand

in the way of his road to fortune ; he had left the management of his bank, the oldest in Winchester, to a confidential clerk, fortunately for him a most honest and worthy man ; but now, middle aged and broken in health, he had returned to Winchester, and seemed to be settling down into the quiet routine of a country banker's life. However, it is not with him we have to do just yet but with his brother, the good old priest whom Mrs. Berrington has come to see one fine spring morning in the year following that in which her husband's death occurred.

It was a lovely morning in May. There had been a few spring showers, and the rain-drops glistened like pearls on every blade of grass and on every leaf in the dazzling flood of sunlight which lit up every nook and corner of the old City of Winchester. Along the narrow streets, with the tall houses towering up on either side, the mother and son pursued their way. She was pale and thin, with a jaded, harassed look on her sweet face. The boy's figure was shrunk and attenuated, his mourning garments hung loosely upon him, and the clothes of each were poor and scanty and threadbare. It had been a hard winter for them : they had known, alas ! often the cravings of hunger and the pangs of cold—but Mrs. Berrington is going to the good old priest, and we shall hear how it has fared with her, and what she is doing now, from her own lips.

Up the High Street they wended their way, past the City Cross, where the yellow sunlight lit up arches, niches, and pinnacles, glimmered on the slender and exquisitely sculptured shaft supporting the cross, and played like a halo round the head of the statue of St. Lawrence, with the palm branch in his hand—emblem of martyrdom. “Glorious and noble martyr ! what a fiery, cruel ordeal he passed through to the golden gates of heaven !” said Mrs. Berrington, as they paused a moment beneath the statue. “Oh, Humphrey ! I have called my daily life a martyrdom ; but what are our sufferings to those the saints of old endured ? If I could only be more patient,” sighed the poor woman, as she went on her way, “and bear these crosses better that produce flowers and fruit for eternity !”

“I do not think you are very impatient, mother,” replied the boy ; “I wish I were half as good as you. Sometimes I feel I hate my uncle, and, as for Betsy, I could almost have killed her, when she has seen poor Rose cry for a mouthful of bread, and would not give it her ;” and the boy's hollow eyes burned with a fierce light as he spoke.

“Hush, Humphrey !” exclaimed his mother, in a rebuking tone ; “where did you learn such sentiments ? Think, my poor boy, of the martyrs of old, who prayed for their tormentors, and of One greater still, who prayed for His murderers on the cross

ghts of Calvary ! Here we are at St. Peter's : what would Mr Metham think to hear you talk so ? ”

uch like a Catholic church, or, indeed, a church at all, modest, unpretending edifice. It conveyed the idea simply of a house, and that was the idea it was intended to convey ; seen built in those times when it was prudent for Catholics in the background, to screen their worship as much as from the public eye—in those days when the priest was instructed the ignorant in some roadside alehouse or inn, in a farmer, with a tankard before him, as a blind.

a quaint, still, retired-looking place. Great iron gates opened to the street ; then there was a paved yard, wide, and of brick, with a roomy stone porch at the end, and large double windows were to be seen on that side, and there were no life in that still courtyard, as Mrs. Berrington and her son passed through it, except the clear notes of a thrush among the leaves of the walnut-trees that bordered either side of the

ring a bell, and were admitted by a pleasant, hearty-looking woman into a rather large hall, with seats about it, the end like those of ordinary rooms, and on the right, in a corner, a wide and spacious entrance which led into the Catholic church of Winchester. A lingering fragrance of incense and the perfume of flowers stole through the open doorway as Mrs. Berrington and her son knelt a moment in prayer. Within all was silent, dim and shadowy, even in broad daylight, save the ever-burning sanctuary lamp cast a crimson glow on the floor beneath, and one solitary sunbeam, stealing in, lit up the dying Christ in one of Murillo's darkly splendid altar-

“ I'll find Father Metham in the garden,” said the old housekeeper, as she led Mrs. Berrington across the hall, after the latter had said her brief but heartfelt and earnest prayer ; “ he's saying Mass here. Let me take your boy to the kitchen, and I'll give him some of cowslip wine of my own making, and some plum-pudding for good sakes ! he do look but poorly, and he's most as thin as a rail as I am, and that's saying a great deal.” Mrs. Berrington thanked the old dame, and made a sign to her son that he should accept her kind offer, which was doubly welcome as she knew her poor, half-famished lad would get a comfort, and that she had that to say to Father Metham which it was as well he should not hear.

“ Now Master Basil is here, from the Great House,” said the housekeeper, as she opened a door leading into the garden. “ Eh ! a wild lad, and a daring and bold one too for his years ;

he'll want a deal of care and watching to keep him in the straight road. See, the Father's yonder; you can rest ye in yon little summer-house till he's done."

The summer-house was, in fact, a pleasant little room, built in the garden, which served the priest as breakfast room, study, and knew not what besides in the long days of summer. A large pear-tree overshadowed it: it had been full of bloom in the early spring, and some of the pure white blossoms yet mingled with the dark green leaves; moss and purple scented violets grew about the base of the walls, and a fine pink honeysuckle, twining up either side of the doorway, formed an arch at the top of fragrant, bright coloured foliage.

Mrs. Berrington, in obedience to a sign from Father Metham entered the little room and seated herself on an oaken bench placed in a recess beneath the latticed casement, which was open that early spring morning.

Very erect was Father Metham, for his eighty years and upwards; his blue eyes were bright and undimmed, his step firm, and his brow serene and placid. The light breeze just stirred the snow-white locks that fell around his broad, open forehead, as he paced up and down a narrow gravel walk shaded by chestnut trees, beautiful in that lovely spring time with their broad dark leaves, and their fragrant pink and white blossoms.

The old priest showed but little of the ecclesiastic in his costume—the times rendered such a display unadvisable in the Catholic priest. He wore a dark blue suit, the waistcoat with lap-pockets reaching to the thighs, large cut steel buttons on his coat, ruffles at his wrists, a white cambric stock buckled behind, and silver buckles to his shoes and his knee-breeches.

At length Father Metham closed the dingy little volume he had been reading from, crossed himself, and then advanced towards Mrs. Berrington, who had come out of the little room to meet him.

"Well, my poor child, how are you this morning? Are Humphrey and Rose well? You do not get any more flesh on your bones. See! Peggy is taking my breakfast into my little snugger here in the garden; you must come and pour out my coffee, and take some with me. I have not breakfasted yet, and you must want something after your long walk. How do you get on with the Burtons and that poor little painted doll called Martha Purcell?" said the good father, when they were seated at breakfast, uttering the last few words rather contemptuously.

"Oh, Father, I am in great trouble," replied poor Mrs. Berrington, the tears gathering in her eyes as she spoke; "I am indeed very unfortunate; I have lost all my teaching."

"How is that?" asked Father Metham, in some dismay.

"Mrs. Burton has heard of some French lady in London whom she is going to have for her daughters. She thinks that it will enable them to speak with a pure French accent."

"Fiddle!" replied the priest, pettishly. "Some French waiting woman Mrs. Burton has picked up. I know her; she wants some one who can adorn her daughters' heads inside and out; and as for Martha Purcell, though she is one of us, if she gives me anything for a vestment, it is sure to be some old brocade, too shabby to wear as a sacque. God forgive us!" said the old priest, sorrowfully, "that we should be so niggardly in our offerings to the Great Giver of all gifts. But, Mary," he added, with kind earnestness, "do not be cast down. I will see what I can do—an idea has just crossed my mind—I think I may hear of something advantageous to you. I will let you know in a few days. And what about Martha Purcell? You have lost your employment there?"

"She seldom took a lesson lately; she said the exertion made her quite ill when she sang."

"And what did you do, child, when you went; did you comb her poodle?"

"No, father, I generally sewed for her; it did not matter to me what I did. I do not mind work, I would not care for anything if it were not for that poor boy with his sad affliction."

"Oh, as for Humphrey," replied the priest, "he will make his way in the world yet; he is a sharp, intelligent lad, and very quick at accounts, I know; perhaps I may be able to help him too—who knows? I am only a poor old priest myself, passing away from life rapidly now—and, indeed, my pilgrimage has been a long one; I only trust I may be working in the vineyard to the last. But, my poor tried child, I have some few friends who are rich and powerful, and among them I will see what I can do for you. Have a good heart, Mary Berrington; He who clothes the lilies of the field will not abandon you in your need."

"I do not often have these sad fits, Father, and I take shame to myself for troubling you so often as I do. I have only my poor thanks to offer you for the efforts you so kindly promise to make on my behalf, but you know they come from my heart. God will reward you, Father Metham; your charity has often given a meal to me and my two poor little wretches this last winter. My earnings have been but paltry. God only knows what would have become of us without you." And here poor Mrs. Berrington's emotion overpowered her.

"And what about your uncle?" hastily interrupted the priest, wishful to turn the conversation.

"He has appeared to be more turned against us than ever lately," replied Mrs. Berrington, as soon as she could speak—

"he is breaking up fast, too, I fear; but he won't see a doctor, and he keeps his room, and will let no one in except Betsy, and she is less civil than ever—and you know, father, her tongue was always rather hard to bear."

"A two-edged weapon," responded the priest with a smile. "Do you encourage any hopes in that quarter, Mary, for I fear Betsy will be the residuary legatee after you have received a shilling, perchance, and I the old horn snuff-box, which Mr. Pepper set such great store by. I fear he will not send for me," added the good priest, with a sigh, "and, alas for him! the night is drawing on in which no man can work. Do you think he would see me, Mary, if I called?"

"I can hardly say, father; Betsy has such a control over him; and she admits or denies who she pleases."

"Well, I think I will try to-morrow, if I can get so far," said the priest, as he rose with Mrs. Berrington from the table. "I have to call on the Purcells—a good man that husband of hers—pity he has lost his senses, and pity, too, that he has not a more sensible wife than poor Martha. We have all much to be thankful for; be you thankful, Mary, for all the crosses God sends you. If you were as rich as Martha Purcell, maybe, child, you would set your thoughts, like her, on brocades, and powder, and perfumes, and I wot not what else, instead of the things of heaven. Alack! the wise woman of the Canticles has not many imitators in these days, when Christian wives and mothers paint and stick patches on their faces, and can hardly ever open their hand with an alms to God's poor. And the men are as bad, child—I know that from sad experience. The future generation, also, will, I fear, be no better," and the priest heaved a deep sigh.

Mrs. Berrington concluded that he was thinking of his brother, who, indeed, had led a most dissipated life, and only now seemed sobered down by age, for he was verging on sixty. The only fruit of a late marriage was one son, who came bounding towards the priest and Mrs. Berrington as they left the summer-house. He was a boy of about fourteen years of age, tall, but slightly built, with jet black hair and eyes and an olive skin. Basil Metham was generally considered a handsome boy, but an unpleasant curl of the lip and a frequent contraction of the brows detracted much from the beauty of his features.

"This is my nephew," said the priest, as he laid his hand on the boy's head, the latter shaking it off with an impatient gesture; "he has come to stay with his old uncle for a few days, while his parents are away again on a brief visit to London."

"Where they might as well have taken me," said the boy, in a short, hasty tone, "instead of leaving me mewed up here—my com-

best part of the day an old woman, who is saying her morning till night."

"Now, jackanapes! an' you have no worse complaint than ng against my poor Peggy, you had better be silent."

"spoils all my sports," replied the boy, defiantly. "I was to make a couple of cocks fight, and she came in shrieking, and divided them just as one had torn t'other's and so spoilt my fun."

"You are a worse lad than I thought ye," said the old rowfully.

"Sport, that's all," replied the boy defiantly. "I'll see I'm a man; it's very well for my father to talk; he en-elf as long as he could. I shall just follow his example, rn good when I get old."

"said the old priest impressively, as he laid his hand on oulder, "you talk folly, in the conceit of your heart. t your days, for their number is known but to God. May s mercy, grant that your life be not short, and your end l violent."

ears after, when the white-haired old priest was sleeping lt of his ancestors, his words came back to Basil Metham, seemed to him to have been uttered in the spirit of

"bye, my child, I shall see you to-morrow, said the priest, se of some few minutes, during which time they had been in silence towards the house. "I daresay you will find ' with Peggy," and, pressing Mrs. Berrington's hand, he k into the garden.

"n't mean to vex him," said the boy, gloomily. "But it's aching to me,—I can't be good, and there's an end of it; ot going to pretend to be. I like all sorts of fun and I say! is that boy in the kitchen with old Peggy your at a pity he has got that beastly hump on his back! He in the face—that was how I guessed who he was."

"s a good boy; and goodness of the heart is better than ," replied Mrs. Berrington.

"I daresay; but, all the same, who wouldn't be pretty if l? He might be just as good without his hump as with ow, and then he'd be nicer to look at. But I don't object hink, too, I should rather like Humphrey. I'll ask my et him come up to the house."

boy finished speaking he and Mrs. Berrington entered the ned spacious kitchen of the presbytery, in which poor y had just finished a very substantial repast.

as a pretty, quaint scene, striking enough for one of Ho-

garth's pictures,—the sunlight flickering through the leaves of the laburnum, with its long golden tendrils, that overhung the casement window, and falling in broken gleams on the dusky red-tile floor, and lighting up here and there the dark massive beams that crossed the ceiling. The high-backed oak chairs with cushions green stuff, the hunchback seated at the little table spread with white earthenware, his thin, pale face tinged with a touch of colour since he had made his meal. Old Peggy leaning back in her chair before a great fire, dropping her beads, in truth, but watching the turning of the spit as well, laden with a joint of mutton, and the wretched little turnspit dog performing his office—capital subject for the pencil of a caricaturist. The spit, as long as the old two-handed sword, the dog in the hollow wheel, or large circular box, with his long back and short legs, and the mournful look in his eyes as he went round and round the wheel, always slipping from under his feet, and that savoury smell in his nostrils of the roast—not, alas! for him.

"Has she given you plenty to eat?" asked Basil Metham, confronting the hunchback, and nodding his head towards the house-keeper as he spoke.

"For shame! Master Basil," ejaculated the old dame, angrily. "You have a very forward tongue."

"Don't be cross, old sweetheart," replied the boy, laughing. "But," he added, turning again to Humphrey, "you come up to the house next week. I'm going back there as soon as my father and mother come home. I know it will be plaguey dull, and I should like to have a companion. You don't look very jovial, and I like plenty of fun and frolic; but I think we could be friends, if you don't tell your beads all day like Peggy, or preach like my uncle. But tell me, what can you do? Do you know how to ferret rats or rabbits? or can your dog draw a badger? Can you give your horse a ball, or make him a good bran mash?"

Humphrey shook his head, and replied:—

"I know nothing of country sports, Master Basil, nor am I fit for them. I can write a good hand and cast up accounts."

"That would be a recommendation to my father," replied Basil, with a derisive laugh; "but as for me, all I care to know about money is to have plenty of it to spend. Well, at any rate come up to the house next week, and I'll introduce you to my father. If you are such a knowing hand at figures, he'll maybe make you one of his clerks."

IN AND ABOUT SEVENOAKS.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

RETURNING recently from a tour in the south of Europe, it chanced the writer of these pages was induced to spend a few days at Sevenoaks. This lovely part of Kent, the picturesque beauty of its scenery may vie with that of many of the Continental Edens which the English, at the great annual July and August migration accustomed to resort, happened then to be veiled in thick, grey mists, which, with heavy rains, that continued three days without intermission, made walking or driving a misery, and wholly checked every attempt to explore the charming wooded and verdant dales of the neighbourhood.

The ancient town of Sevenoaks, with its numerous small inns, peaked-roofed cottages, and old-fashioned houses, projecting latticed panes, and low, narrow porches, looked then dreary and small indeed. While in the upper part of it—the sedate-looking grey hotel, the old grey stone church, the large grey house, the grey grammar school, and the old grey almshouses, the leaden grey sky over all, the persistent steady downpour of rain, and not a soul to be seen or a sound to be heard, besides the monotonous pattering of the raindrops,—made up a scene most depressing; and especially so when fancy compared it with that of a bright, sunny land and cloudless blue skies, which it so lately had been exchanged for.

What wonder, at such a moment, if one should have been ready to reverse all that has been written or said by *ourselves* against the incomprehensible climate of England, and the abuse that *foreigners* have heaped upon it; to declare their belief in the eternal fogs in which our island is supposed to be enveloped well founded, and to wish oneself far, far away from it!

But, at last, there came a night when the wind veered round. The rain ceased; the birds began to twitter and carol merrily on the hush and tree; the sun rose gloriously bright and beaming; the grey veil that had obscured the earth was drawn up, and the nature was revealed in full beauty. What a change!—What a contrast! What magic there is in sunshine! To-day all gloom and misery, where yesterday there was naught but brightness and gladness. And its influence is not confined to the material world, for as sunshine often revives the drooping spirit as the bright calyx of the rain-beaten flower, and chases dark thoughts

from the troubled mind as dark clouds from the face of the sun. But let us hasten to enjoy this bright sunny morning—for pleasant things in this world are so fleeting, it is well to have the most of them during their stay.

It is fair time in Sevenoaks! But the staid quietude is but means disturbed by it. None of the wonderful sights, or the scenes of revelry associated with the idea of a fair are to be seen or heard here. It is one of the few remaining old-chartered fairs, here and there still linger on. This one gives very few signs of its former glory now; but once upon a time, that is, before railways were thought of, when London was not so easy of access, and before Sevenoaks possessed its own resident mercers, drapers, &c., itinerant merchants brought their linen and woollen goods to it, and various household wares, and the inhabitants supplied their wants from those stores. It was a merrier time, they say, in those bye-gone days than in the present. Business and mirth joined hands; the *utile* and the *dulce* were combined. There were booths, there were shows, where wonderful monsters and other startling objects were on view, and there was plenty of fun, for fair-time was then the general holiday-time. Now, as a Calvinistic tradesman observed, "the whole thing has become a mere nuisance, *merely* a pleasure fair, attracting the population of the neighbourhood, and doing the work of Satan leading the unwary into sin."

A very humble sort of sinful pleasure it is—a dozen or two of travelling carts—those small houses on wheels, each the habitation of a wandering family, and generally well-stocked with ragged and dirty, but rosy-faced, rollicking children, are ranged close together on one side of the High-street. Before each is a stall on a limited scale, supplied with stale gingerbread, and a mass of an uninviting compound, ticketed "preserved dates;" or a small stock of common toys is spread out to allure the pence from the pockets of the few juvenile lookers-on. At night the country lads and lasses of the villages around have a dance in the large room of the Black Boy Inn, and the fair is ended—the wandering gipsies and their bread and toy merchants departing before dawn.

Let us walk on to the upper part of the town. There is a great deal of venerable repose and dimness, not to say dulness, about it, reminding one of the precinct of a cathedral town; somewhat monastic, which it owes, perhaps, to the style and grey color of its buildings. The grammar school is a handsome, substantial structure, occupying, with the almshouses on either side of it, a large portion of the town, which have the appearance of being portions of some religious edifice, a considerable extent of ground. It is said to have been founded so long ago as the reign of Edward III. by Sir William de Sennoke, a poor foundling boy, brought up by a chari-

family of this town, and who, by his industry and honesty, from a grocer's apprentice, became a man of wealth and consideration in the City. On being knighted and elected Lord Mayor of London, he bestowed on the town to which he owed his education and first start in life, a free school and almshouses.

At a short distance beyond the grammar school, this part of the town seems to end in a *cul-de-sac*, owing to a wall, with an arched stone entrance, crossing the road and enclosing the ground of a somewhat dingy house—the last in this part of Sevenoaks. But just at this point the ground makes a sudden dip, at the side of the almshouses, and skirting Knole Park, you get on the high road to Unbridge, passing through Sevenoaks Common. The scenery here is so exceedingly pretty, the grass is so green, the ground so gently undulated, so beautifully wooded, that one may be thankful to have seen it before the tract marked out there for building has fallen into the hands of the Goths and Vandals who will disfigure it with their frightfully fantastic “genteel suburban villas.”

Following a road to the right, you come upon two pathways overarched by the broad-spreading branches of the oak, the beech, the sycamore, and other trees—shady, fresh, and fragrant and enlivened by the songs of so many birds that this would seem to be a favourite retreat of the feathered tribe. One path winds round, forming a sort of leafy bower that seems ever to recede as you approach until you come to the very pretty lodge entrance of Mr. Hodgson's seat. The other path leads towards the White Hart, an old-fashioned, comfortable roadside inn. Close by are a few detached houses with charming gardens and grounds; the seven oaks from which the town takes its name; and at no great distance, River Hill. But no river is in sight, and a landscape without water is truly said to be wanting in one of the chief requisites for perfect beauty. Yet the indiscribably lovely view from the summit of this hill goes far to contradict that theory.

The hills of Kent, always “in verdure clad,” are seen in their most attractive garb at the season of autumn. Few leaves have yet fallen, and golden brown, dark red, and bright yellow, now blend their tints and tinge the dark foliage of every tree and shrub; in exquisite contrast with the vivid green of the soft velvety carpet of grass stretched beneath them.

A Rambler may here, if he chooses, enter Knole Park by a little gate near the White Hart Inn, and return to Sevenoaks by a delightful walk through a woodland glen; so still, so lonely that the deep silence is rarely broken but by the rustling of the ferns, or the falling leaves, the plaintive notes, or the joyous song of a bird. Probably the sound of no footfall will be heard but his own. Its echoes may startle the deer—apparently less tame than in

more frequented parks—or the Rambler himself may be startled, by the sudden fall—a heavy fall it will seem here—of so small a thing as an acorn, as it drops beside or upon him as he passes along. Issuing from the silent glen, his way will lie over broad green slopes, and under avenues of lofty trees.

Knole Park is near seven miles in circumference, the ground is greatly diversified by gently rising and wooded hills, long verdant slopes, dark glades and shady groves. Its sycamores and beeches are of wondrous growth. On every side, lovely views meet the eye; the fine old house forming a picturesque feature in the scenery, whether glimpses of it can only be caught in the distance through some opening in the tall trees, or its venerable front be revealed in its full extent. A portion of this noble and ancient baronial seat dates from the reign of King John. Usually the state apartments may be seen by visitors three days in the week. They contain, besides many most interesting memorials of royal and historical personages, a large and very valuable collection of paintings by the great masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and English schools. There is also some good sculpture, and, covering the walls of the chapel, some curious specimens of ancient tapestry. In the music room is an organ, said to be the first that was made in England.

The gardens and shrubberies are extensive and well planted, and there is an avenue of magnificent beeches on either side of the garden walls. Descending the hill on which Knole House stands you pass under a group of forest trees to a pathway leading to a valley, where is the principal park entrance—a large gate between two lodges. Here, leaving the park, you pass through an avenue of lofty spreading trees, rising from a steep bank on either side. At the end of the road another gate opens on the upper part of the town, and just opposite the church of St. Nicholas.

Here you may chance to fall in with the town crier—quite an original in his way. Should there be any meeting or local-board matters to announce, or should any sale of goods or furniture be taking place, his bell and his solemn “O yez!” will probably be heard. His description and pronunciation are unique and most amusing. He will tell of “*soots of dem-marsk curtins; japan wares, culnry articles, &c., &c.*,” concluding, when he has jumbled through his list, with “God save the Queen—and the crier!” This Sevenoaks’ oddity, who apparently is about sixty years of age, is the son, but looks more like the brother, of the old lodge-keeper of Knole Park—a veteran soldier of the Pensinsular and Waterloo days. He, too, is in some sort a character. When the weather is fine, he may be seen sunning himself at the door of his lodge, and gossiping with the passers-by.

Cross over to the church. It is a rather large Gothic building, erected in the tenth century, at least so it is supposed; for Sevenoaks possesses but few records of its past history, and none that fix with certainty the dates connected with the building of the church or the foundation of the grammar-school.

The church of St. Nicholas stands on the highest part of the town, and its castellated tower forms a prominent and picturesque object in many a landscape for miles round. The interior of the church is plain, and except a few interesting monuments of the Amherst, Bosville, and Lambard families, there is little in it to inspect. The rectorship is worth near a £1000 a year. In the churchyard are many old tombs and a few quaint epitaphs. Probably, no burials now are allowed there, as there is a large piece of ground at the bottom of the churchyard called the cemetery. An iron railing separates it from the adjoining field. It is prettily laid out and planted with yew trees and bright flowers, but as yet it contains but few graves or monuments. From the lower part there is a fine view of the distant hills, the intervening park-like grounds and neighbouring villages.

Leaving the upper part of the town for the railway-station, the road soon after divides—the High Street on the right, Tubb's Hill on the left. Taking the latter as far as the Crown Hotel, a path branching off to the left leads to the same point, but by a higher and prettier road. The view it once commanded is now in parts interrupted by some new detached villas. The brick-and-mortar invasion has not hitherto made any great inroad at Sevenoaks; but an entrance has been effected, and the greatest advance made is at this particular spot, which overlooks a beautiful valley studded with groups of fine trees, beyond which the gradual rise and fall of the ground affords, where an opening allows of a view being obtained, a very pleasing and diversified prospect. Upstart dwellings of the most pretensions kind are erected or are in course of erection hereabouts.

It is, however, reported that the tradespeople, as well as other inhabitants of Sevenoaks, greatly discourage the building of new houses. As they are, of course, willing that their business should increase, they do not object to see the number of visitors increase "in the season;" but they would have them be content with the very limited and inferior accommodation the town now affords. For a feeling of exclusiveness, it appears, prevails here, Sevenoaks and its environs being considered a decidedly aristocratic district. Should it, then, offer greater facilities for obtaining a lodging "probably there would be an influx of inferior people; even mobs of Saturday and Sunday excursionists might come to look at Knole Park," and the town and its sedate and its highly-respectable

community would thus, alas! sink in the social scale. At present there are three or four hotels, if good yet small. The inns, indeed, are so numerous that one wonders how the innkeepers contrive to make a living in this quiet little town; for these inns are of the low-roofed, "cabined, cribb'd, confined" type, where the stage-coaches, waggons, and other vehicles of a past age were wont to stop for the refreshment, *en route*, of "man and beast." The houses where apartments are let are far from numerous. Some of them—and the most desirable of them too—pretty little doll-houses, neatly furnished, that take their place side by side, or in a line with the few substantial residences in the upper ten thousand circle of the Knole Park and Grammar School district—are diminutive and antiquated that the street doors open into the sitting rooms; broad wooden beams cross the low ceilings; and to arrive at the bedrooms you must pass through the kitchen, whence the ascent is made by means of a companion, ladder-like staircase. Yet for these "a high figure," as one of the owners phrases it, "is asked and obtained in the Sevenoak's season."

Knole is, doubtless, the chief attraction at Sevenoaks; and no pleasanter excursion could well be planned for a fine day than a visit to this charming spot. Yet in summer, or the early part of autumn, a week, or fortnight—or longer, if the visitor is a lover of the country—may be very agreeably spent in rambling about this lovely part of Kent. The walks, the rides, the drives in all directions are most beautiful, and there are several fine seats in the neighbourhood. The adjacent villages—Riverhead, Seal, and others—are quaint, pretty, and primitive, and delightfully situated.

In the more rural districts, something, perhaps, is wanting to enliven the picture; for it must be confessed that the rustic population—stolid, boorish in manners, and dowdy in attire—unlike the picturesquely-clad and vivacious peasantry of other climes, lend no animation to the beautiful scenes amidst which they are dwellers.

The gipsy tribe seems not now to wander near these parts, and tenant the woods and the copses, as in days of yore, for none of its dark-eyed women meet you in the shady lanes, and promise you the wealth of the Indies if you will but cross their palms with a sixpence. But if neither in dusky hollows nor verdant nooks you should espy the red cloak of the gipsy, yet you will see what is far more pleasing, more refreshing to the eye—especially to those who dwell mostly in large towns, or who have long been familiar with scenery more bold, rugged and bare—the fresh green grassy mantle of nature, covering every meadow, every hill, and every dale.

C. C. J.

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c

CHAPTER XLVIII. (*Continued.*)

"I SHALL only trouble you with one or two questions," remarked Mr. Spencer, addressing the witness with a bland smile, whilst the Judge, who taking his seat again, leant back in it with an air of evident relief on hearing this announcement. "After you had seen Mr. Sharpe, on the day of the assault, how soon was it when you saw him again?"

Dr. Armytage hesitated a little, and then replied that it was about three weeks or a month.

"Three weeks or a month!" repeated Mr. Spencer. "Then in spite of those alarming appearances which you have so minutely described to us as resulting from the assault, you did not think Mr. Sharpe's state required even a second visit?"

"Yes, I called the next morning," answered the Doctor, rather tartly, "but Mr. Sharpe had started off very early to attend the Quarter Sessions at Flint.

"Very good!" replied Mr. Spencer. "Now, may I ask you to inform us why you thought it requisite to see Mr. Sharpe again three weeks or a month after the injuries he had received from the defendant? No doubt you found he had suffered a relapse of a serious nature."

"Mr. Sharpe called upon me about giving my evidence in this action."

"Very good, again!" said Mr. Spencer. "Will you now be so kind as to tell the Court what remedies you gave Mr. Sharpe after your first visit to him?"

"I sent him a composing draught."

"May I ask what were the ingredients of that composing draught?"

Dr. Armytage paused, reflected for a moment, and then replied, "Why—why—*aqua cinnamo*—"

Here Mr. Spencer interrupted him with a smile, and said, "I will not trouble you to explain any further. *Aqua*, or water," he

added, turning to the jury, "is evidently an excellent remedy, as I don't suppose that the addition of a little colouring matter did any harm. In this case its effects as a composing draught were perfectly marvellous, for it enabled the plaintiff to go early in the morning of the next day to Flint, in spite of the severe injury done to the *longus colli*!"

Mr. Spencer now resumed his seat; and Serjeant Baines rising called for his last witness, the policeman. The testimony of the latter was of no great weight, as he had not witnessed the assault having unfortunately arrived, as the police often do, just too late.

This closed the case for the plaintiff.

Mr. Spencer now rose up to do battle for his client, and certainly in point of vehemence, declamatory art, brilliant figures of speech, and tender and affecting allusions, he proved himself quite equal to Serjeant Baines.

"Never," he began in a voice which made the court ring, "had a charge more unworthy of credence been trumped up; it was monstrous in its barefaced falsehood, and it really amazed him that his learned friend should have meddled with so absurd an affair. There was not a shadow of truth in it. He certainly would admit that there had been an assault, but he believed that he should be able to prove Mr. Sharpe the aggressor. Who as the plaintiff? a man whom he was sorry to see disgracing the honourable profession to which he belonged by an attempt at extortion, and, in this case, by an act of matchless injustice. He had wronged this worthy farmer out of his hard-earned gains, earned by the sweat of his brow, earned often in grievous anxiety of mind and weariness of body," here Spencer became pathetic, as he artfully addressed himself to the sympathies of the jury of Cheshire farmers, "when piled-up masses of cloud in the sky threatened peril to his ungarnished treasures of hay, or when a rainy winter caused ruin to his corn crops. Sharpe's conduct had been," he went on to say, "that of an usurer, in sending in such a bill. But his infamy had not ended there, the edifice of his villany was not yet complete. When his victim went mildly to remonstrate with him, and to beg for a return of some small portion of the money he had been swindled out of, this master in craft and cunning trumps up a charge of assault against him,—a charge which he believed, however, would turn back upon himself."

Here Spencer paused for a moment or two to take breath, whilst Baines looked up at him with a humorous smile.

"And who is the victim of this false charge, I ask?" continued Spencer; and then, having asked the question, he proceeded to answer it himself, by stating Reuben Okey to be a true-hearted, brave, and upright Englishman, a defender of his country; one

who had fought under tropical suns, who had sustained the horrors of forced marches, who had slept in frozen trenches, who had suffered hunger and thirst, and had shed his blood for his dear native land; whilst, on the other hand, the plaintiff is a man who has fattened at home on the wholesale plunder of his neighbour."

"No, no, Spencer—not fattened," remarked Baines, in a derisive undertone, as he glanced at the lank figure of his client, the attorney.

Spencer then asked the jury what they thought the evidence of the witnesses was worth. There could be but one opinion concerning that of Mr. Moses Solomon, a gentleman who would wish the Court to believe that he had witnessed an attempt to murder, and had averted the crime by the talismanic words, "Order, gentlemen! order!" The poor woman, Mrs. Tulloch, evidently did not know, with any certainty, whether Okey was assaulting Sharpe, or Sharpe Okey. Dr. Armytage had given them a lesson in anatomy, and a strong proof of the medicinal power of pure water; but his evidence had gone no further. As to the policeman, he could not imagine why his learned friend had gone to the expense of a guinea for his attendance in court, when he positively knew nothing of the assault. Mr. Spencer then added, that the facts were really these; intemperate words were spoken, probably on both sides, then the plaintiff rose from his seat and seized hold of the defendant to turn him out, upon which a scuffle took place, which had been magnified into a violent assault and battery; but he, Spencer, would bring forward a witness who was present at the time, and would prove that the defendant was quite passive, and did no more than resist being roughly turned out of the office without receiving any satisfaction for the injustice done to him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ONE FARTHING DAMAGES.

At the close of Mr. Spencer's speech the Court adjourned for a short time, for the purpose of refreshment, and when the Judge resumed his seat again, Spencer summoned the only witness he intended to call, namely, Jacky Hayes.

Both Norris and Thorold were amused at the firm, soldier-like tread with which he marched into the witness-box, where he immediately took up a position, as if he just heard the word of command, "Attention!"

Mr. Spencer received from him, in answer to his questions, an account of the meeting between Sharpe and Okey, very favourable to the latter. And the witness appeared still as cool and

self-possessed as ever, when Serjeant Baines rose up, fierce and threatening, to commence his cross-examination.

For a few moments the Serjeant gazed at Jacky with stern and menacing look, but the ex-drummer quailed not beneath that gaze which, like the glare of the basilisk, usually fascinated more than witnesses.

"What is your business?" asked Baines at length, in thundering and imperative tones.

"Unless I've been wrongly informed," replied Hay with a slight smile upon his face, "I am here to give evidence in this case."

"Come, fellow, no fooling with me," exclaimed the Serjeant angrily; "you know very well what I mean. What is your calling, your trade, your employment? that of a knave I shrewdly suspect, from your looks."

"I am employed about nowt but farming matters just now," replied Jacky very quietly, "I have heard tell that one Benjamin Franklin said as how agriculture was the only honest calling, so I'm afeard you are in a wrong box, sir."

"Brother Baines," said the Judge, amidst the laughter of the court, "have a regard for our feelings in examining this witness."

Baines smiled savagely, and then began to question Jacky about the assault.

How came your friend and employer, Mr. Okey, to take you with him to Mr. Sharpe's office? Like every bully, he is a coward at bottom, I suppose, and afraid lest he might get worsted in his premeditated murderous assault."

"Nay, nay; you've gotten hold of the wrong end of the stick," answered Jacky, very composedly; "it was not fear, but prudence like. Mr. Okey would face odds, but not such unequal odds as that. One lawyer's enough for six honest men, any day."

"Have you any more compliments in store for us?" asked the Serjeant, in a derisive tone.

"Well, compliments are not much in my line," replied the witness, to the amusement of the court.

"Now," said Serjeant Baines impressively and sternly, "you were a witness to the whole of this affair, from beginning to end—a passive spectator, as you describe yourself—you took no part in it, and therefore you had the better opportunity of noting what passed. Now, on your oath, did not Mr. Okey seize Mr. Sharpe by the throat, and shake him violently, and swear with other ruffianly threats, that he would knock his teeth down his throat?"

"He wears false ones," replied Jacky.

"That is no answer to my question," thundered Baines, amidst much laughter from the gallery of the Court.

"Silence, there!" said the Judge in a stern voice, extending his hand towards the place where the delinquents were seated.

"Silence! silence!" shouted the javelin men.

After silence was restored Jacky replied very emphatically—

"I didn't hear Mr. Okey say nothing of the sort. He just walked into the office quite tame-like," he added, turning partially towards the Judge, "and he asked for some of his money back. I can't remember his very words, but I think he said in a very polite sort of a way, 'Mr. Sharpe, I think as how you've made a little mistake about my money;' and then up gets Sharpe, in a terrible rage, and he shouts, 'Be off, you blackguard scoundrel!' which wasn't civil noways, and then he seized hold of my master and drove him towards the door, and then my master resisted him, but not with no violence or hard words, because he just wanted to quiet him, and make him hear reason."

Serjeant Baines received this account with a contemptuous smile, and then said,

"Mr. Okey is an old soldier, I believe?"

Jack replied in the affirmative.

"He has been in battle no doubt?"

"I can't say," answered Hayes very cautiously, "I warn't with him; but he may have been; I don't deny it, it's as like that he has, as that he hasn't."

"Answer my questions with a simple yes or no, sir; and don't waste the time of the court with your idle definitions."

"I am doing my best," replied Jacky, in a tone of gentle complaint, "and no man can do more nor that."

"Is your master such a meek, inoffensive man, that he would shrink from assaulting any one whom he thought had affronted him?" asked the Serjeant.

"He's a good-natured man, is Mr. Okey," observed Jacky.

"That's no answer."

"He's a very kind master."

"Come, come, fellow, this is trifling," said Baines. "Now just tell me, if Okey was struck on one cheek do you think he is the man to turn the other for a blow?"

Hayes looked up at the ceiling, then at the Judge, and finally at Serjeant Baines. Now two considerations occupied Jacky's mind; he was unwilling to have it thought that his master was a coward, nor yet did he like to say or admit anything that might compromise him in this law-suit; so, with something of the semblance of a wink at that learned gentleman, he said—

"I think my master would do just as you would do yourself, if

that gentleman sitting next you," here he pointed to Mr. Spence. "was to give you a bob in the eye—would you turn t'other to him?"

"The witness has given a very direct answer to your question, Brother Baines," said the Judge, when the ill-suppressed laughter of the court had subsided; for Jacky's remark had the greater point from the fact that the Serjeant was a notoriously irascible and ill-tempered man.

"You have been in the army yourself if I mistake not," said the Serjeant, again addressing the witness.

"Yes, I have served," replied Jacky rather proudly. "I served in the Peninsular War."

"Well," remarked Baines, interrupting him rather sharply. "I don't want you to go through your campaigns, but I want you to answer me a question. Have you not occasionally tasted the cat for insolent answers and being mixed up in brawls and quarrels?" Jacky shook his head.

"We were very quiet and well agreed in our regiment—you see we hadn't no lawyers among us; and as for the cat I never was made acquainted with it myself, but I have made many a prettier man than you acquainted with it."

Serjeant Baines having no beauty to boast of, this reply Jacky's was as little to his taste as some of his former ones had been. However, the Serjeant professed not to credit the assertion of the ex-drummer, that he had never tasted the cat, and remarked that he should have known him for an old soldier by the lies he told, but that he should not come old soldier over him.

Nevertheless, in spite of this boast, the Serjeant obtained a triumph in his cross-examination, and most of those in court thought that the victory rested with Hayes. The latter was about to descend from the witness-box, when the Judge observed that he should like to ask him two or three questions; and accordingly, Jacky faced about, and put himself into a military attitude again.

"You said in your evidence," began the Judge, reading from his notes, "speaking of Sharpe 'he seized hold of my master, and drove him towards the door, and then my master resisted him.' Now, how did he resist him?" continued the Judge, looking fixedly at Jacky. "What did he do? did he take hold of Mr. Sharpe by the collar or the arm?"

"He just resisted him," answered Jacky.

"But how did he resist him?" persisted the Judge.

"Well, he just wouldn't let him put him out of the room," answered Jacky, "but he was quite quiet over it."

"Where was Mr. Okey standing when Mr. Sharpe seized hold of him?" asked the Judge.

"Well, he was nigh again the desk," replied Jacky "and then Master Sharpe pulled him towards the window, and then he pushed him towards the door, and about the room, and my master was quiet enough the whole time."

"Very well," said the Judge, smiling, "you may go down."

After Serjeant Baines had replied upon the whole case and made some observations, whereby, he attempted to throw utter discredit on Jacky's evidence, the Judge proceeded to sum up.

In reviewing the evidence, he observed, that it appeared to him that the only two witnesses whose testimony was of much value, were Mr. Solomon and John Hayes, and that even their evidence must be viewed with some qualification. "We will take," said the Judge, Mr. Solomon's first: he hears a great disturbance, cries of murder—indeed, rushes to Mr. Sharpe's room, bursts open the door, thinking murder is about to be committed; and then, with admirable coolness and self-possession, says to the would-be murderer and his intended victim, 'Order, gentlemen! order!' and the Judge waved his hand gracefully towards the jury. Here the gravity of the Court was in some degree disturbed by this imitation of the action of the witness, and the Judge himself could scarcely repress a smile. "Well, gentlemen," he resumed, "I think you will agree with me, that whatever this witness may have thought afterwards, he did not at the time believe that any great or outrageous violence was intended by the defendant."

The Judge next proceeded to review the evidence of the other witnesses, which he observed was not very important, and then he passed to that of Jacky Hayes. "John Hayes," he said, "was an eye-witness of the whole affair. This witness would have us to believe that no assault was committed by Mr. Okey at all. But I think, considering carefully the whole evidence, and the circumstances of the case, there is little doubt that an assault was committed, and most probably by the defendant, though not of that aggravated nature with which he is charged. According to Hayes' testimony, Mr. Sharpe got up to turn Okey out of the room. Now he had a perfect right to do this, and even to lay his hand gently on the intruder's arm to enforce his departure. It was then, doubtless, that the assault was committed." The Judge next proceeded to make a few remarks on the medical evidence, and continued—"There were slight marks on Mr. Sharpe's neck; probably Okey seized him by the collar, when he may have pressed his knuckles against his throat. But Hayes tells us, that his master was quite passive, and that Mr. Sharpe, on the other hand, pulled him towards the window, then pushed him towards the door, and then pushed him about the room, and in short, pulled him this way, and pushed him that way, and did whatever he liked with

him. "Now," added the Judge humorously, "you must mind, gentlemen, that this meek and passive man, so pushed about, is a strong-built man, over six feet high, and he has served in the army, and seen much active service too, I stand; while the person who bandied him about in this manner is a feeble-looking man, of slight frame, below the height, and from weak health, probably, a nervous and timid. Bearing these facts in mind, you will draw your own conclusion to who was the most likely to commit the assault."

The Judge then made a few more remarks for the guidance of the jury, observing that the slightest touch would in point of law amount to assault and battery; and after begging them to clear their minds, in considering their verdict, all the flowery language of speech which had been indulged in by the counsel on either side, he concluded by telling them, that if they thought that Mr. Okey was wrong throughout, and was the only person wrong, and Mr. Sharpe was not wrong at all, then they would give Mr. Sharpe what were called substantial damages, to show the value of Mr. Okey's conduct; but if they thought the parties were both wrong, why, then, they would probably be of opinion, that Mr. Sharpe being also wrong himself, ought not to have brought his case into court, and therefore they would give him only nominal damages.

For about a quarter of an hour the jury consulted together in the box, and there was much whispering between them, getting up from their seats, and sitting down again, and shaking of heads, and other pantomimic gestures. One old fellow at the end of the jury, very obstinate over some point, and would not be convinced by the juryman next him, held him by the button for five minutes, and had laid down the law by striking the palm of his hand with his finger for another five minutes. At last the jury resumed their seats, and being asked for their verdict, the foreman replied, "Lord, we find a verdict for the plaintiff, with ONE FAR FARTHING DAMAGES."

Thereupon, up started Serjeant Baines, and with a suppressed smile on his grim countenance, which gave great disgust to Mr. Sharpe, addressed the Judge,—"*M' lud*, I may ask you to certify for costs on behalf of my much-aggrieved client?"

"Brother Baines," replied the learned Judge, with mock gravity, "I think I had better not interfere in the matter, *de minimis curat lex*, Brother Baines,—ONE FAR FARTHING DAMAGES,] Baines, ONE FAR FARTHING DAMAGES "

CHAPTER L.

DONALD NORRIS.

month of September was drawing towards its completion, and all that important law business which had summoned

London had been long ago concluded, he and Mrs. did not yet returned to Edinburgh. During their absence the people and the servants had kept house in their own in Georges-square, to the great scandal of some of their quiet neighbours. But amongst these disorderly boys, who enjoyed the worst reputation was Donald. He had a host of their tricks, in all their mischief, and, indeed, he was a mover in every misdemeanour ; so that whatever happened was laid upon him, and usually not without cause.

MacIvor's cat came home shod with walnut-shells, and Culloch, a timid lady, the next-door neighbour to these boys, was terrified nearly to death by the appearance of a talking about in her garden, in the twilight of a summer

Both ladies were not slow in denouncing Donald Norris, the author of these enormities.

One bright afternoon Mrs. Thorold and Teresa dropped in at the Georges Square. Scarcely a day passed, indeed, without this visit, which they held in the light almost of a rite, for the poor things have no one to look after them, and it is miserable and sad," so spoke Mrs. Thorold, as she and Teresa made their way up into the drawing-room, dispensing with the attendance of a rheumatic old woman, whom Mrs. Norris had engaged before her departure to England, as cook-housekeeper.

The laughter from the drawing-room did not, however, denote merriment or sadness amongst the young people ; and certainly, when Mrs. Thorold and Teresa stood in the open doorway, unobserved by the occupants of the room, they felt more inclined to join in the merriment, than to look grave or feel any emotions of sorrow. The boys were there, Mark and Charles, and Richard, and Oliver and Donald Norris, and the two little boys, and Tommy.

In the far end of the drawing-room, under cover of the noise of the water, Walter Ayleworth, a fine sunburnt young man, with a good-humoured face, was making love to pretty, girlish Elizabeth. He is the most tender, and kind, and affectionate of lovers. He had already confided the fact of his attachment to his sister Mrs. Thorold. It is, however, no longer a secret to any one

now, for the two young people do not try to hide it. They are deeply and earnestly in love; each thinks the other perfect. Teresa, whom Flora holds in the highest esteem, secretly they approve their attachment. Mrs. Thorold, to Walter, has spoken in favour of it. "Papa and mamma are sure to con- sider," argues Flora, "for Walter is so good and so clever, and so handsome and amiable." Feeling nothing to be ashamed of, they are living in a sort of paradise; whilst Teresa, who sees without their eyes, fears that Cousin Robert will not be quite so complaisant as the young daughter thinks.

The boys are sitting grouped together, Mark in the middle, all watching Donald, who presented a strange figure. He wandered up and down the drawing-room. The old fustian with the leather pockets, which had figured long ago at Fishburgh, at Boroughbridge, and in the Shetland Isles, had been drawn from the old chest, to which it had at last been consigned by Donald as a relic no longer wearable, and now adorned the youthful figure of his son. The boy was a capital mimic, and could twist his face into almost any expression; so that though he bore no particular resemblance to his sire, he looked on the present occasion like his counterpart. He strutted about, hammer in hand, chipping furniture as though he were amongst rocks, whilst every now and then, he with great gravity consigned something to his pocket as though it were a mineral.

"Gentlemen," he said, suddenly pausing, and facing his brothers, whilst he assumed the air of a lecturer, "I have to show you of the fossils of the fresh-water limestone formation of Burdiehouse, which is only four miles from this town. In the specimens I now submit to you may be seen impressions of ferns and other plants, and this other contains remains of fish and the tooth of a monster sauroid fish. This is a remarkable tooth; it is the tooth of the *Megalichthys Norrisii*. I have to tell you, you will observe, after that incomparable and matchless geological discovery of 'Robert Norris,' whose fame and renown shall spread to the four corners of the earth. You see, we men of science entertain no petty jealousies of each other, and with the magic words *lichthys Norrisii* mothers shall henceforth hush their babies to sleep!"

"Unfortunate little wretches!" groaned Mark.

"The expansion of the jaws of this monster," continued Donald, in the same grandiloquent strain, and not noticing Mark's interruption, "must have been prodigious—it could have swallowed a horse with ease—the magnitude of its eye was enormous—enabled it to descry its prey at the distance of miles."

"Eh, Master Donald, dinna ye be telling sic lees," exclaimed

housekeeper, who had just entered the back drawing-room.

relaxed his gravity for a moment at this unexpected and then continued his oration, pointing, as he spoke, to a case in a glass case over the chimney-piece. "There is a cabinet containing several small teeth of the Hol—Holop—" the speaker bungled a little—"Holoptychus Norrisii. Yes, —they are curiously fluted at the base, you will observe." "It is to be hoped mothers will know that wonderful word as you do," said Mark, "or they won't be able to hush us with it."

"I am sorry, ladies, you have arrived just too late," said Mark, who, having discovered Mrs. Thorold and Teresa at the door, advanced towards them, as he spoke, with an air of mock gravity—"the lecture is now over; but I shall give another to you on the petrified stomach of a fossil fish."

"I cannot help laughing," said Teresa, as she sat down with her aunt, "at the appearance of the lecturer, or at the hard words he used; but I don't know what my cousin would say, if he knew of his boys made fun of his favourite science.—Why," she added, "does not your papa want you to study geology?"

"I, but I shall not," replied Donald in a very determined manner. "I haven't told him so, because I should never get the end of it if I did; but I don't care a snap of my finger for all these old stones and fossil fish. I tell you what I should like—I should like to go all round the world like Captain Cook to find out desert islands and see real savages."

"Well, I don't wonder the boy doesn't want to be a geologist," observed Mrs. Thorold—"it must be the driest of all dry things; but," she added, addressing the boy, "it is very wrong of you to caricature your father, and we ought not to have laughed; the old woman in the next room, too, may perhaps tell tales—we were setting a bad example to the two little boys."

"Well, Peter and Tommy have gone out with old Barbara," said Mark, "so that there is no one to tell tales of us."

"You don't fancy, now, that you were actually looking at the fossil fish yourself?" he added, laughing, as Donald resumed his perpendicular position, poking out his chin every now and then, as if spasmodically. After a minute or two the boy put down his hammer and appeared to change his dress. Walter and Flora, who had been made aware of the arrival of visitors, hastily vacated their corner; and Teresa asked Mark when the master and mistress of the house were expected home again.

"In a fortnight, they say; but, you know, I never believe any of it," said Mark. "They were last at a place called Rosehill, near

Carlisle. The doctor was deep in an old Roman bath there, a my mother was sketching for him. I suppose they mean to trace the Roman wall all the way from Solway Frith to Tynemore before they come back; but Flora had the last letter from a mother, and this is a summary of its contents: "it may be a week or ten days, or even a fortnight, before we return; we have found much more to examine than we expected in this neighbourhood. In fact, the letter is just to inform us, that, to use a common phrase, we may expect them when we see them. However, it's no matter; we get along very well. We have had no more balls!"

"I should hope not," said Teresa. "You ought to be a sort of master, Mr. Unsworth; but I am afraid you rather encourage Donald. He is a wild, restless spirit; and he requires careful watching and training."

"He is an odd little fellow, certainly," replied Mark musingly, "and one can never tell what strange fancy he may take into his head; but," added the speaker with great emphasis, "though he is full of mischief, he is a good-hearted, affectionate lad as ever lived, and he will harm no one but himself."

"Ah, there it is," said Teresa. "Who shall say what trouble he may get into, with all his wild, daring, and sudden freaks and fancies?"

"What a pity Dr. Norris will not let him go to sea!" remarked Walter; "that is all his cry."

"Pray, don't listen to it!" said Teresa. "Cousin Robert would never forgive you, Walter, if he thought you had encouraged such an idea. He has settled that Donald is to be a civil engineer."

"A most stupid and wrong thing for parents to do," remarked Mrs. Thorold emphatically, "to force their children to enter a profession they dislike. No good ever comes of it. I shall talk to Robert, and try to convince him of the absurdity of the decision. You smile, Teresa; don't you agree with me?"

"Entirely. But, my dear madam, I smiled because I know and you too know, how Robert is, when he has set his mind on anything."

"As hard as his petrified fish," observed Mark.

"Well, if I were Donald, and I wanted to go to sea, I would run away," said Mrs. Thorold jestingly.

"Dear madam, pray, don't let Donald hear you say such a thing," exclaimed Teresa, "or he might take your jest for earnest."

Here Donald's re-appearance put an end to the discussion, which was not again renewed; but it was painfully remembered, only a few weeks later, by both the ladies.

CHAPTER LI.

MISSING.

AUTUMNAL' gales had begun to sweep the yellow-tinted leaves from the branches of the trees, and the Esk, then a lovely trout stream, bore many of these relics of the past summer on its waters, as they flowed on, pure, clear, and unsullied over their stony bed.

Flitting clouds now and then chequered the blue sky, with heavy patches of sombre hue, till the sun, suddenly emerging from obscurity, burst in full and dazzling radiance over Musselburgh and upon the heights of Inveresk.

The old stone bridge, spanning the river, casts its shadow on the waters beneath, running round the solid foundations, laid in ages gone by, so it is said, by the workmen of the Cæsars. Looking further on, down those green banks on either side, bordered by trees with giant trunks and wide-spreading branches, there is a broad expanse of water, of the true ocean green, edges of water foam on incoming waves, and every breath of air tells that yonder lies the sea.

A quiet, still place enough now is Musselburgh, and only the pages of history calls back the recollection of those stormy times of our Sixth Edward, when not far from the shady trees and the flowing waters of the beautiful river, the din of war resounded, and the green turf was dyed red with the blood of many a brave Scottish soldier who fell at the hard-fought battle of Pinkie.

High Street and Fisher Row, with dingy old houses, moss-grown red-tiled roofs, and overhanging gable ends, have an interest of their own in their very quaintness and simplicity in the links which they form between the present and the past; but Inveresk is beautiful, romantic in its situation, its scenery, its every aspect. And here Mrs. Thorold had come to spend the autumn months with Teresa.

The house she had taken stood on a steep and commanding ascent. To the right, from amidst the beautiful woods that surround Inveresk, rose the high church spire, whilst the monuments in the grave-yard, lying on the green sloping of the hill-side, looked white and dazzling amidst the dusky foliage of the yew-trees and fir. The road up the brae leading from Musselburgh to Inveresk, was buried in shadow, except where, now that the leaves were thinning, broad flashes of sunlight penetrated through the branches of the tall sycamores; rising far above the high moss-grown stone walls on either side the road, their branches interlacing each other, and forming an arch of foliage.

The house Mrs. Thorold occupied stood alone amidst beautiful grounds; and on this October morning she was seated, in company with Teresa, in a small elegantly furnished parlour, with a French window opening on to a broad sweep of green turf, lit up with beds of scarlet geranium forming patches of bright glowing colour, amidst the more uniform tint of the grass.

Both Mrs. Thorold and Teresa looked anxious and troubled, the cause we may soon know by a glance at that printed bill which Teresa has placed on the little work-table by her side, after reading and re-reading it a score of times to her friend.

"Missing.—A young gentleman who left his house on the morning of the 15th of October. He is supposed to have gone in the direction of Glasgow. He wore a blue sailor's jacket, blue waistcoat and trousers, and a yellow seal-skin cap. He is fourteen years of age, of fair complexion, with dark brown hair, and grey eyes. A handsome reward will be given to any one furnishing information by which he may be found. Apply to Mr. MacRae, W S., Princes Street."

Now this young gentleman was no other than Donald Norris. Mrs. Thorold had said in jest, as we have stated in our last chapter, "I would run away!" and, alas! Donald had run away; hence the sorrow and distress of mind of the two ladies at Inveresk. He had turned up there a few days previously, to Mrs. Thorold's great astonishment, and had owned that he had been playing truant from his classes; that he had been in the habit of doing so for some time, and that now he had feared to go home, as his father would have found him out, and would be very angry.

Mrs. Thorold and Teresa had talked to him, promised that they would intercede with his father, and finally had despatched him, under the care of a servant, to the coach office at Musselburgh, and taken a place for him to Edinburgh, without the faintest suspicion on their part as to any further attempt at running away, for Donald had expressed himself quite willing to follow their advice and return home. However, home he had never gone, and when they were preparing to set off to Georges Square, expecting to meet the culprit there, Robert Norris arrived in the greatest distress, to learn if they had heard anything of the young run-away.

Of course they told him all they knew, which was that Donald had been there, had confessed his faults, and that they had sent him home again.

Here was a sad state of things. Norris exhausted himself in conjecture as to where the boy could have gone, what his plans were, and who had been his instigators, for he seemed firmly convinced that some one had encouraged and abetted Donald in this wild plan, though Mrs. Thorold and Teresa felt equally convinced that he had acted solely from his own impulse.

Backwards and forwards went Robert Norris in sore distress of

mind, between Edinburgh and Inveresk, for he hoped that Donald might again seek his old friend Mrs. Thorold. Thus Georgesquare was his head quarters, but Inveresk was an outpost to be visited daily; and the two ladies longed, and yet dreaded to see him, hoping, on the one hand, to hear news of Donald, and fearing, on the other hand, by the indirect insinuations which Mrs. Norris threw out against Walter, whom he and Mrs. Norris evidently half suspected to be the guilty person who had encouraged the boy to run away.

"There is Robert, I suppose," said Mrs. Thorold, as the distant ringing of the door-bell was heard; "Heaven grant he may bring us good news!"

Her conjecture was correct, as Norris speedily made his appearance, accompanied this time by his wife; but his countenance indicated no good news, and Mrs. Norris looked unutterably ill, worn, and miserable, as she sunk down in a seat placed for her.

If possible, Mrs. Norris felt more this abrupt flight of Donald from his home than his own father, for two reasons; firstly, regard for the boy, which made her distressed at the thought of what might happen to him away from home and friends; and secondly, the painful idea that probably the world would accuse her, as stepmother, of being the real cause of his leaving his home. Now, the truth was, that Donald really liked his stepmother very well. She was a kind-hearted woman, pleasant and good-tempered; she had shown no undue preference for one child over another; moreover, she had always been scrupulously considerate towards her husband's children. Indeed, in this respect, she proved that there are certainly exceptions to every rule; for she did not show, in her dealings with the two boys or their sister, the faintest trace of that injustice and harshness so often, alas! exercised by the woman in the quality of stepmother. Still, though Mrs. Norris knew that she was guiltless of any unkindness, either in word or deed, she imagined, and not incorrectly, that the blame would fall on her.

"No news, I fear, by your looks, Robert?" said Mrs. Thorold, and Mrs. Norris accepted her invitation to take a seat by the fire, and commenced scorching his shins.

"None; absolutely none," he replied, with a gloomy air. "I begin to feel hopeless. Such a time of misery I never, indeed, thought, to bear and I can see no end to it."

"Well, my dear soul," replied Mrs. Thorold, "you really must take this affair so much to heart. Donald is not the first boy who has run away from home, and yet has turned out very well for one. I think he is a boy who can take care of himself, and and-by-e, when he is tired of his frolic, he will come back."

"You see, I feel so particularly miserable about it," said M. Norris, with an air of deep dejection, and shedding some tears she spoke. "I am sure I have never been unkind to Donald, as I seemed to like me; but everyone will say that had his own mother been living this would not have happened."

"My dear Mrs. Norris, Donald might have acted in just the same way had his mother been now alive," said Mrs. Thorold, sadly. "There is many a son who brings grief and bitterness to the heart of the woman who bore him and watched over his infancy. Do you not agree with me, Teresa?"

The latter answered in the affirmative, in a faltering voice, for, like yesterday, came back the remembrance of that stormy interview at Brewood Park, when Piers, in his wild passion and pride, had spurned the love of his mother, had left her in anger, without one word of farewell, and had let years elapse before he sought to heal the wound he had caused.

"I think," said Teresa, speaking in a firmer tone, "that Donald is naturally of a roving turn of mind; he will not be contented at home, I fear; but even if we grant that, are there not many who have won for themselves distinction and honour in foreign lands?"

"Yes, but they did not begin by running away from home," answered Norris, gloomily. "He has not half completed his education yet. I intended him, as I do Oliver, to be a civil engineer. I can foresee very clearly that fortune and position will be gained by those men who embrace that profession, for these railroads that are now commencing will increase rapidly, and there will be an ample field for engineering; but I have been thoroughly disappointed in Donald. I thought I knew his disposition perfectly." Here Norris made a pause, whilst he drew away his trouser from his shin, the cloth having become unpleasantly hot from close contact with the bars of the grate.

"I thought you intended Donald for a geologist," said Teresa, in a tone of slight surprise.

"No, no," replied Norris; "but I tried to impress upon both him and Oliver the advantages, and even the necessity of the study of that science, or at all events of some general knowledge of it; but both Mrs. Thorold and yourself know, I believe, what the fruits of my recommendations were."

Here Norris paused, and looked searchingly at the two ladies.

"I know that Donald did not like the study of geology, if that is what you mean," replied Mrs. Thorold; and I must confess that it seems to me a dry study for young lads."

"I know your prejudices of old, my dear madam," answered Norris, who had never forgotten how Mrs. Thorold had agreed with

the reviewer in his judgment of the geological portions of his work on the Shetland Isles; "but Donald need not have turned his father into ridicule. It reached my ears," he added, looking scrutinisingly at his cousin and Mrs. Thorold, "that he amused his brother and his sister, and some idle visitors, by masquerading in my old geologising coat, chipping the drawing-room furniture with a hammer, and making buffoon-like observations upon geology. That is the only result, that I can see, of my frequent admonitions to both the boys, that men, in most situations and occupations, could be benefitted by investigating this science, and more especially miners, engineers, agriculturists, and roadmakers. The health of thousands," continued Norris, warming on the subject, "is dependent on the geological conditions of the ground they build their houses on, and on the wells and springs that supply their water. Geology is a science which every State ought to encourage, and yet that unhappy boy has only made it the subject of his own jests."

"I do not deny the importance of the science," replied Mrs. Thorold, "or the probabilities that Donald might make his fortune by engineering; but Robert, it never does any good trying to force a boy's inclinations. Donald does not like engineering or geology, and he would like to be a sailor. You had better let him go to sea."

"I have every reason to believe that he has done so already," replied Norris abruptly.

"Why, Robert!" exclaimed Teresa, "you said you knew nothing, when you came in?"

"Not directly from Donald, but from another person," answered Norris, mysteriously, "who, I have reason to believe, knows all his movements, and encouraged his flight."

"Oh dear, Robert, I suppose you have still that idea in your head about Walter?" said Teresa in a tone half vexed and half amused. "I assure you you are quite wrong in supposing that my brother has ever uttered a single word to bias Donald in favour of the sea; he has always been most careful not to do so, knowing what your wishes were. Walter is as innocent as myself of any such attempt."

"I wish it were so; but, my dear Miss Ayleworth, you have been deceived," replied Mrs. Norris, shaking her head sorrowfully; "for your sake, I wished to believe your brother innocent, but he has condemned himself out of his own mouth."

"Why, you do not mean to say," exclaimed Teresa, in a tone of apprehension, "that Walter has told you he persuaded Donald to run away? Oh! I cannot believe it."

"There is some absurd mistake," observed Mrs. Thorold.

"My dear, just relate all that has passed in connection with Walter," said Norris, "and let Mrs. Thorold and my cousin decide for themselves."

"I must premise what I am going to say," replied Mrs. Norris, "by informing Miss Ayleworth, that our esteem and affection for her and the feelings of friendship we entertain for her brother have made us wishful to overlook every suspicious circumstance, and it is only with extreme reluctance, and upon evidence that we cannot resist, that we feel unfortunately compelled to judge Mr. Ayleworth guilty."

Teresa simply bowed her head, in acknowledgment of the compliment. Mrs. Thorold smiled behind the little screen she held in her hand.

"Oliver," continued Mrs. Norris, resuming her discourse, "was going to his classes at the College, and we told him to ask your brother to come and see us. We wanted to find out if he knew any of Donald's acquaintances. You see, Miss Ayleworth, since your brother has taken that room near the College for the study of chemistry, he has seen a great deal of all our boys. He told Oliver he had not seen him, and appeared surprised; but he never came to us, which was strange, to say the least of it. However, we decided upon sending a message to his lodgings, to say that Dr. Norris wished particularly to see him. We did so, he was not at home. The landlady, Mrs. Cowan, said that he usually came in at half-past-one, but that it would not be later than two, and she promised to give him the message as soon as he came in. We sent again in the evening,—same answer, 'Not at home.' Mrs. Cowan promised again to give him the message, at whatever time he came in. The next morning, as Mr. Ayleworth did not appear, we sent a third time to his lodgings—the same answer, 'Not at home,' he had never returned all night. Now, I ask you, my dear Miss Ayleworth, was not this very strange. Did it not look as though your brother feared to face us? Did it not seem as though he were keeping out of the way purposely?"

As Teresa did not attempt to utter a word in face of this overwhelming evidence, Mrs. Norris went on.

"We also sent our attorney, Mr. MacRae, in the course of the day, to see if he would be more fortunate in meeting with your brother."

"Why, Robert," said Mrs. Thorold, unable to keep from laughing, "you had better have sent the bailiffs at once."

"Most unexpectedly," continued Mrs. Norris seeming a little ruffled at this interruption, "yesterday afternoon Mr. Ayleworth made his appearance. The Dr. and I were in the drawing-room, and Mark was with us,—for which I was sorry, for I do not hesitate to

my, that I believe that my graceless, froward, rebellious young man has had also a great hand in Donald's flight."

"Excuse me, my dear friend," exclaimed Mrs. Thorold, "but you really go too far; you surely do not mean to accuse Mr Unsworth of encouraging Donald to run away from home."

"Mark has no feeling, no judgment," replied Mrs. Norris, severely.

"He is a young man very deficient in respect for his elders, and also in filial affection," remarked Norris with much solemnity.

"I was sorry, I repeat, that Mark was in the room," continued Mrs. Norris, "for I knew that he and your brother were bosom friends, and that they would act in concert to deceive us. However, I had endeavoured to divest myself of every suspicion of Mr. Ayleworth, and to suppose even that his absence was purely accidental; and Dr. Norris was equally determined not to suspect him. When I first saw him, the predominant hope was, therefore, that this might be the case; so I shook hands with him, and I positively felt sorry, at the time, that we had just sent one of our servants to his lodgings, with Captain Smith the king's messenger, to make inquiries of him. However, I might have spared my regret. Now I will tell you exactly what he said, in answer to my questions, and if you will bear it in mind, you will see how it tallies with what came to our ears afterwards. I asked him if he had met our servant. He answered that he had not, that he had not been at his lodgings since yesterday morning (Tuesday), having gone direct from his class into the country, where he had dined, and that he had only just returned to town and had come straight to us, without going to his lodgings at all."

"He has friends at Dalkieth," observed Teresa, "and he sometimes spends a day or two with them."

"But he was not at Dalkieth on this occasion, cousin," interrupted Norris, in a severe tone, anticipating his wife's revelations as to Walter's deceit.

"He said," remarked Mrs. Norris very emphatically, "that he had not had any of our messages, not having been at his lodgings since nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. Then he said that he was very sorry to hear about Donald, that he had sometimes met him wandering in the streets, always alone. After this I told him about Donald's deceit, how he had habitually played truant from his classes, and had gone so far as to tell us all he was doing in the drawing-class, when he absolutely never attended it at all. I then saw Mr. Ayleworth and my son, Mark, exchange glances; and Mr. Ayleworth said, taking the clue from me probably, "That several times when he had met Donald, he asked him to come to his chemical room, but he always said that he was going to his drawing-class."

"Just then Mark looked at your brother, Miss Ayleworth, with something very much like a wink, and then said, with an air of the greatest rudeness and effrontery, addressing me, 'You see when the cat's away the mice will play.'"

"The insinuation was palpable, and the insolence of manner even surpassed that of his words," observed Norris; "and seeing that Mrs. Norris was quite overcome by his rudeness and audacity, I rebuked him severely myself, and took the opportunity to read him a lesson on his habitual want of respect towards his mother, and I ended by expressing a hope that he would take heart what I had said to him, as coming from a father."

"Nothing could be more impressive than my husband's manner," observed Mrs. Norris, pathetically; "but what was the answer given by this audacious young man, with a scornful laugh? 'You my father! Well, that is a piece of news! I always thought my father's name was Unsworth, and that he was buried at Liverpool.' I really felt so shocked and overcome that I scarcely knew where I was; Dr. Norris left the room quite abruptly, and I was so affected by this insolence, and when he returned Mark's apology was but another form of insult. 'Dr. Norris, I am very sorry I have offended you; if I had imagined for a moment that it was essential to your happiness to claim paternity over the possessor of these stumps, I am sure I would not have denied it.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Thorold, smiling, "Mark was quite right in saying Robert was not his father."

"I am afraid, my dear madam, you would encourage the rebellious boys," observed Mrs. Norris reproachfully. "However," she added, "I will make an end to my story, for I fear you and Miss Ayleworth are both weary of it; but it was necessary you should know all, that you might not blame us for the decision we have been compelled to come to. I had occasion to leave the room, and then Mr. Ayleworth said to the Doctor, alluding to the fact of Donald's having carried off with him a gun and a bag of shot, 'Do you think he would have *nouse* to sell the gun?' Then he and my son looked at each other and grinned. I repeated this question to me when I came in again, for I thought *nouse* a low word for a gentleman to use,—indeed, it is to be feared that Mr. Ayleworth is not quite particular enough in his associates."}

"If you have no accusation weightier than that," said Mrs. Thorold, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows, and an amused expression of countenance, "I don't think Walter very culpable."

"Unfortunately we have," interposed Norris: "low expressions are objectionable to my ears, but falsehood and deceit are beyond comparison worse. I was forced to admit, when your brother had

gone, Teresa, that his manners and conduct had been most suspicious. Neither Mrs. Norris nor myself can recollect exactly all that passed, he several times answered in a confused manner; but our suspicions became tenfold greater when we heard afterwards from Captain Smith and our servant, that he had been at his lodgings at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon; that he had laughed when his landlady's maid gave him our message; and that he had desired Mrs. Cowan to say, if he was again sent for, that he had never been at home. We also ascertained that he dined in town with other young men and that he was up all night."

"I do not wish to make excuses for Walter," said Teresa gently, "or to pronounce his private conduct and mode of life as always irreproachable; but I am at a loss to see how the fact of his keeping late hours proves that he encouraged a little boy to run away from home."

"Nothing can now alter my opinion," said Norris, gravely. "I believe that Walter abetted Donald in his wish to go to sea; that he arranged his flight, and that he probably secreted him somewhere till he could get him off."

"I am certain you are quite mistaken, cousin," said Teresa, warmly; "You do Walter great injustice; and, besides, what motive could he have?"

"He has talked of foreign service himself," answered Norris, "and I suspect he has deluded that boy away to get him into the Russian navy. Nothing that you can say, my dear Teresa, will alter my opinion, and I am compelled, with deep regret, to close my doors against Walter till the matter is cleared up. We were denied to him this morning."

CHAPTER LII.

TANNER'S CLOSE.

It was late in the autumn of 1828—a year memorable in the annals of the old City of Edinburgh.

For some time past there had been strange rumours afloat, and people appeared possessed by some vague, indefinable dread, of what they scarcely knew. Their fears assumed no tangible form, suspicion was aroused on every side, but at present it was but suspicion. Under their breaths almost, in publichouses, or cowering over their own hearth-stones, strong men, with pale cheeks, spoke of bands of miscreants bound by oath to destroy human life, who prowled about the streets at night, and under cover of the darkness seized upon their victims, and afterwards slaughtered them; or again, others would hint at something more monstrous and awful, of famishing wretches whose prey and food was human flesh. The

error and apprehension of the people had risen to its utmost height, before the first insight was obtained into the scenes of indescribable, appalling horror, which rendered Tanner's Close so awfully memorable.

An universal panic seized upon society, for it seemed impossible by any natural hypothesis, to account for the sudden and mysterious disappearance of persons, some of them well known in the city, of whom not the slightest clue or trace could be discovered. Justice herself appeared baffled; the conspirators trading in human life could not be discovered, all reasonable surmise was exhausted; but the wildest range of fancy scarce came up to the awful reality, to the depths of horror associated with the name of William Burke.

What a bloody drama had been enacting for months past in that city, when young and old had been lured into the human shambles in Tanner's Close, where after a brief scene of revelry and dissipation the victim was led into the little dark room at the back, where the light of life was quenched, and another unit abstracted from the sum of human existence! Then at night forth went the ghastly burthen, borne by murderous hands, some girl, perchance, who, gay, careless, and light-hearted, in spite of poverty and want, had blithely trod the streets at noon-day, and whose cold, lifeless form was doomed to deck at nightfall the dissecting-table in Surgeons' Square.

Here was the great emporium for Burke and Hare's traffic in human life. When darkness fell, creeping under the shadow of the walls, these two ghost-like men stole along—their burthen a scarcely stiffened corpse in a tea-chest or a sack—past scattered groups in the Grassmarket, who little recked the ghastly secret of that burthen, and up Candle-maker Row, and then along the quiet, unfrequented thoroughfares of Brown Square, Argyle Square, and North College Street, jostling sometimes against passers-by—incidents to be remembered, later on, by these latter, with shuddering horror, when time brought to light the different acts in the drama, the day and hour of each performance, and the route taken by the actors. Then into that dim silent room, with its lurking terrors, the atmosphere of death in every breath, they carried their victim, and here Knox or his assistants scrutinised their intended purchase before completing the bargain.

Never before had their dissecting-table been so well supplied. Merrilies, or Merry Andrew, so called from his peculiar gait and the contortions into which he twisted his face, and the Spune, two retainers enlisted in the cause of medical science, had been indefatigable, clever, and fertile in resources, particularly the former, wherewith to keep up the supply of bodies in Surgeons' Square. Their only field was the graveyard, or the Infirmary. This institu-

erilies would haunt daily, in the hope of hearing of the
ing dissolution of some poor patient; and when this event
ce, if relations were not immediately forthcoming, Merrilies,
a suit of rusty black, would make his appearance, mourn
a deepest grief over the body of his loved relative; carry
or interment, and deposit it that night in the hall in
s' Square.

ilies traded only with the dead; but, as will be seen, the
ere of equal importance to the fiendish inmates of the house
er's Close. Each one, no matter how poor, how degraded,
ken, represented ten pounds, to be obtained for his or her
Constant practice made the murderers skilful in their dark
terious deeds of blood. They became bolder, more daring,
l foolhardy at last; blind to the ever-watchful eye upon
the gaze of an all-seeing God, patient and long-suffering,
e judgments descend, soon or later, with unerring aim.

shall say how many human lives were blotted out in that
gruesome house? how many waifs and strays were lured
fate—hapless beings, who had neither kith nor kin to
er them or deplore their loss? God alone knows this; but
is certain, that Burke and his fiendish companion, Hare,
ned to all their victims, possibly not to one-half of them.

the white mice, which for many a long day haunted the
inity of that blood-stained spot indicated the cruel fate
or little Italian boy, far from the sunny skies of his native
ne of the poor, faded, soulless beings, called cinder-women,
rly dawn, like pale shadows, haunted the streets to gather
as of a wretched existence from cinders, refuse, and gar-
ositively known to have swelled the list of Burke's con-
to Surgeons' Hall; but who shall say how many of these
creatures may not have gasped out their last sigh, in the
ouse in Tanner's Close?

ing opened the eyes of the surgeons, neither the number of
inished by their new contributor, nor any marks upon them
ay. Day after day fresh burthens were laid on the long
he dissecting-hall, many, most of them, to be heard of no
but the names, the death scenes of a few were to be re-
ad later on, amidst the sighs and shuddering pity of a
court, where the eyes of strong men dropped tears of pity,
grief struggled with their hate of the fiendish men, as they
he death agony of the beautiful, unfortunate Mary Patter-
poor old Irish grandmother, and the dumb grandson, carried
une barrel to Surgeons' Hall; and of daft Jamie, the
pered, gentle imbecile, whose sunny smile and radiant
so familiar to all, whose well-known figure had haunted the

streets of the old city for years—one of the most harmless and in-offensive of beings, whose very misfortune should have been his shield. He struggled hard for his life with the tigers who thirsted for his blood, but all in vain, and daft Jamie also figured in the drama which was then drawing to its close.¹

¹ The atrocities of Burke and Hare are narrated in Leighton's "Court of Cacus."



**E FALLEN DAUGHTER AT HER FATHER'S
GRAVE.**

SHE stood :
The eye that once was softly blue,
Was now so wild, that no one knew
When, with virtue's modest gaze,
She coyly listened to men's praise,
None would know, or see a trace
On that haggard, painted face
Of blooming innocence ; for there,
Guilt had written dull despair.
Yet the scalding tear had made
Marks not easily to fade ;
Her hand in agony were pressed
Upon her quivering, heaving breast.

" Oh ! God," she cried ; and turned aside.
Thoughts, as the rolling, rushing tide,
O'erwhelmed her writhing soul.
" Oh ! God, that I could kneel
Upon my father's grave, and feel
That he who lies so cold and lone
Could hear his child in anguish groan—
Could place his hand upon my head "—
Then speaking aloud, " But he is dead !"

She ceased.
Ah ! reason now has snapped ;
And as the moonbeams softly wrapt
The church, the father's grave, the child,
From the tower, screaming wild,
The owl flew by ;
And the breeze, with mournful sigh,
In pity, fanned her brow.

The Fallen Daughter.

The morning came, with all its bright array,
In bursting splendour of an autumn day ;
And darkly crept the owls away.
The peasant passed with vacant stare,
For, lo ! the maniac was there,
Who, laughing shrill, with streaming hair,
Told to the world, " I'm mad with care."

LYRA.



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ALGERNON DARCY.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD GRAHAME FALCONER, besides being a leader of ton, had for a short time held the responsible office of Whip of the Conservative party, and, although long retired from office, its habits still clung to him, and there was nothing he liked better than to secure a political recruit to what he believed to be the great National party. His party appreciated his zeal and tact, paid considerable deference to his recommendations, and occasionally asked his assistance when it was an object to bring to the vote the Saducees of the Clubs. Lord Grahame knew that at present the Minister was anxious to secure the active support of Sir Philip Warden, and, therefore, on that memorable occasion at the "Hyperion," he had been delighted to witness what he vainly hoped was his return to public life. Better than any one else his lordship knew the reasons of his friend's seclusion, and he was not surprised it had continued so long. But now, if appearances were to be trusted, Sir Philip had recovered from his affliction, and regained, in some degree, that keen interest in public affairs for which he had been remarkable. Nor, to judge from his conversation that evening, had there been any falling off in his intellectual powers. He was the same keen, sarcastic observer he used to be; and if he did not show any ambition for rank or power any more than before, here was his ward, in whom he seemed to take so deep an interest. Might not this be an inducement to Sir Philip to return to public life, in which he could so powerfully promote that career? and might not this object have the effect of effacing, or at least of concealing, that cold egotism which had been the great obstacle to his attaining that lead in the great popular assembly which his talents seemed to ensure. Lord Grahame's speculations went a little farther. He was one of those who had an unconscious grudge against the talented Leader of the party; for Lord

Grahame was not a man to appreciate the really noble, though very subtle nature, of that remarkable man. He felt, and at the same time resented, his ascendancy; for it was an ascendancy purely of intellect, in despite of those advantages of connection and hereditary prestige which generally accompany the leaders of men in England. He compared notes with other polished political fogies, and came to the conclusion that if it could be done without injuring the party—that was always a saving clause—a new and natural leader would be an advantage,—a man with antecedents, a man of old English stock, whose family was historically connected with the Constitution, and in whom the party might rely; but it was essential, at least to Lord Grahame's clique, that this ideal leader should not be a mere patrician, dependent for his influence on his rank in the Peerage. He had a proud contempt for one half that body of which he was an off-shoot, knowing the majority to be the grandsons or great-grandsons of unscrupulous politicians of either sex. Sir Philip Warden was just the man for them. His family was older than that of three-fourths of the House of Lords, and, indeed, it had not been merged in that body solely because, for several generations, the Wardens had refused to exchange the weighty position of the oldest baronetcy in England for a modern peerage. Moreover, Sir Philip's intellectual qualities—cold, unimpassioned, logical—were just those which imposed on men like Lord Grahame, who, having little imagination themselves, fail to appreciate the immense blank the want of imagination makes in any one who would try to carry with him the support of any large body of his fellow-men. There are only a few who can consider a measure solely on its merits; and there are yet fewer who, looking to a measure in this abstract view only, can get up that amount of enthusiasm in its favour which leads to persistent advocacy. Certainly, Lord Grahame, though the most amiable man alive, was not of this number, but rather of those who instinctively cling to the slow but sure politicians, who generally effect a reform when it is too late. To Lord Grahame, then, Sir Philip seemed the fit Leader of the party. His lordship accordingly had sounded Sir Philip on the occasion of the dinner, and was glad to find that the latter met his suggestions at least half way. He admitted at once his interest in Darcy, and that his return to public life would enable him powerfully to promote his career; but he was not deaf to the suggestions of private ambition. To Sir Philip wealth and pleasure—which wealth, spite all the preaching of all philosophers since the time of Solomon, is supposed to purchase—were absolutely indifferent. So far, he had fully realised the convictions of the Great King—it was all vanity and vexation of spirit; but ambition is the latest weakness of a sated as well as of a noble mind,

and power had still an attraction for Sir Philip. He was a patriot after a sort. Conscious of the possession of great abilities, he was anxious to use them in the service of the public, provided always the public would allow him to exercise his abilities as he thought best. He would be a beneficent legislator, provided he had his own way. And thus, when Lord Grahame hinted at the want of the Constitutional party of a leader in harmony with their antecedents and associations, Sir Philip had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that this, the grandest position of the empire, was one to which he might, without being chargeable with egregious vanity, fairly aspire. In fact, though Lord Grahame was cautious enough, and did not in any way commit himself, Sir Philip gave him to understand that if such a career were once open to him his seclusion from the world was at an end. Action on a grand scale, the excitement of debate, the lofty sense of responsibility, would, Sir Philip thought, be a better anodyne to his sorrow, than the gloomy and somewhat sulky seclusion in which he had recently lived.

It being thus well understood that Sir Philip's objections to return to public life were got over, Lord Grahame was very much surprised, on calling the next morning, to find that Sir Philip had gone to the Continent, and had left no address. It was true that, as he learned from his landlord, Sir Philip had arranged the day before to leave town; but Lord Grahame had expected that the interest he would take in ministerial changes, which were then imminent, would have chained him to the spot.

Lord Grahame did not doubt he would soon hear from his friend, and meantime he sounded the party on their change of allegiance. He was glad to find his suggestions eagerly taken up by not a few of those whom the Premier considered his surest supporters. He, therefore, fretted impatiently for a word from Sir Philip. He sent down to the country, but Sir Philip was not there, and had not given any hint when he might be expected back, nor had he left any address.

At last his lordship did hear of Sir Philip. He had been seen by Sir Hugh Grey at Amalfi; and although Sir Philip did not, or would not, recognise Sir Hugh, this was what Sir Hugh, owing to his very amiable qualities, was accustomed to from time to time on the part of his most intimate friends. He contented himself by allowing Sir Philip to see that, on his part, there was no mistake in the recognition; and surmising that Sir Philip was anxious to remain *incognito*, he therefore communicated the intelligence by telegraph to Lord Grahame.

The session would soon begin, and his lordship's credit was committed to the appearance of Sir Philip in the political arena.

as member for Blankshire, and, as his lordship was a decision, he started the evening of the day he received the telegram.

Let us, before he arrives, see what Sir Philip was about when he was in winter in England, but spring at Amalfi. The little bay which lies semicircularly in a small bay of the Mediterranean, lighted up by the Italian sun shining in an atmosphere of haze, and reflecting so brilliant a colour on the sea, which northern artists, mindful of their patrons, would have shied from producing it on canvas. The perfect purity of the atmosphere in Italy, devoid of moisture and, as yet, of the radiant, shining heat, which in summer clothes the scenery in a golden mist, brought out the outlines of the houses so clear and sharply that each looked like a Dutch toy-house, so perfect in its outlines against the green sky; and more remote objects were distinctly seen in minutest detail, that the sense of distance, so brought out in our hazy climate, was at Amalfi almost lost. You thought you could cast a stone at the hills, which, with their weather-worn scarpments, partially covered by acacia tree vines, shut in at a distance of two or three miles this picturesque town, and on the summits and broken pinnacles of these columns of Roman art and arches and buttresses of the ages, could easily be discerned by the naked eye.

At a window of the principal hotel sat Sir Philip W. He was gazing on the Mediterranean--the mirror-like moor of which is unbroken by a single sail or a single breeze. His head reclines on his right arm. The attitude and expression are suggestive of deep thought. Though only six months have elapsed since we saw him last, there is a considerable change in his appearance. His dress, if not slovenly, is loosely and carelessly put on; his beard, which he has allowed to grow shaggy and irregular; and the hair on his head, which, grizzled by time and care, used to be arranged with scrupulousness, seemed now to lie anyhow on his pale and lofty forehead. On his forehead and under the eyes there were furrows which one would have carefully scanned his face six months before would not have detected, and there was a slightly perceptible increase in the descending lines about the mouth.

All this would not have been remarked except by a close observer, and an ordinary acquaintance would have accounted for the eccentricity of his garb by that *laissez aller* which soon transforms the Englishman of fashion, when abroad, into the dissipated man; and his graver and sadder aspect might have been accounted for to the effect of that lassitude which is apt to assail one of our insular race when in Italy.

As it is our duty to explain matters to our reader, we will inform him how it happened that the change above described had come over Sir Philip.

Our readers will recollect he had married an Italian lady, and that the union had been an unhappy one. It led, as we have mentioned, to a separation.

Now, Sir Philip had made up his mind, some time before the dinner at the "Hyperion," to leave England for some time. Two motives had impelled him to that resolution. The first was the one he avowed to himself. It was, if possible, to obtain distraction from the painful thoughts which oppressed him, and which solitude had intensified. The second, the real motive, was one he did not avow to himself, and which, had any one asserted to be that which really determined his decision, he would indignantly have repudiated. But in his inward soul the desire to see again the scene where he first met his wife had become so great that he could not resist it. Sir Philip still loved that wife—not as he believed she was now, but as she had been when first he saw her. As he believed her to be a traitress to his love, he had long discarded her from his heart, and could not think of her without indignation, nor without a fierce feeling of revenge towards the man who had broken his beautiful idol; but as she had been the bride of his youth, his first and only love, pure and spotless, he worshipped her hopelessly. Even although it would occasionally break in upon his solitary musings that there was no such being as her he idolised; though his reason forced him to admit that his ideal was, in reality, the same as that woman who had made him hate her sex and his own, the greater part of his time he lived, thought, and felt as if the two had no relation to each other; or if there were any association in his mind between the two lines of thought, it was one of contrast—the contrast between light and darkness. Nor is this treasuring of the ideal uncommon. Not unfrequently a man in his youth has passionately loved a young girl, and, clothing her with the rich imagery of his own mind, has conceived her, not merely a little lower than the angels, but much superior in moral purity and beauty; and it has happened that time and chance has separated them, and in after-life he meets her again, worldly, frivolous, and coarse—it may be, depraved. Does he immediately banish from his memory the vision of his youth? It is often impossible to do so. In foreign travel, in the heat of India, in northern cold, in battle and privation, that image has been ever present to him—the centre of all his aspirations after happiness—the loadstar which protects his heart from sin. He cannot cease to love her. But the real woman he now sees before him is another being—he never loved her. It may be that, with all the freshness

of an uncontaminated soul, he loathes and hates her. But young, the beautiful, the glory of his youth—she must ever be enshrined in his heart, the dearer, perhaps, because he knew he was mistaken and that it was not the woman, but the reflection of his own fresh, ingenuous heart he had worshipped. The impression is indelible, it is the impersonation of his vanished youth, the round which clings the memory of pure and noble thoughts and unselfish aspirations of the poetry of life.

Such, at least, was the case with the brooding mind of Sir Philip, and it was this reason which had decided him to make a pilgrimage to the place where he first saw her. Lord Grahame knew that he was Sir Philip's only confidant, and he had long abstained from inquiring after him, notwithstanding the political importance which attached to his name. But Sir Philip, as we have seen, at last wore out Lord Grahame's patience.

Sir Philip did not go direct to the Abruzzi. For some time or other he lingered in Paris. Then he went to Naples, and he remained a month, in the strictest privacy and seclusion. At last he had gone into the Abruzzi.

He found external nature the same. Every large boulevard, every tree, every watercourse was there, the same wild beauty of nature; but there was one change which added to the dreariness of the scene—the population had disappeared. The brigand villages existed no longer, and the Chateau of the monte and Amaldi were both tenantless and in decay.

With some difficulty Sir Philip found out a goat-herd, the solitary inhabitant of a district which, when he last saw it, contained 300 or 400 men.

What had become of them? True, they were robbed, robbers' wives, and robbers' sons and daughters; but they were human beings. The goat-herd could explain little. Not long ago since he had come, and things were then as now. In fact was, the population had been civilised off the face of the earth. Many had gone across the frontier into the States of the Church, where robbery is still an institution; a goodly proportion had been shot or hanged; the remainder were nowhere.

As to the Capelmonte, his goat-herd knew nothing, except that an old priest, who visited the district once a year, was called Capelmonte, and he had once or twice gone with him to the chateau, where, said the goat-herd, the Father had always bade adieu. He added that this was about the time when the robbers came here in the course of his rounds, and as he had not missed them since he himself had come to the country, he did not expect to see them so this year.

Sir Philip had little difficulty in persuading the goat-herd to give him shelter in his hut till the priest should come.

He spent a week in this humble abode. He wandered about all day in the desolate country, and always before he returned to the hut he visited the chateau and the green where the village *fête* had taken place. It had made an indelible impression on his memory; he could reproduce the whole scene in its remotest detail. This airy company kept him from wearying; and though everything tended to sadden his feelings, though the reactions which followed his day-dreams, when reclining in the shadow of the ruined castle, with his eyes closed, he repeople the desolate scene, left him utterly hopeless, he did not experience that *ennui* which had been so insupportable at home. All these eight days he saw no one except the goat-herd, whose conversation did not disturb his gloomy reverie.

At last the priest came. He was a venerable-looking man, probably about seventy. He seemed surprised and displeased to meet anyone with the goat-herd, and did not show himself disposed for conversation; but Sir Philip took the initiative, and introduced himself as an Englishman, who had come, from motives of curiosity, to visit a part of Italy of which so little was known, and he would be much obliged if the father would give him some information regarding the district.

"There is little to give," said the father. "We three are all the inhabitants within a circuit of eight miles, and my friend Sasio is the only resident. He can tell you about his goats, and when that is told, you know all which is to be known."

"Hardly," said Sir Philip. "Excuse my curiosity, but I have remarked close at hand the ruins of a village, and there are two castles not far from it, which must at one time have been of importance."

"What have we to do, my son," said the father, "with the things of the past?—the present is the scene of our duties."

"True!" said Sir Philip; "but not the scene of our affections, nor of our hopes. These are often with the past—the affections never to be again reciprocated, the hopes gone for ever. But even were it not so, the past interests me with its associations. I like to re-create scenes that have long gone by, and to try and conceive how human passions expressed themselves in the actions of those who have left the stage. There is a unity in history: the same motive power runs through the whole; happiness and sorrow, love and hate, play their parts with, on the whole, an equal intensity in one country as in another. Fundamentally, mankind is everywhere the same; and the differences in results which we see—the varied history of nations, the different destiny of peoples—arise altogether from

external causes ; it is in the tracing the effect of these inter-
upon the same plastic element of humanity that history
Therefore," he continued, "when in the course of my
I come on a scene like this, I read on it no traces of vice, or
crime on the part of those who once lived here. I take it for
they were much like other people, but I conclude that
stances of an extraordinary and tragic nature have
introduced *ab extra*, which has broken up the uniform p
the monotonous course of ordinary events. This missing lin
necting cause and effect, becomes, then, an object of curios
interest, and I do not feel satisfied till I take it up, and reali
after all, it is the same eternal drama which has been enact

"In the present case, at least," said the priest, "your
sophy is at fault in two ways. In the first place, the people
Abruzzi differ from all other Italians, and are the very anti
that phlegmatic race from whose history you have derive
most unhistorical creed. If there be no essential difference b
the passions and motives, if all the rest of the world but
each other, I will still hold up the Abruzzi as an exception
tiresome monotony. You tread on a volcanic soil. The e
aspect of nature, elsewhere so permanent, is here transito
mutable, and the fortunes of the various races who have atte
to take root in it have partaken of its volcanic nature and
vicissitude. And yet, even in the desolation you see, the
corroboration of one aspect of your philosophy. No cause
the inhabitants, at least, deemed extraordinary or providenti
caused their ruin. These villages have been burned and de
by the Neapolitan or Papal troops, and their inhabitants
or dispersed—ordinary causes which have been working
Abruzzi since the fifth century, in one shape or another ; th
difference is that this has been one of the many epochs o
plete desolation which the history of the locality records.
Neapolitans have only done now what Lombards, Hun
Burgundians and French did at intervals before. As for the i
tants, they have been disposed of even more summarily than in
days of violence. These villagers happened to be robbers, &
what, I admit, was rather an extraordinary concurrence, i
pened lately that the Neapolitan and Papal Governments hel
very brief period the eccentric idea that robbery should be
stop to, which they accordingly tried to do by the natural exp
of exterminating the robbers."

"But," said Sir Philip, "the people in the two chateaux,
very unpicturesque ruins we see, were they robbers, too?
somewhat of an antiquarian, and if I am not mistaken, that

the right was the residence of the Capelmonte, and the other of the Amaldi. I would willingly hear their story."

"Let us, then, sit down," said the priest, "in front of the Capelmonte Castle; its dilapidations will be found to harmonise with its history."

The priest was right, there could be no drearier accompaniment, a house of any pretensions allowed to go naturally to decay, or hastened by fire or by war, is one of the most depressing and, indeed, one of the most repulsive of sights during the earlier stage of its ruin. Afterwards, when the roof has fallen in, and the walls are shattered, and Nature has kindly sheltered and beautified it with her mantle of ivy, festooned with wall-flowers, it is beautiful and picturesque; but when the walls are still standing, when the doors are still on their rusty hinges, on which they never turn; when every pane of glass is broken in the windows, when the wood-work outside, which formerly was a balcony, has fallen half-way down, and is only suspended by having been intercepted by a buttress; when the ornamental iron railings are broken and rusty; when all the lighter tracery of the masonry is defaced, blurred, and stained; when the walls appear as if they had been exposed for years to the smoke-laden rain of a manufacturing town; and when, looking in at the windows, the void, spacious rooms are seen, with their worm-eaten, but still unbroken, floors, with the painting on the walls and on the roof still extant and fresh—for we suppose the house to have been simply deserted and shut up—and Italy is essentially a dry country,—there is no drearier sight in nature. You pull the bell at the door, and, to your surprise, you hear the ring sounding with that note which tells that there is nothing within but the bell itself—no people, no furniture—nothing but imprisoned space. But this thorough emptiness is not always literally true. In these decaying country houses there is generally one inhabitant—an old woman, who takes care of a whole army of hens and turkeys, to whose use the lower rooms of the chateau is devoted, and who wander about the place, crowing and cackling with that wierd tameness which animals who never see the human face, or who see only one, always exhibit. These are the tenants who have replaced the lord and his lady their numerous family, their obsequious retainers, their chaplain, butlers, footmen, ladies'-maids, and all the establishment of luxury. These ignoble fowls monopolise the rooms which used to be thronged with the gay, the rich, and the well-born; the scene of so many *faits*, so many brilliant conversations, so many love stories. Such in reality was the state of the chateau of the Capelmonte, only that no old woman took care of the feathered tenantry. They had remained, untended and uncared-for, the casual offspring of one or two which the rapacity of the marauder had overlooked; and

now their offspring had it all to themselves, and only suffer the occasional requisitions of the goat-herd, who treated him a chicken or a pullet when he wanted either, but who was too any market to make a more wholesale appropriation profitable.

It was in front of this uncomfortable-looking mansion Philip and the priest sat down.

The latter began the story. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the ruined village, "was once a happy community, and the Castle, in my own recollection, lived a nobleman who held the state; and to let you at once into my history, and so in perhaps, the interest of what I have to tell, I may at once say that the nobleman was my own brother. My brother," continued the priest, "was unfortunately affected by the sceptical spirit of the age. He became a Liberal, and was deeply committed to the designs of the Revolutionists. It was in vain I argued the ruinous course in which he had embarked. The Counts are obstinate and rash. The Count was convinced of the error of his designs, and of the corruption of the Government. As I am a servant of the Church, had little interest in canvassing political questions, for it must always be the duty of Churchmen to support legitimate rule. I did not betray my brother, but there were no want of spies. Some of his domestics and some of the villagers were in the pay of the police; and ever true your proverb, 'that there is honour among thieves.' In England, it is certainly not to be relied on in Italy. Had I been in the council of the authorities, I believe I would have advised him to escape; luckily, I was not so, for undoubtedly, as he proceeded, it became clearly the interest of my party that the government of the Ferdinand should be maintained, and I as I was spared the contest between duty and inclination. The Count came unexpectedly to me. I was in the Castle when the Count arrived, accompanied by several traitors from the village. The Count's entrance into the Castle, and took possession of the gates, and half-an-hour had elapsed the Count and his lady were on the way to Naples. I thank God his daughter (my niece) was not in the Castle, though, after all, worse may have happened to her. I had an opportunity given me to save the Count's son. When the Sbirri arrived, Roberto had escaped. Where that lad is I do not know. It was not safe for him to remain in Neapolitan territory, for even the Abruzzi is only a secure hiding-place for a man who has rendered himself atrocious by unheard-of crimes. For such a one, there is no place so secure as this country; for the brigand-traitors, all, are also cowards, and hesitate to injure a man who they know will not scruple to avenge himself by treachery or cruelty worse even than their own. But the Abruzzi is a

hiding-place for a political refugee, who has committed no other crime than conspiracy against Government."

Sir Philip, who had all along listened attentively to the priest's story, had become nervously excited towards the close, and had the Monk seen his face, he would have observed a sudden pallor come over it. Still it was with a firm voice that he said—

"I am deeply interested, sir, in your story, because I think I have met somewhere in England your nephew. Was he a tall, slight-formed man, unlike the Italian type in being fair, and with blue eyes? Had he not a slight stoop in his figure? and, if I mistake not, did he not walk slowly and draggingly, as if there was a want of elasticity in his frame?"

"You have described him not inaccurately," said the priest. "It is certain he was in England at one time, though that is long ago, and I have since lost all trace of him. Poor fellow! I hope he is dead, for there is little to console him here. His father and mother in prison, if alive; and his sister, God only knows where; his property sequestrated, his house a ruin."

"Could you recollect," said Sir Philip, "about the time when he was in England?"

"I can," said the priest; "for it was in 1848, the year of the revolution, that a friend of mine recognised him in London."

Sir Philip pressed his hands to his forehead, and a deep sob escaped, notwithstanding all his efforts at command. The priest turned round. Sir Philip's face was averted and covered by his hand but the whole frame quivered with emotion. The curiosity of the priest was deeply excited. He ceased his narrative and gazed on Sir Philip.

At last Sir Philip turned round, and the priest was surprised at the paleness of the face and the rigid compression of the lips. Sir Philip saw his surprise, and, recovering himself with an effort, said, "Forgive me, sir; but I am liable to severe spasms, and have been suffering; but it is over now, and I am better."

The priest did not reply for some time; a shade of thought passed over his impassive features. In a little while he resumed his narrative.

"I sometimes think," said he, "that Roberto will return, and that the old house will be restored to its pristine state. We are an old family—the Capelmonte,—and if Roberto be dead, I am the last of the name, and, of course, it will terminate with me. Perhaps, according to your English notions, it is as well it should; for I admit that a family whose retainers were professed brigands, is out of place in this age of the world. And, indeed, the relation of the family to its retainers was itself an anachronism, for although

the people around us were robbers, we were courtiers—educated, all of us, abroad, and civilised by travel,—and, therefore, out of keeping in the Abruzzi. But this anomalous state of society is now broken up. The robbers still remain—not, indeed, in this district, for our friend Sasio is a peaceful fellow ; but in other parts of the Abruzzi they are not uncommon. But the nobles have vanished, and perhaps it is the want of the little control they exercised, which has made the Abruzzi the resort of all that is most savage and cruel in Italy. I have often doubted, familiar as I am with brigands, whether the chivalry and romance with which your English legends associate the outlaws of Sherwood, or the Highland Caterans, are not the embellishment of romance. Certainly they do not exist among the genus robber of this country. The only thing I can say in their favour is, that they are devoted Catholics, and thorough believers in the virtue of absolution to save from punishment in the next world the most atrocious criminals. But we wander from the subject, and, indeed, my story is finished.”

Sir Philip had recovered his self-possession, and said, “One of the personages in your history you said little about, and yet your allusion interested me. If it do not distress you to tell me what became of the Count’s daughter——”

The brow of the priest contracted, and his lips were compressed. “Of her,” said he, “I would rather not speak. And yet, why not? She, too, I suppose, is dead ; and as you seem interested, I will tell you all I know. Once there came to our village a young Englishman. Why, I do not exactly know, for our district had an evil reputation ; and few foreigners, and, least of all, Englishmen, came there voluntarily. Some did come against their will, and were glad to get away again at any price. But this gentleman came of his own pleasure, and this it was that attracted us to him. It was at a village *fête* he first made his appearance, which, perhaps, was the reason why he had come there in safety, for the Abruzzi had one savage virtue then—they did not, in general, murder on *fête* days. Indeed, on these occasions a stranger would have thought them the most peaceful, gay, and harmless of people. It might have been different the day after our *fête* ; for the stranger, though he had come unattended, had the appearance of one who could have paid a good ransom. But my brother took him under his protection, and invited him to stop a few days at the Castle. I met him there frequently. There was something in him which both attracted and repelled. He was proud and reserved ; but this seemed to spring from a melancholy disposition rather than from any feeling of superiority. His conversation showed a depth of thought and a breadth of observation which it was a great relief to me to meet with in the somewhat unintellectual society at the Castle ; while the sportsman habits and

instincts of my brother and nephew were attracted by the
r's narrative of his incidents of a life passed apparently in
of danger and adventure. These were the attractive phases
character; what repelled you from him was a want of
hy with anyone else—a cold indifference, which you could
selfishness; for he was not self-indulgent, but ascetic, and,
, esteemed himself as little as he did other people; but it
to arise from a Solomon feeling and a Solomon experience of
turn of mind common enough with you Englishmen, and
explains your suicidal reputation, but unknown to us of
But there was one of our family in whom he did feel an
and that was my brother's daughter Alicia. I can
understand the attraction. She had barely passed from
d, and was perfectly innocent, happy, and artless, and the
s of her mind was something new to the Englishman, as it
quisitely attractive to me. Now, I daresay you have re-
that a gloomy, haughty man, especially if good-looking, is
attract the fancy of a girl such as I have described Alicia
onte. She thinks there is an unknown and inexhaustible
thought and feeling hid in these self-concentrated natures,
perception that they are not happy attracts that feeling of
rich, I believe, is the strongest feeling in woman. Whatever
be the process, my niece became attached to the Englishman,
, somewhat to my surprise, returned her passion with an
y which made me modify the unfavourable impression I had
of his heart. It was not long before they came to an under-
g, and the stranger immediately followed it up by demanding
rother the hand of his daughter. This my brother, however,
reckoned on. A hearty sportsman and a man of pleasure my
was, nevertheless, a Capelmonte, which, if you were not a
r to Italian history, would tell you was a family with whom
f birth was almost a mania. Even I, a servant of the Church,
el the hereditary spirit tingle in my veins when I see all
me the ancient in name trodden under-foot, and men of
ay, men of the Bourse, or of the gambling-room, thrust into
lace."

Philip felt a momentary sense of amusement at this ebullition
worldly spirit in the priest, but he knew Italy too well to be
surprised at it. "I respect your feelings," said he. "We
h, also, have our family pride, mushroom, as our best names are,
red with those in Italy, which date from the Roman Empire."
e priest was pleased, and continued his narrative.

I daresay it took your countrymen by surprise when the Count
im that his alliance was out of the question. He revealed his
—Sir Philip Warden—to my brother, and attempted to explain

that in his own country the position of his family was of the highest. But my brother could not, or would not, understand him, they were both passionate men the result was a quarrel, in consequence of which Sir Philip left the Castle. He did so, and I saw Alicia smile after that day. She went about the house as usual, fulfilling her duties listlessly, but her spirits were gone. It was evident her heart had been given to Sir Philip, and his only deepened the impression he had made by allowing his fancy to endow him with qualities which, no doubt, he did not possess. I think so because, had he loved her as she loved him, he had been an Italian and not an Englishman, he would not have given up the pursuit; but we never heard of him again for many years. It may detract from your notions of Italian fidelity when I tell you that a year after the Englishman's visit Alicia became the wife of an Italian nobleman. It may console you to know that the marriage was not a happy one, and that none of her relatives felt much when the news of his death arrived. After that we had many things to attend to, for it was then that my brother was arrested and the family ruined. It was, therefore, with a feeling of surprise and satisfaction that I learned, soon after, that Alicia and the Englishman had met again, and been married. They were in England, where Sir Philip had large properties, and, as I learned from a priest who had been in the neighbourhood, they were some time happy; but our family is an unlucky one, and from the same source I learned afterwards that a quarrel had taken place and a separation ensued."

"Did your correspondent tell you the reason of separation?" asked Sir Philip.

"He did not," said the priest; "he saw my niece by my wife after the separation, and she declined to give him any explanation. She affirmed her innocence, but said, she was content, for the sake of Sir Philip, to be considered in the wrong. She could not defend herself, she said without betraying other people; and for her own sake. 'What am I,' she said 'in this country? No one will believe me; and Sir Philip's reputation is dearer to me than my own life.'"

"That is all," he continued, "I know of Lady Warden. I have since several times caused inquiries to be made, but without result. She had left that part of the country under a borrowed name. My conviction is she is dead. And here concludes my story. I have to say of those to whom this castle once belonged, who had lived there for many centuries, and now I leave this place. You have extracted this long story from me without mentioning that at one time you had met Roberto, who, if alive, is still the head of my house. Perhaps you may meet him again; tell him there is still one living who feels for him, and who

after may be able to assist him and——” The narrator paused, and said, with a marked emphasis, “and one who, though a priest, still considers himself a Capelmonte, and bound to revenge the wrongs of his race.”

Sir Philip glanced at the face of his companion. The subdued somewhat stolid look of the ecclesiastic had vanished, and there was a proud bearing and a flash in the eye which showed that the old brigand blood yet boiled beneath the serge.

CHAPTER V.

It was shortly after this conversation that Sir Philip had gone to Amalfi. Since his arrival he had kept mostly to his apartments in the hotel, and had excited the curiosity and interest of the landlord by his settled melancholy and the care with which he shunned all intercourse. At night, too, he had often been heard walking for hours in his bed-room, and the landlord doubted whether he slept at all. The opinion of the landlord and his wife was that their guest was not altogether in his proper senses—a conclusion in which the friends of the landlord concurred, when they learned that the Englishman had taken for himself alone the whole of the little hotel.

Lord Grahame Falconer was informed by the landlord that his guest had given strict orders he should see no one. But his lordship was not to be denied; and a Napoleon quietly introduced into the landlord's hands, coupled with an assurance that he was sure Sir Philip would be glad to see him, and with a positive assertion that he was determined to get in, overcame his scruples.

His lordship entered the room where Sir Philip was sitting, unannounced. He was more taken by surprise than Sir Philip, so much was he struck with the change in his appearance.

“What the devil have you been about?” was the first salutation of his lordship. “Have you had fever, or what has happened?”

“Nothing whatever,” said Sir Philip, coming forward with his usual gentlemanly manner and shaking hands with his friend—“nothing whatever; only I am somewhat knocked-up with the heat, and I have not been very well. I am glad, very glad, to see you.”

Lord Grahame had his doubts of the sincerity of this statement. To judge from Sir Philip's expression of face, his sentiments might be supposed the reverse; but this was only at first. The strong control Sir Philip exercised over his emotions soon banished every trace of annoyance.

Lord Grahame began his attack upon Sir Philip by explaining to him the state of parties, and the career which was open to him if he liked to avail himself of it. He found Sir Philip quite disposed to his projects. “I will do anything,” he said, “which will distract

my attention, and I will try again whether the game of politics can have that effect. It answered well at one time of my life, and, believe me, my lord, I need it now."

"May I be your confidant?" said his lordship; "perhaps I could assist you; at all events, I would not betray. There is some heavy secret on your heart. I am an old man, but I have always taken an interest in you. Is it the old sorrow again, my friend? I often thought you never entirely got over it; but I thought time was gradually healing the wound."

"You have a right," said Sir Philip, "if any one has, to my confidence; but, believe me, what I have recently suffered cannot be assuaged by any sympathy. I will bear it better alone. I must so bear it to the end of my days. Let us not speak of it or the past. Let us look only to the future. I accept the proposition you have made me. I will return to England and if an exclusive devotion to public life can secure me the confidence of our party they may rely, at least, on that: for henceforth I have no other life. I will return with you when you please, to-morrow, if it suits you."

"It will be time enough in a day or two," said Lord Grahame; "we will, at any rate, leave this hotel to-morrow; and if you will allow me to direct your steps, we will go to Paris. It is a better place for getting rid of evil thoughts than here."

The two friends accordingly went to Paris; but Sir Philip was not more at peace there than in Amalfi. The amusements of Paris, as they are called, were to him only so many sources of fatigue and *ennui*; and, indeed, sorrows which we cannot forget, and which have their root in our own evil passions, become more poignant amid scenes which, to a mind untainted by remorse and unembarrassed by anxiety, excite laughter, or gratify curiosity. For the pleasure or interest displayed by others, only reveals more clearly to the victim of remorse, and unavailing regret his isolation, and adds to his sufferings the painful effort which even the proudest insensibly makes to hide his feelings from others, and to make believe that he sympathises with the rest. Ah! in such scenes full many a laugh which, to those fresh and young hearts which are really interested in what is going on, appears natural and in harmony with their own thoughts, is detected by those who have gone through the experience of misfortune or folly—that is to say, by the majority—by a certain falsity in its key, to be an index to feelings and thoughts, which, if expressed in language sufficiently graphic, would arrest the smile on the lips of the most careless and most innocent of the audience. There is an attraction in real sorrow which compels attention. Its force consists in this—that the man possessed by a great sorrow belongs to another world of thought; and when it is discovered that such is the case,

people turn round to gaze at this traveller from a far country, who has brought with him the very air of the desert.

Lord Grahame could not understand Sir Philip. Pretty well accustomed to the genus *blasé*, there was something in the way in which his friend met all the variety of Parisian life which surpassed every indifferentism he had yet seen; and when he hinted his surprise at this listlessness, there was a weary smile came over Sir Philip's face, and a brief attempt to appear amused or interested, which depressed even the triply-polished Epicurianism of his lordship. Obviously the simple distraction of the *flâneur*—generally the most potent dissipator of disagreeable thoughts in a town like Paris, or rather in Paris, for there is no town like it—would not do. Lord Grahame tried other means. But Sir Philip had lost all interest in gaming. It seemed to be nothing to him whether he gained or lost, and as for intrigue, Lord Grahame was too old; and Sir Philip was so cold, so silent, and so indifferent that a younger scrooner would have failed to lead him into temptation.

Sir Philip was unamuseable and Lord Grahame was bored.

"This will never do!" said his lordship. "You will be floating down the Seine or exposed in the Morgue, if we don't get out of this. Let us go to London—business is what you require. After all, ambition is the best antidote. I don't ask, Sir Philip, what is that weighs so on your spirits. You may tell me, if you like, and if I can help you know I will; but, one way or another, you must cheer up."

"My dear fellow," said Sir Philip, with almost a successful attempt at gaiety, "what tragic notion is this you have taken to your head? There is nothing the matter with me at all. My money matters you know are all right, and I have a career before me. What more can I ask? Do you wonder that I am no longer a boy, and feel no zest for the dissipations of Paris,—that I can't laugh at their stupid vaudevilles nor be interested in their miles pictures?"

"I don't see why you should not as well as I," said his lordship, "who might be your father. I still can laugh, thank God, and still appreciate a picture. I still like a dinner at the maison Dore, and, above all, it is a pleasant sight in this miserable world—the Boulevard Italian. I can't understand a man being happy among the men we meet there, some of whom think they will never die. I, for one, can't help catching their spirit. Unless one has turned revivalist; unless one has killed one's father or brother; forged a bill which is stopped at the Bank; lamed one's favourite hunter; tired of one's favourite mistress, who will take the hint; or any other of those tragic ills that flesh is heir to,—so long as I have a good conscience—I mean, so long as

I keep on the windy side of the lane, and have given no excuse to ghosts to disturb my waking or sleeping dreams, and so long am in good health.—I can't, for the life of me, see why anyone helps being amused in Paris. If I had the direction of an army of melancholy madmen, I would engage to cure them, if gendarmes would allow me to parade them, in straight jacket course, and becomingly fettered, up and down the Italian evening."

"Well," said Sir Philip, "I fear I am one of the incurables for I confess the most insipid sight of all the insipid sights of Paris is these same Boulevards filled evening after evening by people who find felicity in *eau sucrée*, ices, and lemonade. I am sick of the affair, I confess. *Allons!* let us to England. There you are in contact with real interests and real passion; and the opposition of men in dead earnest fighting for their lives—that is to say, their interests—will perhaps elicit a sparkle or two in the smouldering heap of ashes which, to speak *à la tragique*, at present covers the volcano of my heart."

And again Sir Philip laughed gaily.

Next morning they left for London.



SCOTT'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THE deep-rooted and pardonable prejudice, which the licentious novels of the last, and of the preceding, century excited against works of fiction, is rapidly dying away. If it lingers at all, it is confined to narrow-minded circles, into which broader and more enlightened views have not succeeding in penetrating.

To the narrative form of literature, as such, no reasonable objection can possibly be made. Nor is fiction itself necessarily objectionable. The accurate and learned historian is most readable and instructive, when he thoroughly throws himself into the spirit of his subject, and describes, pleasantly and vividly, the actions of the real persons the story of whose eventful lives he is narrating. He is most successful, when he enables his reader to discover for himself, from the actions and events he is describing, the motives and circumstances which led to these events. The historical novelist, on his side, is most deserving of praise, when he contrives to give life and substance to the shadowy persons and deeds which uncertain tradition has handed down, and compels the reader to sympathise with, and for his heroes and heroines.

A well-written and successful history, ostensibly confining itself to what has actually taken place, must, therefore, produce on the mind of the reader much the same effect as that at which the novelist aims. There are, however, certain marked differences between these two forms of literature. The graphic and learned historian is closely bound down by facts, which he dares not alter; he is not permitted to give his imagination any latitude, nor to introduce into his narrative purely fictitious personages, though by so doing he might greatly enhance the interest of his work. The novelist, on the other hand, has as much more freedom, though after all, not as much as he is commonly credited with having, for he too must, above all things, make his characters act consistently and naturally. To reproduce nature faithfully is the greatest triumph of art; the endeavour to do so must keep the literary artist, whether historian or novelist, within the bounds of reason and propriety.

A novel may be defined to be the history of persons, generally fictitious, but whether real or fictitious so portrayed as to be true to the weaknesses and peculiarities of human character. A history on the other hand, is, or professes to be, an unvarnished account of

the lives of real persons and of the events in which they actually took part. Occasionally the novelist takes for his heroes and heroines real persons and adheres closely to the story of their lives as related in authentic histories; but if he purposely departs from the known sequence of events, if he introduces fictitious characters, if he relates conversations, which probably took place, but which he cannot prove did actually take place, his work is only classed among novels, though it may give a better description of the past than half the so-called histories in existence.

Shakespeare's historical plays are brilliant pictures of the life and manners of the past, and some of the scenes he has reproduced are more exact representations of what occurred than the accounts given of them by Hume and some other historians. Still it is not felt that Richard III. and Henry V. ought to be classed among histories, properly so called.

The historian, the novelist, the dramatist, the traveller one and all have the same great object to accomplish, though each adopts a different method. They have, one and all, to describe to the reader either what has taken place, or what he may suppose has occurred, in fact, though each adopts a peculiar method, the description of men, manners, customs, events, and places is the object they all keep before them, and which they try to accomplish. The more skilfully the narrator throws himself into his subject, the more vividly he describes, the more clearly he seems to see, what he is committing to paper, the greater his triumph, the more useful his labours, the more lasting his influence for good or evil.

How especially true is this of the traveller! He must throw himself into his work, heart and soul. He must describe, as if he understood, everything he saw. Nay, more, he must compel his readers to see those scenes and places which he is describing.

All novels of necessity deal with the lives and histories of persons; the principal difference between the historical novel and the ordinary work of fiction is that though the former introduces real men and women, who have actually lived and died, fictitious personages and conversations are also made use of to heighten the interest of the narrative: the latter, that is to say novels not commonly classed as historical, concerns itself with persons not historically famous, and who, generally speaking, are the creations of the writer's imagination from first to last, but who are intended to represent the manners and customs of the age, and usually of the country to which the writer and the reader belong. Practically, therefore, well-written novels, whether treating of the past or the present, have much in common with, and are not necessarily less useful in their place, than histories. Indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say, that much of what has until recently, been

sober history, has been less trustworthy and not more than some of Sir Walter Scott's finest novels.

Who attempts to describe the manners and customs or delineate the peculiarities of foreign nations, must be overflowing with love for his fellow-creatures; must, with all of sympathy for all that belongs to man. Unless with generous love, this far-reaching sympathy, he may do able and valuable work—he may bring commanding and great learning to his labour,—but he fails to touch his readers; he does not cause a chord to vibrate in them and him in unison. It was this kindness of his wonderful sympathy with and for all men, women, for their woes and joys, which made Charles Dickens a popular novelist of his day.

More than a century ago, it was generally thought that the novel was limited, and that it always must remain so—fancied—they could hardly have thought seriously otherwise—that a novel might be readable and instructive, and could be nothing more. How it came about that they came to give that any book which was unusually interesting must command many readers, and must, consequently, be exercising a powerful and lasting influence over the minds of those who read it, is inconceivable. That the novel should become a favourite form of literature; that it would be read by all classes and occupy the pen of some of the best in every age and country,—seemed to them impossible. But novels had already been produced, the history of which has taught the critics wisdom. The one, *Don Quixote*, has respected, revolutionised the opinions of Spain, and had the dying embers of Spanish chivalry; the other, *Gil Blas*, and intellectually far inferior to the work of Cervantes, became an universal favourite in France, and had helped to cure the affectation and heartlessness of its people. Dean Swift published his marvellously powerful, though unflattering, satires in the form of novels, and still the critics are sceptical.

Not until long after Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett had their hands at writing novels, and had commanded the hundreds of thousands of eager and interested readers, when Johnson had produced "*Rasselas*," and Goldsmith had made his genial and touching "*Vicar of Wakefield*," did critics begin to waver. It was not until Voltaire had written "*Candide*," Goethe "*The Sorrows of Werther*," and Leisler's "*Apprenticeship*," Manzoni "*The Betrothed*," and Scott the "*Waverley Novels*," that public opinion

and the reluctant critics confessed that novels must henceforth rank high, not merely as works of art, but for the enormous influence, for good or evil, they would exercise over the opinions and morals of classes and nations. †

A novel of the highest order of merit can convey lessons as impressive as any which the preacher desires to inculcate. It may expand the sympathies of its readers, and raise their thoughts to a higher level. It may fill their hearts with love for the beautiful, the noble, the good. It may teach the history of past times and place before the reader vivid pictures of what has been, or it may enable him to see the temptations and sorrows which deep down in the abysses of modern society exist in so many homes. It may give new impulses to actions, new motives to life, and may place new aims before the reader. It may ennoble those who come under its powerful influence, and mould the lives and colour the thoughts of millions. Therefore it may—nay, it often is a powerful agent for good. But it may be a deadly instrument of evil, in other cases. It may narrow the sympathies, pervert the affections, fill the heart with low and sensual tastes, and degrade all those who drink in its baneful lessons. It may excite admiration for vice, and arouse disgust for virtue. It may unfit a man for the everyday duties of life, and make him repine at that which he ought calmly to bear and resist. The novel may as surely degrade as it can exalt. All depends on the tendencies of the work and the objects and principles of the writer.

Those who find that they cannot any longer deny the power of the novel are sometimes disingenuous enough to assert that the novel lives only on sufferance, and that it owes its immense power to the follies and ignorance of a frivolous and irreligious age. There is not a particle of truth in such statements.

In sober earnest, the novel is now the most powerful engine for good or evil which modern literature possesses. There is no reason why a well-written and moral novel should not have the greatest power for good. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in this country at any rate, struck a chord which has never ceased to vibrate, and which forced the English to feel for and with the down-trodden slaves of America. No sermon, no book of travels, could have produced such an effect.

The greatest talents and the ripest scholarship have sometimes been found among novelists. The most lasting influence has been exerted by some of them. The loftiest morality and the most unblushing profligacy have equally found advocates among them. The soundest philosophical and political views, the deadliest and most overt attacks on religion, the most generous invectives against despotism,—one and all have found in the novel a fitting dress, and

the surest means of approaching the hearts of the masses of the people.

Of course in this, as in every other branch of literature, it is only the well-written work which can exercise great power for good or evil. The inferior writer, whether he tries his unskilful hand at sermons or novels, poetry or philosophy, though he may blacken scores of reams of paper with ink, finds that his arrows are pointless, that his words fall dead and unheeded. There must be something of importance to impart; there must be the power to impart it. Whether the form adopted be that of the novel or the history, the poem or the sermon, unless the matter and style are good the effect will be ephemeral and trifling.

The fact must be admitted that a great novel is a wonderful work of art; that its good or bad influence is far reaching and lasting. The finest novels of the past are eagerly read by all classes and continue to influence all ranks and conditions. No other writer can command such a constituency, no other teacher so many enthusiastic disciples, as the novelist of genius. In all probability the power of the novel will for many years to come continue to augment, as the number of intelligent readers increases and the prejudice against this form of literature diminishes.

It is, however, only the well-written novel which is entitled to praise and respect. The sensational, badly-worked-out, and worthless stuff, which is poured into the circulating libraries, is perhaps eagerly read by excitable girls and thoughtless shopboys, but is speedily forgotten. A worthless book, because it is in the novel form, may chance to be read, but it does not and cannot influence the manners and opinions of the age. It may ruin the young people who read it, but will not influence the masses of the nation unless a work of real genius.

Although only one novel in twenty may rise above mediocrity, and only one in fifty may take a lasting place in literature, and not one in five hundred may continue to exert a marked influence, the number of novels written in a decade is so enormous that, admitting that the above figures represent the proportion of the works of merit, permanent and important additions are yearly made to the books which are deserving of attentive perusal. For variety of subjects, learning, and numbers, the novel literature of this country deserves consideration.

It is not desirable to permit children, at any rate, to read novels; nor should anyone allow fiction to form the greater part of his reading. Those who never read works of fiction are not of necessity the best and wisest of men and woman; while those who only read novels are assuredly doing their best to unfit themselves for the work of life. Perhaps, however, it is better to read nothing but

college. In due course he became a minister. He was on the wrong side of the walk in life his ambitious friends had chosen for him. Not vicious, profligate, and untruthful, he needed close and healthy restraints to keep him within due bounds. Unfortunately, he gave up to reading the veriest trash which the cheap circulating library placed within his reach. The books he read still more unfit for the ministry, and, if that were possible, consummated him intellectually and morally. He was ultimately driven in and out of the ministry. Since then he has led a vagrant and dissipated life, some episodes in which have been far from creditable to him. He continues to devour nothing but novels of the worst standard at all hours of the day, when he has a little leisure, can be stretched on a sofa reading the daily volume. His ill-children have faithfully followed in his steps. Their education has been completely neglected, and their accomplishments consist in being able to read. They used to have five or six tickets from the free library of the town in which they lived. At all hours of the day, and occasionally half through the night, these children, the oldest a half-educated girl of twenty-two, the youngest a boy of seven or eight, are to be seen with novels before them. Of these they select books destitute of ability and artistic skill, and devote themselves to most objectionable works. From the father to the youngest child they are novel mad, and they think of nothing but corrupt literature. Perhaps it is such a contagion which set some people strongly against all novels, but the abuse of anything cannot fairly be urged against its moderate and discreet use. Great novelists do not claim for their works the same attentive consideration as other masterpieces of literature. They only seek for them a place by the side of other masterpieces of literature, and they are right in pleading that they are useful in their place, and that they are inferior to other works of genius. It is not the author's fault that the fascination which novels have for all persons leads many people astray, nor should novel literature, in consequence, be banished from its right place, until it is shown that it necessarily follows that the perusal of really well-written and moral novels is injurious, and that it more often does evil than good.

The characters delineated by great novelists with consu-

skill and fidelity ought to be carefully studied. A fine novel is not a book that should be laid aside and forgotten as soon as read. Like a fine picture, it should be examined again and again, a second, even a third perusal may be found necessary. The character of the good and magnanimous knight, Don Quixote, in spite of his absurdities, well repays careful study, and teaches the student as many lessons, though of a different kind, as the study of the character of the Duke of Gloucester in Richard III. Charles the Bold, though for different reasons, is as deserving of study, in Scott's "*Anne of Geierstein*," as "*Othello*," and though the cold-hearted and revengeful Balfour of Burley was the creation of an artist whose genius fell below that of Shakespeare, his character is not without deep interest for those who are able to appreciate Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and Coriolanus. Dickens's Joe Gargery the blacksmith, may call forth as many emotions as Froude's account of Anne Boleyn, though the former is pure fiction and the latter thoroughly reliable history.

Any faithful delineation of character and manners, whether it occurs in histories, in plays, or in novels, is almost equally instructive and valuable, any difference there may be being due, not to the intrinsic differences in these classes of composition, but to the differences in the genius of the artists. A great novel as well repays study as Froude's history or Macaulay's splendid fragment of a history. The most learned student may be interested in the thread of the narrative and in the artistic union of incidents, character, and manners, so as to form one connected and harmonious whole; but he will find greater pleasure in dissecting the characters delineated, in comparing their conduct at one time with their conduct at another, in forming estimates of their characters, not from what the novelist says they are, but from the actions which they are made to commit, in judging of their motives from their characters, and in seizing upon every sentence which from its wisdom and truthfulness strikes him as deserving of special attention.

The character of Andrew Fairservice, one of Scott's masterpieces, is, apart from the general interest of the wonderful tale to which it belongs, a perfect gem. No one who knows how to read novels, and reads them to educate himself, and to give himself broader and truer views of human nature, could weary of this man's foibles and selfishness. Then, again, Nanty Ewart is a character so true to life, so full of pathos, so strange, but withal so natural an union of vice and generosity, that, so far from wearying the reader, the tenth perusal of "*Redgauntlet*" would only intensify and strengthen his interest.

Scott's novels are full of sentences which convey far more to the mind than can be always gathered from one or two perusals.

A singular instance occurs in "Redgauntlet," when Nanty F describing the character of two amiable and worthy Catholic "These Misses Arthcuret," said the poor smuggler, "fe hungry, and clothe the naked, and such like acts, which n father used to say were filthy rags, but he dressed himself o as many of them as most folk." In twenty words the pr novelists has described the practical piety of these two goo as well as the simple-minded purity and worth of the old minister—Nanty Ewart's father.

Scott's female characters are even more remarkable, we possible, than his male ones. Of their kind they are unriva power and faithfulness; with some exceptions, however, they so pleasing, though undoubtedly far more skilfully drawn, tha of Dickens. Scott depicted remarkable women acting in and eventful dramas. Dickens described girls and women present day, and chiefly belonging to the humbler classes. little remarkable in the circumstances in which the latt their several parts. There may not often be anything out common run in their abilities or tact, but, there is a swee gentleness about them, which are unrivalled. Dickens de in describing the domestic virtues. Woman is, in his books at home, doing her appointed work, soothing and cheeri stronger sex. In the works of Scott woman is not trouble home anxieties, but has loftier destinies. She is the repos state secrets, the counsellor of kings, the support of falling Dickens paints woman as she is seen in ten thousand hous as she might be seen in every well-ordered family circle. describes her as she might be seen, once or twice in a centu his are the grander, the more majestic pictures, though Di are the more natural and elevating.

Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray were, at the very least, c successful in their portraiture of women as the two greatest novelists of England, while all three have described wome pleasing and amiable than Jane Austen and Marian Eva done. The former, though she described to the life the and customs of ladies of the upper middle classes, has not e the literature of her country with any remarkable and characters, certainly she has not approached the descrip Scott.

Marian Evans, on the other hand, perhaps not very in genius to the author of "Vanity Fair," though she h duced many remarkable works—works which place her at head of all the female novelists of the past and present—equalled some of Dickens's sketches of female character for and certainly has not approached the finest creations of S

are not generally misused. She has given us men and an insight into the homes of the peasantry, into the lives of farmers and shopkeepers. Some of her pictures show of their fascination and interest from dealing with very unfamiliar objects. It is doubtful whether the small yeoman would appreciate the description of Mrs. "Adam Bede," as it would be appreciated and enjoyed in the nates of the hall or the rectory. It is not likely that "It" would receive the same earnest attention in the poor underpaid Dissenting ministers as in the mansions of gentlemen and Church dignitaries. Large as is Miss Austen's constituency, it cannot equal that of which Dickens boasted. Ten people could read again and again, with unfading interest the lives of Nancy and of little Nell, for one who would find undiminished delight to the eccentricities of Mrs. Holt. Though Marian Evans delights her more intelligent readers, she does not insensibly draw all classes together; she does not soothe hearts and elevate and purify the feelings of rich and poor and low. All this Dickens does to perfection. In the last, and, in some respects, the finest work that has come from her gifted pen, there is wanting that power of creating a living interest to her heroines, which Scott and Thackeray possessed in an eminent degree. With all its merits, as it is probably one of the grandest efforts of the female intellect in literature there is a coldness in "Middlemarch," which, perhaps, the value of this magnificent philosophical dissertation on the manners and customs of the inhabitants of a small provincial town. and Celia may be admired, and their faithfulness to the subject is not to be denied: but few persons will love them—few will feel



"My Novel," and "What will he do with It?" are signs of splendid genius, and of a sympathy and love for all mankind seldom equalled. Among the many brilliant pictures of pure-hearted and generous women, to be found in these three works, what can surpass the description of Mrs. Hazeldean, of Mrs. Dale, of Mr. Caxton, of Blanche? What is there finer, in the whole range of novel literature, than the beautiful companion pictures which he has given in "My Novel" of Helen the Consoler, and Viola the Exalter? What more touching is there than the tender pictures of home which he has given in these three pure and beautiful creations of his genius? Some of his later novels may than redeem his fame from the indiscriminate charges brought against it.

By far the most perfect and lovely of all Scott's characters, male and female, is Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York. In this one instance, at least, Scott painted a character absolutely perfect and free from blemish. There is a moral dignity, a piety, an earnestness, in the heroic Jewess, which are only fully realised when the reader has gone over her life again and again. In all the strange scenes, in which she plays her eventful part, she preserves the same incorruptible integrity. Few of Scott's female characters are remarkable for tenderness and religious feeling, few seem as if they would be quite at home in the ordinary sphere of their sex. But Rebecca, whether in the gallery, at the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, or in her father's home, whether in the power of her brutal captors, or at the bedside of the wounded Knight of Ivanhoe, is always true to herself, and faultless. When placed at the bar, and tried, at Templestowe, before the stern and bigoted Sir Lucas de Beaumanoir, on the frivolous charge of witchcraft, where on every hand stood professional churchmen—men proverbially distinguished for their hardness of heart and cruelty of disposition—she was as unmoved as if she had been surrounded by friends. That the crafty and licentious Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert should have tried to obtain her affection, and to make her his wife, that Ivanhoe should be eager to risk his life in an unequal conflict in her defence, was perfectly natural, considering what she was. Had her beauty and purity not powerfully affected those who came within her magic influence the wonder would indeed have been great.

The interest of the story centres in the Jewish maiden, though it is very probable it was not intended that it should. Examined critically, there are flaws in the tale which detract from its excellence as a work of art. No maiden placed in such circumstances as those in which Rebecca lived could possibly have been pure and faultless; no man exposed to the perils which beset her father could have heaped up riches, and lived to become the envy

of his neighbours; the resuscitation of Athelstane is unnatural, and instead of adding to, takes from the interest of the story. These are trifling faults, and cannot affect the position and reputation of the mighty intellect from whose inexhaustible mines of wealth the character of Rebecca was drawn. It was reserved for Sir Walter Scott to produce the grandest conception of a perfect and unselfish woman which exists in literature.

The description of Rebecca has touched the hearts of many men and women not addicted to strong emotion of any kind—not easily affected by the creations of the novelist. Thackeray, not surely of all men the softest hearted, though in his bosom there was a vein of tender humanity to which he scarcely did justice, has recorded that he allowed the thought of Rebecca to fill his mind, for he longed to see her united to Ivanhoe,—the faithful wife of a noble-hearted knight: “Indeed I have thought of it,” he said, “any time these four and twenty years, ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels, ever since the day when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me, ever since I grew to love Rebecca, the sweetest creation of the poet’s fancy, and longed to see her righted.”

The lady Rowena is a cold-hearted, and comparatively uninteresting woman compared with the far nobler, far more perfect, though most unhappy Rebecca.

Jeanie Deans is usually considered, next to Rebecca, the finest character in Scott’s novels. The intense truthfulness which she carried to such an unusual length as to endanger her only sister’s life by refusing to tell a falsehood, when public opinion would have held her justified in departing from the strict truth, her heroism in hurrying up to London from Edinburgh, at a time when such a journey was thought more of by people, in her humble position, than a journey round the world would be in these days, and her courage in forcing herself into the royal presence to intercede for her sister’s life,—these things have made her famous. In other respects she is not so interesting as some other female characters, who might be instanced. There is a quiet Scotch homeliness, a primness, indeed, about Jeanie Deans, which are not so taking with the generality of people as the greater polish and refinement of the unhappy girl, her sister. The character of Jeanie Deans will always remain a favourite, and her perseverance and intrepidity will long be held up as models.

Third in the list certainly comes the incomparable *Die Vernon*. In this accomplished woman Scott has combined many apparently contradictory features. Almost any other writer would have failed in the attempt; but he was completely successful in making this

right thing at the right moment. She captivates every reader the history of her life. Her introduction to Frankstone, her courteous and kind protection of him in his uncle's skill in extricating him from the toils which Rashleigh had about him, her sorrow and firmness at parting from him, relieved for ever, on the evening when he had just escaped the party which had been conveying Rob Roy to what seemed death,—all are worthy of her, though they would appear trifling if recounted of any other woman.

"You know, too, how long and happily I lived with her. You know how I lamented her, but you do not know how much she deserved her husband's sorrow." These touching words so thoroughly express what anyone would expect the husband of Diana to feel that they are not likely to impress the reader of them properly until he has pondered them well and they convey volumes.

Flora MacIvor, the heroine of "Waverley," is in many respects a noble character: though as skilfully delineated, she is not intrinsically so noble as the three preceding. Her blindness to the frivolous and tyrannical house of Stewart, quite notwithstanding her education and temperament, savours somewhat of reason. Viewed as the type of elevated, unselfish loyalty is perfect; had the object of her worship been nobler, deserving of respect, she might have delighted the thoughtful. As it is, no one can thoroughly admire a woman who, for what she thought a sense of duty to blind her eyes to the baseness of the party with which she was siding, and for which she was sacrificing her happiness in life.

the ordinary reader a more vivid conception of what she was, and of the inconsistency and eccentricity of her character, than the perusal of all the histories in the language. Scott draws the line with such exquisite skill that, while freely exposing her immense self-conceit, her passionate love of flattery, her affectation, and her follies, he compels the reader to preserve his respect for her, and to confess that, though in many particulars she was a thoroughly contemptible specimen of humanity, she was, in others, every inch queen, and more than a woman. The other character is poor Mary Robsart, the plaything, and ultimately indirectly the victim of her husband, the wily and unprincipled Leicester. The fate of Mary Robsart naturally excites a great deal of pity, but she has little moral dignity, and no true heroism and nobleness. As the type of a frivolous and vain woman, ready to sacrifice her honour and sense of duty to wealth and rank, she is perfection. All the incidents in her short and troubled career prove this. Dazzled by her appearances she deserts her amiable and aged father, spurns the only and unselfish lover, who would have made her happy and protected her from herself, and throws herself into the arms of the worthless and contemptible Leicester. She is, in twenty ways, the very opposite of the truthful and open-hearted Rebecca. Scott was not so skilful a delineator of character, too stern and conscientious a moralist, to let her enjoy in comfort and peace the reward of such a miserable course. Indirectly she brought upon herself the vengeance of Heaven, and died as soon as her presence interfered with her husband's ambitious projects for his self-aggrandisement.

In "St. Ronan's Well" are two women who have nothing in common. Both are exceedingly interesting, and the wonderful character of the one is exquisitely drawn. In Meg Dods, Scott described one of the most singular compounds of sturdy independence, irritable generosity, and sterling goodness which even his imagination was able to create. There is something about Meg Dods which compels the reader to like her, and to admire her. As

a type of a class of Scotch women no longer existing, she is of more than ordinary interest. She is one of the most extraordinary of all Scott's creations. The other woman described in this tale is the wayward and sadly-afflicted Clara Mowbray. There is something inexpressibly touching in her blighted life and dreadful death. Happiness, under the circumstances in which her own want of prudence had placed her was impossible. To have permitted her and the high-spirited young earl, whom she loved so devotedly and unselfishly, to end their days in quiet and joy would have required such an unnatural combination of circumstances, such a perversion of the order of nature, that Scott could not have been pardoned had

he made all come right. St. Ronan's is a tale of sin and almost as well written as "Kenilworth."

In another of Scott's novels are introduced three master female character; two of the three are described with happiness. Margaret, the heroine of the "Fortunes of Nigel," is certainly a sly and artful young woman, and does not deserve ultimate good-fortune, and one almost grudges it to the poor Dame Nelly, who is not so bad as she seemed to be. The third is an object of pity than aversion, while Martha Trapbois is a compound of uprightness and virtue. There is something affecting in this heroic woman's character, and in the self-sacrifice with which she protected and restrained her wretched husband. Beneath a rough exterior were hidden many of the noble qualities of womanhood, and examined dispassionately Martha Trapbois compares with nearly any heroine that any other novel has immortalised.

In the "Fair Maid of Perth," Catherine, the glover's daughter, is a beautiful and gentle character. She is too good for the cruel and bloodthirsty age in which she lived, perhaps unnaturally so; but she is a grand picture of a true woman, and the quiet resignation with which she brought her influence to bear on Henry Smith, and then uncomplainingly became the partner of his life, has something almost divine in it.

In the longer poems which, with marvellous skill, the novelist produced, are two or three really fine women. Perhaps the most attractive and amiable is Ellen, who sheds such undying glory over the "Lady of the Lake."

Is not the thoughtful study of these characters certainly attended with good? But these are not all the true women Scott has described, while the works of other great novelists are full of characters little less interesting and instructive. Say what opponents of novels can, they will never be able to destroy the influence a great novelist must exercise; they will never be able to show that men and women are not gainers by studying the characters as Rebecca and Diana, provided, of course, that they do not allow their passion for fiction to make them neglect of more important studies and pursuits.



THE ROMANCE OF PEPIN McNIDGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD MARKWICK.

CHAPTER III.

In the morning that succeeded the events narrated in our last chapter, Pepin awoke at an early hour, and immediately got out of bed, looked out of his window, when he discovered that the snow deeper than ever, but that the wind had considerably abated. Now that he could coolly contemplate what was before him, and consider the sober reality unbiassed by the vagaries of an imagination heated by excitement and wine, the prospect of walking miles after eight o'clock at night in that deep snow did seem the undertaking of a somewhat difficult and perilous character. And that sweet feminine influence was as potent as ever in cheerfully inspiring him, yet he could not prevent a touch of melancholy pervading all the business transactions of that day, or a feeling, as he tied up a bundle of stockings, that perhaps it was for the last time. And he felt quite thankful when the time arrived for the others to go up, so that he could turn all his attention to the carrying out of his project.

He had partially taken the cook into his confidence; at least he had told her that it was absolutely necessary for him to be out very late that night, and had got her to promise that she would come down and open the door for him, when awakened by the ringing of a piece of string, one end of which was to be tied to the door-handle, while the other hung out of the window. Then he put on himself in his thickest coat and boots, encased his legs in puttees, and drew his Scotch cap tightly on to his head; and having put his precious letter and purse at the bottom of his trousers, he grasped his thick stick and sallied forth.

The wind had again risen and was blowing furiously, whirling snow flakes, which still continued to fall, in his face, and down his back, and up his sleeves, in a most unpleasantly persevering manner, while huge masses of cloud scudded across the face of the moon with a rapidity that made its welcome gleams of silvery light and far between. Altogether, the night seemed to be get-

ting blacker and murkier than ever. At first the path was easy to walk, owing to the beaten track made by previous passengers. But presently, as he left the town far behind, he got into a less frequented road, this track entirely disappearing. He had to walk in snow up to his knees, sometimes making a step, and then plunging in up to his waist. Luckily, besides being long, were thin, which enabled him to cut through the snow with comparative ease; and never before, in the course of his existence, had these legs displayed their capacity to greater advantage; they strode on with a reckless determination and devil-may-care sort of bearing that would have astonished the most faint-hearted of travellers.

Now Pepin had only travelled that road once, and that in the summer; so his remembrance of its general bearings was vague and indistinct. However, before starting he had made a roundabout and diplomatic way, and had ascertained that he only had to keep quite straight up the main road, to reach Wixley. This he thought would be quite easy, as there were hedges along both sides of the road, which even by night might serve as a guide in default of anything more trustworthy. He had yet to discover how fallacious the "keep quite straight" direction is. Before he had gone two miles, he came to a place where the road divided itself into two, both appearing of the same size, and both having hedges on either side. But when he last discovered a signpost, he, with his stick carefully clearing the snow that had collected on the face of this board, patiently waited for a glimpse of the moon to enable him to read the directions; but he waited in vain, for when he saw the moon's face for a moment, before he could turn round and look at the board, it had again hidden itself beneath a cloud. At last, he did get a glance, and a gleam at the same time, but to his disgust, that even when the glance could be seen, the gleam was not strong enough; so, finally, in despair, he tried to climb the post, and after many disheartening failures, he succeeded. Then he had to hold on with one hand, and put the other into his pocket, get out a box of matches, and strike one. Most of them obstinately refused to light, but others that did, gleamed for an instant, and then disappeared. At last one burnt long enough for him to discern that the signpost bore a name that commenced with a W, and a Y, scattered somewhere after, which was the information that he had gained the information he desired.

It is needless for us to portray minutely what occurred during the rest of his march, especially as to the unseen and invisible department of nature.

owed their existence more to the distempered imagination of our hero than to those logical sequences of cause and effect of which science can take cognisance. Suffice it for us to narrate that he early trudged on, thinking, as he went up hill and down dale, what mighty power love was : and as he met the full force of the chilling blast whose one object seemed to be to insinuate the snow flakes into every crevice that presented itself, at the same time, and on its own account making his eyes water, his nose burn, and his ears tingle ; he felt that the snow which had long since penetrated his boots, sidiously creeping over the tips of his gaiters and running down his legs—he quite hugged himself as he thought what a glorious thing it was to endure fatigue and danger for the being he loved better than all the world besides. And he felt from the bottom of his heart, that had the difficulties or dangers of the undertaking been multiplied by ten times he would have overcome them as bravely and willingly as he was doing now.

He had just painfully surmounted about the ninth hill, when he heard a clock strike, but the same time saw far down in the valley the glimmer of lamps. Cheered by this sight, which instilled new vigour into his tired limbs, he quickened his pace and soon found himself in what seemed to be the principal street of the village. He walked on until he saw a light in a window, when he approached the door and gently tapped. No one answering he tapped again, this time rather louder, and immediately a harsh voice responded "Who's there ?" "Would you be kind enough to inform me where a public house called the Wheatsheaf is situated ?" he answered, in some trepidation. "First turning on the right," said the voice, and away he went in the direction so uncivilly pointed out. The coming found, he stumbled down it, until he saw something looming tall and gaunt in the darkness, which he would have guessed as the sign-post of a public house, even had he not been assured of that fact by the dismal creaking which came from aloft, and stifled plainly to a board swinging to and fro in the wind. There was no light down below, for the shutters were up, but he could plainly hear the sound of uproarious merriment within, so he carefully drew out his glasses, fixed them on his nose, pushed open the door and went in. The place was nearly full of country people getting their annual Christmas drop too much, who forbore their rousing for a moment to regard him with curious and somewhat suspicious eyes. Not heeding them, however, he walked straight up to the landlady, and said—

"Have you a gentleman staying here, if you please ?"

"Lots on 'em, but they're all a-bed this time o'night. Who do you want ?" she answered brusquely.

Pepin was rather staggered at this, for he had not given a

thought to the possibility of there being more gentlemen than staying at that out-of-the-way place; but he put the best foot forward, and said, "Well, I've temporarily forgotten his name, but I know he has only recently come here."

"Is his name Sturge," said the landlady, "or Binks or them's just come?"

"Ah!" said Pepin, looking reflectively at the ceiling; "perhaps it is Sturge, or perhaps Binks, or—"

"Has he got a wooden leg?" interrupted the landlady.

"No," said Pepin, decisively.

"Then it ain't Sturge," 'cos he 'as. 'As he got a wall eye."

"N—No," said he again, though not quite so assuredly as before, for he was not quite sure what constituted the difference between a wall eye and an ordinary eye.

"Then it ain't Binks," 'cos he 'as. Well, I dunno," continued the landlady—"I 'ave it! It's Jones!! Why didn't I think of it afore. That's who it'll be!"

"Yes, that is he," said Pepin, catching at the name, and thought it not an improbable one to be assumed as an alias. "Would you mind telling him I'm here?"

"What name shall I say?" said the landlady, preparing to write.

"Well—er—he wouldn't know my name; but if you just tell the gentleman wishes to see him, please. Say I must see him, and he has walked all the way from Muddleford on purpose."

"Dear me, all that way in such a night as this!" said his interlocutor compassionately. "You'd better take off your wet coat while I go to see if he's awake."

"Thank you, I will," said Pepin, and he proceeded to divest himself of his soaking wet upper garments, while the other patrons of the bar regarded him with admiring eyes as a phenomenon. The landlady returned in a minute, and said Jones was awake, but could not see anyone except it was important; would the gentleman send up his name?"

"Pepin was nonplussed for a moment, for he knew if he sent his name he would not be known; but a happy thought struck him, and he searched his pocket for a piece of paper, wrote his name upon it, and underneath wrote, "A friend of Captain Bell's," having carefully folded it up and asked the landlady to give it to Mr. Jones, he sat down and confidently awaited the result.

Success smiled upon him this time, for when she returned she was to ask him to step that way, and then to conduct him up the stairs and through some passages, and finally to usher him into a very small room, which was dimly illuminated by a single candle in a very large candlestick upon the mantelpiece. In the corner of the room was a bed, and sitting upon it was a

man, apparently about twenty-five years old, with dark, curly hair and a dark beard and moustache; a decidedly good-looking young man, Pepin thought. He immediately opened the conversation by apologising for receiving his visitor in bed, saying, in explanation, that for some days past he had been suffering from an exceedingly bad cold, which seemed to have settled on his chest, and that he was endeavouring to get rid of it by going to bed early. He spoke in a husky voice, and when Pepin looked closer he saw from his parched lips and feverish cheeks that he was far from well. He therefore besought him to lie down in bed, and not run the risk of making his cold worse; and then, having carefully closed the door, he drew a chair to the bedside and explained the character of his mission. The narration was frequently broken by expressions of gratitude from Mr. Franklyn for the kindness Pepin had shown in so readily complying with Captain Bell's request.

"Oh, pray don't mention it," said Pepin for about the sixth time. "It was at a party at Captain Bell's last night that Miss Bell asked me to come to you, saying you were a particular friend of her father's, and that she knew no one but myself whom she could trust sufficiently. And of course she knew she had but to ask to have her wishes carried out," he added with dignity.

Mr. Franklyn smiled a curious smile as he said, "Of course;" and added fervently, "Dear Annie, it's just like you!"

"Eh?" said Pepin, who thought this rather strong language for a friend of Captain Bell's to indulge in when referring to his daughter.

"I say, it was worthy of her kind heart," repeated his companion.

"Ah! You may well say that; for endowed as she is by nature with those graces of person and manner which strike with admiration every beholder, yet the qualities of her heart and mind are such as to render her worthy the—the—"

"Respect," put in Mr. Franklyn, who saw he hesitated for a word.

"Ye-e-s," acquiesced Pepin rather dubiously. "The respect of the highest in the land; she furthermore said you were in circumstances in which impecuniosity unpleasantly prevailed, and she wished me to give you this purse and letter," and he handed his companion the articles of which he spoke, who seized them with avidity, dropped the purse on the bed, tore open the letter, and commenced reading it with every appearance of the most intense gratification. Pepin watched him until he had finished it, and then, when he saw him kiss it and brush a tear from his eye, he could not help wondering what the old gentleman had written to affect him to such a degree. However, it was no business of his,

so he proceeded to inform his companion that, having successfully performed his task, he must think of returning.

"Return," said Franklyn, with a look of great astonishment. "What! return to-night, and at this hour? why, it's impossible! and, dear me, how thoughtless I must be to allow you to sit this time in your wet clothes. You take my advice, and instantly go to bed, and drink something hot to drive out the effects of wet and cold, or you'll be laid up."

Pepin began to raise objections, which his companion cut short by observing, "It's out of the question your going to-night; why, you'd kill yourself, man. You put your things out, and they can be dried by the morning, and then you can accompany me to Muddelford in a dog-cart I shall endeavour to hire to-morrow. Come, I'll ring for Mrs. Jenkins," and he suited the action to the words.

Now as Pepin felt not only weary beyond description, but really ill from the effects of the journey and the wetting he had received, he at last consented; and bidding his companion good night, he followed the landlady to another room, and after partaking of a stiff glass of brandy-and-water, at once sought his pillow, and the search proving successful, he essayed to sleep; but tired as he was it was some hours before he could do so, owing to the exciting events of the day, and the dismal forebodings of the morrow.

The sun was already up, and hard at work demolishing the variegated work the frost had painted on the windows during the night, when he awoke; and stiff, and sore, and miserable he felt. His head was hot, his feet were cold, and his joints cracked most ominously when he got out of bed and proceeded to dress. And his opinion of his condition was not improved when he caught sight of his feverish face and bloodshot eyes reflected in the glass. And when he set about finding his way down stairs it was with a feeling that, while all the blood in his body seemed to be going to his head, all his spirits seemed to be oozing out of his boots.

He soon heard the voice of his companion speaking in jolly tones, not at all like those of a man pursued by the myrmidons of the law; and going in the direction whence it came, he soon found its owner, and was met by a very hearty greeting, and sincerely expressed hopes that he had suffered no inconvenience from last night's exposure.

"Oh, no, thank you! not at all," said Pepin, who thought it would be rather *infra dig.* to admit his sufferings. "I rather like roughing it."

"Nothing like a glass of something hot when you're wet," said his companion, taking him in a friendly manner by his arm. "Awfully good, wasn't it?"

"Awfully good," acquiesced Pepin in a tone of enjoyment, and

shudder at the recollection he could not possibly repress. "I suppose we shall soon be off," he added, looking anxiously at the clock.

"Ah! wanting your breakfast; that's a good sign! Oh, yes; ham and eggs in five minutes, and then off we go."

"By the way—pray, excuse me, but I have really quite forgotten to ask you how your cold is? I trust it is much better."

"Almost well, thanks!" said Franklyn with a laugh; "that water did me more good than all the hot potatoes and mustard caters to which I have been subjected. Nothing like good news cheer one up, is there?"

"Nothing," said Pepin. But he inwardly was considerably disturbed at the recollection that this letter which had worked such a miraculous cure had the address, at least, written by Miss Bell. Of course this was not by any means conclusive that it was she who had written the letter; for what was more likely than that her father should have written it, and then have asked her to put it into an envelope and direct it? And even if the letter had been written by her, it would, without doubt, be from her father's dictation. Of course, argued Pepin to himself, this was the true explanation, for what could she have to say to him? The result of which able and conclusive reasoning was that he felt ten times more miserable than before.

The ham and eggs speedily made their appearance, and almost as speedily disappeared, a phenomenon which was owing principally to the keen appetite and admirable dental arrangement of Mr. Franklyn. Poor Pepin made a determined effort to swallow a few mouthfuls, but soon gave it up, and confined himself to drinking a great many cups of tea and watching the rapidity with which the various eatables vanished before the vigorous onslaught of his companion, who had not quite finished when the sound of wheels proclaimed the arrival of the trap that was to convey them to their destination. And now such monetary arrangements as required the co-operation of the host, the maid-of-all-work, and the boots, having been successfully carried out, Franklyn gathered together his small baggage, got with his companion into the trap, and started at a brisk pace homewards.

Little need be said of this journey but that the weather was none, though very cold; that they experienced no difficulty in finding the way, and that they drove up to the Firs about mid-day, and then separated, Pepin having refused to go with him into the house, but promising to call that evening without fail. He then hurried towards the scene of his daily toil, with an aching body, an apprehensive mind, and a general feeling of desperation at his heart. He entered by the back way, and the first person he met was his

ally the cook, who at the sight of him said, "Oh, my grashish!" and held up her hands with astonishment at his woe-begone aspect; and then hastened to condole with him by informing him in a most solemn manner that "he was in for it."

"I'm sorry for you, I am," said the cook sympathisingly, as he hastily explained why he could not possibly come home last night; "but, oh, my grashish! ain't there been no small disturbance neither! The guv'ner's been askin' all round the shop and then all round the neighbourhood for you, and now's gone down to t' p'lice station with a written description o' your body."

"Let him," said Pepin gloomily; "what do I care? It's a free country, isn't it?" Nerved by the recollection of this fact he descended into the shop, which he had no sooner reached than each individual member of the establishment sought him out, and subjected him to a strict cross-examination with regard to his whereabouts during the past night, and, failing to get a satisfactory answer, indulged in a variety of ingenious surmises of a humorous and entertaining character, winding up by stating in forcible language their certain knowledge that "he was in for it."

Having endured these comparatively small trials with a fair amount of *sang-froid*, Pepin felt himself in a measure prepared for the severer ordeal which awaited him when his employer should return from describing his body. He did not have long to wait, for he soon heard the heavy and laborious breathing, which was a condition of locomotion with the only surviving partner of Gupweed Bros., Linendrapers and Hosiers, of the High Street, Muddelford. Mr. Gupweed was not by any means an unkind man in the main; but had very rigid ideas of business, and a great and often-expressed horror of deceit. In person he was stout and portly, with a rubicund face, on which would have flourished a great deal of black moustache and beard, had it not been carefully shaved, with the exception of that portion which lies between ear and ear, passing under the chin. Upon this tract grew a sturdy hedge, which he had trained into one black, shiny, solid-looking curl, which encircled his fat face and gave him an indescribably ludicrous appearance. He had a thick, husky voice which sounded as though he had been principally dieted upon pea-soup; and a strange habit of putting his mouth into shape for uttering his words before he spoke, which had a very disagreeable effect, especially when he was cross; for he then experienced some difficulty of articulation, and the delinquent had the horrible satisfaction of watching the shaping of his lips and speculating as to the character of the words which were to come next. Mrs. Gupweed, a timid, insignificant little woman, whose small stock of independence had been snuffed out within a year of her marriage, was so nervously

sitive of this habit of her husband's that whenever she was sent at a lecture from him, she used to sit and watch his facial tortions, following each movement by a similar one on her own, without, however, uttering a sound. At the present moment was standing at the end of the counter, having just made an successful attempt to obtain from Pepin his real reasons for staying out all night.

"Oh! here you are, then, sir, are you?" said Mr. Gupweed as he caught sight of Pepin. "So you're not dead, then, sir, are you? So you've thought proper to come back to business in the middle of the day, sir, have you? after stayin' out all night? P'r'aps you'll be good enough to inform me, sir, now you're come back, what you've been doin' since last I had the pleasure of seein' you, sir, hey?" Whenever he was particularly out of humour with any one he always addressed them with a great show of politeness and many appellations of "sir."

"I'm very sorry," said Pepin tremulously; "indeed, I had no intention of staying out all night. I had a very important mission to perform—"

"Oh! you're sorry, sir, are you?" interrupted his master, who, when excited, could never grasp more than the first part of a sentence addressed to him. "Oh! you're sorry, sir, are you? Well, that's something! P'r'aps you'll show your sorrow by tellin' me where you was last night, sir? No deceit, sir."

"Indeed, I regret very much—but I assure you I was doing nothing wrong, I—I was entrusted with a mission of the last importance—"

While he said the last few words Mr. Gupweed's mouth had opened itself to utter a word commencing with a "d," which sounded so ominous that Pepin could get no further, but trembled.

"D—Do you mean to tell me that you *won't* tell me, sir?" the sentence came at last.

"I didn't say that I *would* not, but if you'd allowed me to finish, I intended to have said—"

"Oh! you didn't say you *wouldn't*, sir, didn't you? will you allow me to ask what the deuce you *did* say?"

"Well, really, I didn't say anything. I—"

"There, now," said Mr. Gupweed waving his hand towards Pepin, and looking at his wife, "did you ever hearing anything to that effect, ma'am? after all that this gentleman's been sayin', it tells me to my face that he's said nothin'?—What *do* you say, sir?" he continued turning angrily on Pepin, who shrank back. "Are you goin' to give me an explanation of your continual rambles and absence from business, or are you not, sir? It's a fair question; let's have a fair answer. No deceit, sir."

"I can tell you nothing but that I was doing no wrong," said Pepin mustering up all of his remaining courage! "I did it help a fellow-creature, and I bound myself never to reveal it: I must keep my word."

During the awful pause that ensued he looked at Mrs. Gupweed, whose mouth was shaping itself into all the letters of the alphabet; and he did not need to look at Mr. Gupweed to know that indignation alone prevented him from doing more than put his mouth into position for uttering divers inflammatory expletives; while his respiratory efforts became positively painful to witness. At last he succeeded in articulating, "Oh! very well, sir, if you choose to put your master at defiance, of course you are prepared to take the consequences, sir; you will be good enough to draw what salary is due to you, and then quit my service at your earliest convenience," after which he politely bowed and walked off, leaving Pepin to his own reflections.

The magnitude of the calamity, which had overtaken their comrade for a time protected him from the gratuitous advice and condolences of his fellow-employés. To them, being discharged, or "getting the swop," as they phrased it, was a very heavy misfortune indeed; and the heroism with which Pepin had accepted it, rather than break his word, invested him with a character that invoked their highest admiration. And now that they knew he must soon leave them, they remembered many traits in his character that were good and estimable, and which they had overlooked. So they stood behind piles of flannels, or packages of stuffs, or anything that formed a vantage-ground from which they could contemplate him unobserved; and watched his trembling hands, as he endeavoured to roll up a piece of ribbon, with looks of regretfully admiring interest that annoyed him excessively. Nevertheless, it had to be borne until the time came when business was over for the day, and, the shop being closed, he could take himself whither he pleased.

He did not feel at all well. His head was burning hot, and ached excessively, while his feet were as cold as ever. And occasionally a strange dizziness came over him, which compelled him to catch hold of something for support, or he would have fallen. But he made light of all this, comforting himself with the thought that a good night's rest would put him all to rights. But the most extraordinary thing of all was the very slight impression the loss of his situation made upon him. In days gone by, whenever he had contemplated the possibility of such an occurrence happening to him, it had been with the liveliest sensations of horror. Now that it had actually taken place, he, to his own astonishment, did not feel affected by it in the least; did not seem to realise either the

character or the extent of the misfortune which had so unexpectedly visited him. For the time being, a desperate, care-for-nothing sort of feeling had taken possession of him; and his mind, when he was able to concentrate it upon anything at all, lost itself in contemplating the colossal thought that now the time was at hand when his services and danger and self-sacrifice should be publicly recognised, and when he should hear from beloved lips those tender words for which he had risked and lost everything he possessed, but which should now confirm the darling hope he had so long cherished in his heart, and whose consummation to be henceforth the inspiration and motive power of his life.

So he proceeded to dress for his visit to Captain Bell's; he then quietly descended the stairs, so as not to attract any observation, and hurried towards his destination. It was not a great distance to walk, but on this occasion it seemed longer than ever; and when he endeavoured to turn over in his mind what he should say, and how he should say it, he could think of nothing but vague and meaningless words, with no point at all; his mind seemed a perfect chaos, from which the disentanglement of a single idea was a task of insuperable difficulty. So, finally, he allowed his thoughts to shape themselves as they please, contented to know that they would be certain to bear some relation to Miss Bell or her attributes. Presently he arrived at the well-known door, and giving a hesitating knock, was admitted and ushered into the drawing-room, where he found Captain Bell *solus*, who greeted him most heartily.

"Glad to see you, my boy!" he said, warmly shaking him by the hand; "hope you've taken no cold by the exposure of last night. It was a very kind act of yours, upon my word, in such unfoundedly bad weather, too."

"It was exceedingly cold," answered Pepin, returning the shake with an energy that brought tears to his eyes; "but I found the deep snow the most troublesome; do what I would, I could not prevent it penetrating into every crevice, until I was quite wet through. And then locomotion became exceedingly disagreeable," and he smiled feebly at the recollection.

"By Jove, yes!" said his companion, in a sympathising tone of voice. "I remember one winter, when I was mate of the *Defiance* aloop of war, we had to land in the dead of night, and the depth of winter, at a small village on the shores of the Bosphorus, and march nearly twenty miles inland, for food and water. I shall never forget that night, for we all thought we should never return alive. But we did though, and brought back what we wanted in the bargain!"

"Did you, indeed?" said Pepin, endeavouring to look interested.

"But it was a narrow squeak," continued his host, looking

contemplatively at the gas, "a very narrow squeak. But there?" he went on, turning to Pepin, and putting a hand on his shoulder, "we did it because we were obliged; while you have done pretty nearly as much just out of kindness, and sympathy for a friend, and, by Jove, sir! I honour you for it!"

Of course Pepin felt delighted, greatly delighted at these encouraging words, and hastened to vaguely remark that, "he did not make any obligation of it, and that he was ready and willing to do the same thing once a week until further orders in the same cause, and on the same one's behalf," all of which Captain Bell took as compliments to himself, and was happy and complacent accordingly.

"I trust Miss Bell is quite well this evening!" said Pepin, after a pause.

"Never was better in her life, you may take your word for it," said her father, with a knowing look. "They're rum creatures, these women. How they do take on when anybody is in trouble or danger, to be sure! The state she's been in about Franklyn! Why, I almost thought she'd go out of her mind. But she's happy enough now, thanks to you."

Pepin bowed in acknowledgment, but thought at the same time that there was a limit to all things, and that Miss Bell must have a very tender heart indeed to go nearly out of her mind because a friend of her father's was in trouble.

"She'll thank you herself directly," continued Captain Bell; "she'll be here in a minute. Ah! she's just what her mother was at her age, and, with all her faults, she's as good a girl as ever breathed, bar none; God bless her! But I shall never be thoroughly happy until she's comfortably settled in life; and then I shall know that when my time is come, and I have to go aloft, she'll have some one to protect her, and look after her, and love her, and—; what the deuce is the matter with the gas?" he broke off, in a tone which sounded as if he had got some of it in his throat, while at the same time he stepped forward to turn the tap, and lifted his hand to his eyes, probably to shade them from the glare.

Pepin saw nothing the matter with the gas, and said so.

"Ah! it's all right now," said Captain Bell, when he had succeeded in getting the flame precisely as it was before; "I thought it seemed to flicker," and he resumed his old place, and was just about to revert to the old topic, when the door opened, and in walked the subject of their conversation, closely followed by the *ci-devant* Mr. Jones.

Her greeting to Pepin, if rather confused, was as warm as her father's, and that of Mr. Franklyn, if possible, warmer, as they both expressed their sincere hopes that he was suffering no ill from his journey. Pepin assured them that he was not, and cast a tender

ss Bell, which increased that young lady's confusion to stent as to compel her to retire precipitately to the other room, with the ostensible object of drawing the curtain. The rest of the evening Pepin was conscious, with a pang of pain at his heart, that she seemed to avoid him, but at her elbow was that friend of her father's, that stirrer of passions, that law-persecuted but innocent Franklyn. When a game of whist he was her partner, and kept up a system of telegraphing over the top of his cards that was as scan-dalous to the rules of propriety as it was subversive to the laws of

Mr was just over, and they had drawn up their chairs round the table to have a parting glass of grog together, in which to drink at next meeting, when Annie suddenly discovered that she had left her handkerchief upstairs, and rose to fetch it. Of course Pepin immediately offered to go for her, but being told that he would not be able to find it by himself, expressed his determination to accompany her, which she, after many laughing denials, consented to him to do, leaving her father and Pepin alone. Pepin was endeavouring to form in his mind some plan of action when he could have a word in private with Annie, when Captain Franklyn only put down his glass, drew his chair close to him, laid his hand on his arm, and said in a confidential tone, "When my wife is Mrs. Franklyn——." What more he would have uttered he did not get in a position to state, for Pepin gave such a convulsive start, he turned so pale, that he hastily drew his chair back again. He exclaimed, in an alarmed voice, "Good heavens! what is the matter? are you ill?"

"No, no—not ill," murmured Pepin inarticulately, "no—only a nervous attack to which I—I'm subject; I'm quite well now, thank you for proof of which he gasped for breath.

Mr Bell was still more alarmed at this, and hastily rose, and said, "It's that confounded exposure that done it. I'll call my wife." "No," said Pepin, "and was proceeding to put his words into execution, when Captain Franklyn interrupted him. "For goodness sake, don't," he entreated, "sit well now; they're nothing at all, I assure you. I often have these; do be seated, and continue what you were saying."

"My dear fellow," said his companion, reluctantly sitting down, "you really ought not to allow these attacks to go unnoticed. Take my advice, and go to a doctor without delay. If they're frequent now they may become so."

"I will," said Pepin, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I'm saying——."

"Yes, what was I saying? Oh, I remember! When my wife is Mrs. Franklyn—you perhaps know that she is to be

married to him shortly? No! I thought possibly she had mentioned it to you when she asked you to go to him for her, which you did, sir, upon my word, like a Spartan."

Pepin pressed his hands hard together, but said nothing.

"It's a very old affair," his friend continued; "dates from when they were children, and used to play together. I always said they were made for each other. Many's the time I've——."

Pepin found it hard enough to bear all this, and not betray himself as it was; and the probability of Annie's instant return, when the difficulty would be increased tenfold, rendered him desperate; so at this point he suddenly looked at his watch and exclaimed, "Dear me, I had no idea it was so late! I must ask you to excuse me, Captain Bell, if you will be kind enough to make my apologies to your daughter for leaving so abruptly; for I must go directly, or I shall be locked out."

"Dear me, is that so? why, it's not very late, only just past ten. Won't you wait until those lovers come down, though goodness alone knows how long they will be; do stay!"

But Pepin was firm, and had already got to the door, when he heard the light footsteps that he loved so well, descending the stair; so he hastily took down his hat and hurried along the hall with the vague notion of rushing out before she got down, and succeeded in being just in time to meet her face to face at the bottom of the stairs, immediately under the lamp. She held out her hand to him, saying, "What, going!" but turned very pale when she saw his face, for she knew in a moment that he had discovered everything. He did not seem to see her proffered hand as he passed on to the door, and endeavoured with trembling fingers to open it, saying as he did so, "It's very late! very late!" She went to his assistance, and as she opened it she whispered, "Can you forgive me?" For a moment he turned and looked in her eyes with a lingering, tender look which dwelt long in her memory, and then, just touching her hand, he murmured huskily, "I forgive you," and the next moment was gone.

It was a most tempestuous night. The weather had suddenly changed, and it was now raining fast, accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. After quitting the house of Captain Bell in the abrupt manner narrated above, Pepin had commenced walking at a rapid pace in precisely the opposite direction to that in which his home lay, for his faculties felt quite numbed by the suddenness and severity of the blow he had received. Presently he became conscious of the fact that he was going the wrong way, and mechanically turned and commenced walking back, utterly regar-

rain, which was pelting into his face, neck, and bosom, over puddles that lay in his path, and into which he kept slipping, the excessive deterioration of his pantaloons. That "When my daughter is Mrs. Franklyn," kept ringing in his ears, it seemed to drown every other thought and stifle every word on his tongue. When he reached his destination he endeavoured to pull together a-bit, for fear of prying eyes and their general chattering tongues. To his relief, he found nobody up to him. He called to the d-hearted friend the cook, who immediately began to scold him for forgetting his umbrella, and allowing himself to get wet. He let himself fall into a chair, and would have sat there for ever, had not the cook insisted upon his going to bed, saying that directly he was there she would bring him a treacle

possett!" said Pepin, in a tone of the profoundest despair; "what do I want with a treacle possett? Can that cure a mind diseased?"

"I don't know," said his friend, dubiously—"I never tried it; but it's very good for the stomach, and 'll put you into a presperation in less 'n no time. Now, do go, there's the door!"

Undressed, Pepin allowed himself to be put *en route* for his haven of rest and "presperation," and having duly undressed, slowly and listlessly undressed himself, and got into bed, was then supplied with a basin of steaming possett, slightly flavoured with rum. Through the thoughtful kindness of the cook, with rum. Frank it he remembered Socrates and his bowl of hemlock. Oh, how bitterly, what pleasure it would give him in that moment to know that he was sipping the same beverage that to-morrow's sun would find him relieved alike of and his life.

To-morrow's sun found in him nothing so tragic, it never enabled others to discover that he was in a state of high fever, and was totally unable to get up. When the doctor arrived and looked into his case and ascertained his late goings-on, he looked most seriously, and said it looked very bad; and bad as it looked until it could not look much worse, for in a state of delirium from a most severe attack of fever. When at length the crisis was passed, and he was out of danger, he had still before him very many miserable sickness and suffering, during which time he was the object of assiduous attention from Mr. and Mrs. Gupweed, who forgave him now that they had got an inkling how good, through the entire household, down to Betsy, the parlour-work. And he was dimly conscious, too, of a trim little

figure that seemed familiar to him, which was constantly flitting to and fro in the performance of self-imposed duties, that added materially to his comfort. And of course his particular friend John made a point of calling two or three times a day, to inquire how he was, and to bring "little tasty things," which ran the gamut from periwinkles to hardbake. Indeed, it was most gratifying to poor Pepin's feelings to notice the eagerness everybody evinced to be of some service to him; he really previously had no idea of the number of friends he possessed, and he was never tired of expressing, with tears in his eyes, how sensible he was of their kindness. And the first day he was able, with some assistance, to dress himself and crawl into the drawing-room was a day of such general rejoicing, and gave occasion for so many flying visits from the shop upstairs, as to make it "pretty nigh a holiday," as the youngest apprentice remarked. Mr. Gupweed, who had reconsidered and rescinded the discharge he had given him, was good enough to say he need not hurry back to business, but was to wait until he was quite strong again. Since then he had been gradually gaining strength, until he had announced his intention of recommencing business on the ensuing Monday; and on the Sunday that preceded it he had engaged himself to go over and spend the day with the Tibbins's.

Sunday arrived, and he was duly escorted over by his friend John, who laughingly remarked that he was just the right height for a crutch. Pepin felt rather nervous at meeting them all, for he feared that somewhat of his secret had oozed out during his illness, and he felt especially nervous when in the presence of Pollie; but the warm and affectionate reception he met with from them all did much to dispel his fears, so that he felt quite at home again, especially as they never made the slightest allusion to his journey or to the Bells. He had learnt from John that during his illness Annie Bell had become Mrs. Franklyn, and had left the neighbourhood with her husband; whereupon he had in private shed a few bitter and heartfelt tears, and the subject had been tabooed thenceforth and for ever. On the present occasion nothing occurred to mar the delightful character of the day, and consequently everyone was in the very best possible spirits. The hours had passed rapidly, as those happy hours always do, and it was now that particularly pleasant time which comes immediately after tea, when it is just too dark to see or be seen very distinctly, and yet too light to require the lamp to be lit. Mrs. Tibbins and John had gone to church, Mr. Tibbins was comfortably asleep in his armchair, with his pocket handkerchief thrown over his face, and Pepin was sitting with his back towards him, rather close to Pollie. The ruddy hues of the fire were reflected on all the bright angles and

corners of the furniture, lighting up the ceiling with a flickering low, and dancing and twinkling in a wonderfully suggestive manner in the eyes and on the cheeks of Pollie. At any rate Pepin thought so, as he leaned back in his chair and dreamily watched her nimble fingers as they flew to and fro in the intricacies of knitting a pair of stockings for some poverty-stricken one ("fortunate poverty-stricken one," thought Pepin). For while her creed was comprised in the words, "Do unto others as you would be done by," her heart taught her that time employed in alleviating the misery of her fellow-creatures was true service to God, and worthy employment for the Sabbath-day. And Pepin blessed her in his heart for it, and a huge flood of recollections came over him as he still looked at her, and thought of her unwearied attention and care for all those who needed it; and remembered how often during his illness he had been dimly conscious that it was her soft voice that came like music to his ears; that it was her hands that oftenest ministered to his need, and were laid with soft and cooling touch on his fevered brow. And as he thought of all this he thought also of the way he had treated her in throwing by as of no worth the true and loving heart which he might, had he so willed, have made his own, for the first pretty face he had met. And as he still sat and watched her and pictured the future that might have been in store for him, with her for his guide and helpmate through the storms of life, cheering, comforting, and counselling him, as he felt, now it was too late, she alone could; as he began to realise the great probability that this was irrevocably lost to him through his own mad and ungrateful behaviour, he was so moved that he groaned aloud. At this Pollie started and looked round at him in some alarm, and anxiously inquired if he was in pain.

"Oh, no; nothing to speak of," he answered, in some confusion; "just a little pain in my arm, that's all;" and he stretched out that limb and put it over the back of her chair. A short silence ensued, which Pepin broke by inquiring for whom she was working so industriously?

"It's for one of my poor friends, a Mrs. Gibbs, who lives in the almshouses. I often go to talk and read with her, for she is very lonely and has very bad health; and I found out quite accidentally that she was in want of stockings, so I mean to surprise her by giving her this pair. Perhaps you know her?"

"No, I don't; but I wish I did, for I'm sure I should like her very much. I wish you'd allow me to get her some little thing and go with you to see her."

"Oh, certainly! I'm sure she would be so grateful and pleased to see you; she has asked several times after you since she heard of your illness."

"Its very kind of her, I'm sure. And would *you* be pleased for me to go to see her?" said Pepin, trying to get a look at her as she bent over her knitting.

"Of course I should," she answered, giving a momentary glance at him, and then rising to give the fire a most unnecessary stir, which was perhaps a fortunate movement on her part after all; for Pepin's arm had got very unsteady on the back of her chair, and was at that moment in great danger of losing its balance. When she had resumed her seat there was another short silence, which was again broken by Pepin.

"You must be very good to be always doing kind actions for people. I should think everybody must be very fond of you?"

"Well, I don't know," she answered, smiling and shaking her head; "not *everybody*, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'm sure it must be everybody," said Pepin fervently—"how is it possible for anyone to see you constantly, and to note your unwearied care and kindness for others, even for those who have no claim upon you; your patience and forbearance with those who are by nature disagreeable and unattractive; your daily sacrifice for the welfare of your fellows; your—"

Just at this moment Mr. Tibbins gave indications of waking up, so Pepin stopped short; but it was only a false alarm, and he went on,

"Who, I say, could do all this and not love you?"

"Ah! it's all very well to talk, but—hadn't I better light the lamp?"

"Oh, no, not yet," pleaded Pepin—"I like the light of the fire and I want to tell you something, Pollie, if you will let me. Do you mind me calling you Pollie?"

"Oh, no, if you like it," she answered, feeling rather surprised and a little bit hurt at the question; for he had always called her Pollie, and had never asked her permission before.

Pepin paused a moment, and then began to say, in a solemn tone of voice, "Dear Pollie, amid the multiform phases of social existence—" Precisely at this moment Pollie, who had been bending studiously over her knitting, glanced up and looked him full in the face, and whether it was the quivering look on her lips, or the deepening glow on her cheeks, or the twinkle of a tear in her bonnie black eyes, or whether it was all these things combined, must ever remain the subject of speculation to posterity. All we, as chroniclers of facts, alone can testify to, is that Pepin's refractory arm completely lost its equilibrium on the back of her chair, and, falling therefrom, adjusted itself in a most remarkable manner round her waist; that Pepin immediately drew her very close to his side, and without more ado, or even so much as saying "by you

ve," imprinted several ardent kisses on her lips, and then proceeded to state, in a very rapid and disjointed manner, "that he deeply and sincerely regretted the past; that he had always felt that she alone could render his life worth having, and banish from his mind the desire for an early grave; that if he had temporarily forgotten this, it was in a moment of madness and insane folly, when his good genius had deserted him, and his evil star had been the ascendant; that since that time, having had greater opportunities for closely studying her character, he had found that every thing revealed in her new beauties and graces; that he knew he was unworthily and utterly unworthy of her; but the certain knowledge that unless she gave him some hope that in the future he might do something to atone for the past, and to win at least a small share of her affection, insanity and despair must supervene, until the thread of his miserable existence was cut,—emboldened him to take a course which would probably make her despise him more than she had ever done before—in furtherance of which latter object he kissed her more fervently than ever.

Pollie, who was very much affected by what he had said, turned her blushing face to him, and, smiling through her tears, said, "She did not despise him," though in such a very low tone of voice that had not Pepin's head been very near hers, he could not possibly have heard her.

"Do you not? Dear Polly, are you sure you do not? And do you think you can ever forgive me, and like me, and perhaps some day even love me? Do you forgive me, dear?"

He heard her distinctly say, "Yes!" this time.

"And will you try and like me again?"

"Yes!" again, though not quite so distinctly.

"And, perhaps, even in time—love me?" He had to bend down very low to hear, but the answer came unmistakably, "Yes!"

"Dearest Pollie," said Pepin, tenderly drawing her to his breast, "while I have life and strength you shall never repent saying that."

"I hope not, I'm sure," said a voice behind them, whereupon Pollie gave a little shriek, while Pepin hastily released her and looked round in great confusion at Mr. Tibbins, who was unmistakably wide awake, and regarding them, as he slowly shook his head to and fro, with rather a dubious air.

"I hope neither of you will repent it," he repeated, trying to look severe. "These are fine goings-on for an invalid, don't you think? making love to his nurse when her poor old father's asleep! No, what have you to say for yourself, hey?"

"Dear father, don't be cross," said Pollie, taking him carefully by the arm, and hiding her crimson face on his shoulder.

"Mr. Tibbins," said Pepin, "I am alone to blame. you will forgive me doing what may appear a dishonourable for I assure you I am deeply sensible of my personal unworthiness with regard to the affections of your daughter; but it is as possible for me as for others to be with her often and not to love her; and, loving her as I do, I could not help telling her that I was asking for her love in return."

"So I heard," said Mr. Tibbins, rubbing his nose with his hand, and lovingly stroking the silken curls of his daughter's hair. "And what does she say to it all?"

"She says—she does not positively dislike me," said Pepin, looking at her as he spoke; "and if I may look forward to the future, when, having secured a position in life worth acceptance, I shall have the supreme happiness of making my dear wife, I shall esteem my lot the happiest and most to be desired in the world," and the colour rose to his cheeks as he said this, and he looked positively handsome with the glow of honest enthusiasm upon him; at least, Pollie thought so as she ventured to lift her head from her father's shoulder to glance at him, and to look in her father's face, upon which she saw a look which assured her considerably.

"Well, well," said that gentleman, kissing his daughter's cheek, "when that time comes I don't suppose I shall be able to resist her. But here comes her mother, and you must hear what she says about it. She won't be inclined to part with her, I am bound."

"Part with who?" said Mrs. Tibbins, who entered just at that moment, and caught the concluding sentence. "Who were you inclined to part with?"

"Why, Pollie, of course," replied her husband, laughing. "Here's a gentleman been trying to persuade her to leave her father and mother in their old age; and very nearly succeeded!"

Pollie just put her arm round her mother's neck and kissed her, whispering in her ear, "No! he hasn't, mother dear," as she vanished out of the door, and into her brother's arms, where she was very much astonished by giving him a hearty kiss, and then going up stairs to her own room.

"What's the matter with Pollie?" said John, entering her room, with a rather bewildered air; "she's took sudden somethin'."

"Ah! what, indeed?" said her father. "You'd better ask her; he's the author of all the mischief."

Poor Pepin, who had been turning all sorts of colour since he began to stammer out "that he was entirely and only in fault,"

That he hoped they would forgive him, and that he loved her so much"—and much more to the same effect, when Mrs. Tibbins, into whose mind a ray of truth had suddenly penetrated, stopped him, by taking his hand, and giving him a motherly kiss, at the same time saying, "Never mind him, my dear; I understand it all. I have always regarded you as a son, and there isn't nobody who I'd rather trust with the happiness of my daughter than you only you must wait till you're a-bit older." Whereupon Pepin turned redder with happiness than ever, and could only murmur, "Dear Mrs. Tibbins, how shall I ever thank you enough?" in a voice choked with emotion.

Here John, who had been looking on all this time with an air of the most complete and dumbfounded astonishment, turned to his father, and said—

"Where's he goin' ? What's happened ?"

"He's goin' nowhere, stoopid," was the answer ; " he only wants Pollie !"

"W-wants Pollie ! what for ?"

"What for ! why, to marry, of course ; did you think he wanted to eat her ?"

"Wants to—marry—Pollie?" said John slowly, as if he scarcely comprehended the meaning of the phrase ; then suddenly a light broke upon him, and he repeated, " Wants to *marry* Pollie, does he ? Oh, ho !" and he burst into a hearty laugh, and gave Pepin two or three vehement slaps on the back, supplementing them with two or three digs in the ribs, and sundry other evidences of delight, finally relapsing into another hearty laugh, and an arm-chair at the same time.

And what a much-to-be-remembered time the rest of that evening was ! How pretty Polly looked with the fresh blush of love on her cheeks, and the new light of love in her eyes ! How proud Pepin felt at being able to take his place by right close to her side, to bend over her chair, and occasionally to whisper in her ear. And what a delightful state of confusion he got into, and how rosy Pollie turned, when John at different times came out with such remarks as " Well, I always thought Pollie 'ud be an old maid ; " or, " Fancy you being a regular brother of mine—what a lark ! " and so on. And when they at last separated it was with a new feeling in all their hearts, especially in those of the two young people, who had begun a new chapter in their history, and had mutually determined upon a step which, next to their births and deaths, would certainly prove, for weal or woe, the greatest event of their lives.

Little more remains to be told. Pepin laboured on for another year or two at his old trade, employing all his spare time in the

beloved pursuit of literature, until at last a vacancy occurring on staff of the *Muddleford Chronicle*, he was fortunate enough to obtain it, and thus gained a position which he had ever regarded as the most to be desired upon earth. He thereupon married his faithful and beloved Pollie, and when last we heard of him, was the proud and happy author of two inestimable treasures, namely, a book of poems and a baby.

John, in time, succeeded to his father's business, and having married a neighbouring tradesman's daughter, settled down into being one of the most esteemed citizens of Muddleford, ultimately getting into the Town-Council, and doing much good in his day and generation. He always preserved his warm affection for Pepin, and his greatest pleasure was to have him and his wife at his own fireside, to talk over old times, and Pepin's famous walk to Wixley.



THE HOLY THORN.

A LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

[At Glastonbury Abbey in Somersetshire, grew a miraculous thorn-tree, which was said to bear flowers every year on Christmas day. The legend connected with it related that Joseph of Arimathea, having incurred the enmity of the Jews for his pious care of our Lord's body (as related by the Evangelists), was banished by them from Judea—with twelve companions, he was put into a boat without cars or sails, and driven to sea. After long tossing about on the ocean, they were cast by God's providence on the coast of Britain; thence they wandered on until they arrived at a hill, close to where the Abbey of Glastonbury afterwards stood, which is called to this day "Weary-all-Hill." It was on a Christmas morning that the strangers arrived here, and Joseph planted the pilgrim's staff, which he bore, in the ground, when forthwith it budded and burst into blossoms, filling the air with odours. This was the Holy Thorn which according to the tradition, never failed to bear flowers and leaves on Christmas day.]

'Twas the morn of the blessed Christmas-day,
When a stranger came to the Abbey gate;
For the traveller who journeyed along that way,
There was ever a welcome—early or late.

Well known unto all who passed that way,
Where the Abbey of Glastonbury stood;
Well known were its towers and portals grey,
And its gentle and holy Brotherhood.

There all were welcome—the board was spread
For prince and noble with costly fare;
The poor and the hungry were clothed and fed,
And the sick were tended with gentle care.

But the traveller who came on that Christmas-day,
To the convent-gate in the morning light,
As he journeyed along on his weary way,
Had seen a strange and wonderful sight.

So passing strange to him did it seem
As he entered into the Abbey court,
That he almost thought of some empty dream
Of a fevered brain he had been the sport.

The Abbot came forth, his guest to meet—
No stranger had long for the Abbot to wait;
He was ever the first his coming to greet,
And the last to speed him away from the gate.

The Holy Thorn.

"Thou art welcome, my son, to our convent cheer"
(And his spirit betrayed him gently born) ;
"Thrice welcome is he, out of all the year,
Who comes to the Abbey on Christmas morn."

"Thanks, Holy Father ! I thank thee well
For thy courtesy," the stranger replies ;
"But what is the meaning, I pray thee tell,
Of the sight that this morn hath met mine eyes ?

"If it be some vision, then tell me, I pray,
If thou can'st tell, what the vision may mean ;
For hard-by here I have seen this day
The strangest sight that ever was seen.

"The trees at this season are black and bare,
And yet as I came along this morn,
In the chill of the cold mid-winter air,
I saw in blossom a beautiful thorn.

"A thorn-tree covered with blossoms as fair
As ever were seen in the month of May ;
And its rich, sweet perfume loaded the air,
And was borne to me as I went on my way."

He paused, and the Abbot gently smiled—
But the smile was in courtesy, not in scorn.
"My son, by no vision hast thou been beguiled,
Thou hast seen with thine eyes the Holy Thorn."

"My Father, I know not what this may mean ;
I never heard tell of a Holy Thorn."
"Thou art strange, then, my son, in these parts, I ween,
To which thou has come on this Christmas morn.

"But blessed art thou, out of all the year,
To have come on the day when Christ was born ;
Now, listen to me—an it please thee to hear,
I will tell thee the tale of the Holy Thorn."

A moment he paused—his head inclined—
To mutter a prayer ; the holy man ;
And then on his breast the cross he signed,
And thus the Abbot his tale began :—

"Long ages ago, my son, thou must know,
The spot where this noble Abbey stands
Was marked by a building mean and low,
That was rudely raised by the loving hands

"Of those who first to this island brought
The gospel message—a saintly band;
Thou hast heard of St. Joseph, of him who wrought
That deed of love in the Holy Land.

"By entombing the Master whom they had slain,
He earned for himself the hatred sore
Of wicked men—t'was a glorious gain,
To be driven away from that guilty shore.

"They turned him adrift in an open boat,
Exposed to the fury of wind and wave,
Oarless and sailless on seas remote,
To find with his comrades a watery grave.

"But a Pilot went with them over the sea,
The boat was steered by an unseen hand;
For God was their Pilot, my son, t'was He
Who brought them safe to this distant land.

"They were tossed on the waves for many a day,
They were oft in peril and danger sore;
Till at length—t'was His will, whom the winds obey—
They were cast by a storm on this island's shore.

"Far off from hence, but they wandered on
Not knowing whither their steps they bent,
And round about them a light there shone,
Which guided their feet on the way they went.

"For long, long days they journeyed until
They stood, at length, on yon hill-top there;
'Tis called to this day by folk "Weary-all-hill,"
For weary in sooth all those travellers were.

"'Twas on Christmas day that the stranger band
A resting-place in this region found,
And the staff that Joseph bore in his hand,
He planted there in the frozen ground.

“ And then there was wrought a miracle there,
Such as never was seen since in early days
The rod of Aaron blossomed and bare
Before the Egyptian monarch's gaze.

“ For lo ! on a sudden a beautiful tree
Grew up where the staff was placed in the gro
It was loaded with blossoms fair to see,
And sweetly it scented the air around.

“ Well might it, my son ; for he who had borne
That pilgrim's staff in his pious hand,
And planted it there on that Christmas morn,
Had wrought a deed in the Holy Land—

“ A deed of love, of which men shall tell
Till human speech shall have ceased to be—
The hands that had handled the Life might well
Give life themselves to a senseless tree !

“ It burst into blossoms sweet and white—
White as the linen pure and fine ;
Sweet as the spices with which on that night
He had lovingly balm'd the Form Divine.

“ 'Tis said that when Joseph his labour of love
Had ended that evening, heard of none
Save himself, there came a voice from above
Which gently breathed in his ear, ‘ Well done

“ And ever they say, by night and day
His drooping spirits to soothe and cheer,
As he journeyed along on his weary way,
“ Well done ! ” that voice would speak in his

“ He heard it clear through the ocean's roar,
As his bark was tossed on the stormy sea—
’Twas the voice that had spoken once before
On the troubled waters of Galilee.

“ And perhaps in the spirit land, my son,
And in tones that are not for ears of clay,
That voice still says to him now, ‘ Well done ! ’
And will say it on till the judgment day—

“However this be ; on each Christmas morn
Since then has happened this wonderful thing,
In the midst of the wintry cold that thorn
Is clothed with the blossoms and scents of spring.

“It dons a mantle of virgin white,
Each year on the day when Christ was born ;
And men when they look on the wonderful sight,
Still say, to this day ‘ ’Tis the Holy Thorn.’

“My tale is done, yet, oh stranger stay !
Thou hast come to the Abbey on Christmas morn—
Take hence this lesson with thee on thy way,
Of him who planted the Holy Thorn.

“To thee, as to Joseph, it is not given
To handle the sacred body, indeed,
Of him who lives for ever in heaven,
But yet of thy service, my son, He has need.

“His body—the Church—is with us still ;
The poor—his brethren—are every where ;
He works most surely the Master’s will,
Who learns for his members on earth to care.

“Bear help to the helpless, the injured right,
And never thy hand from the poor withhold ;
Seek not in worldly pleasures delight,
Nor give thy soul to the lust of gold.

“Pure as the blossom of yonder thorn,
Keep ever thy conscience pure within ;
And He who on this blest day was born
Shall wash thy soul from the stain of sin.

“So perchance ; at the last, thou too shalt hear,
Like Joseph of old, a voice, my son,
Which shall speak to thee in thy dying ear,
And whisper in gentle tones, ‘ Well done !’

“And through all the years of eternity
Thou shalt learn to bless the Christmas morn,
When ’twas given to thee with thine eyes to see
The wonderful sight of the Holy Thorn.”

F. MALCOLM DOHERTY, B.A.

"SOUGHT FOR SILLER."

By the Author of "*The Widower's Wooing*," "*Maudie Carrington's Mistake*,"
&c. &c.

CHAPTER II.

CONTRARY to custom, during the next few days we saw nothing further of Mr. Warburton. Harvey Prescott mentioned casually that he had gone on a visit to some friends of his, some thirty miles off. I was not sufficiently interested in him to inquire where. However, one evening, towards the end of the week, he appeared unexpectedly and alone, making himself very agreeable to both myself and May. I supposed at the time it was fancy, but, I remember it striking me that he held her hand longer at parting than was his wont, he having hitherto honoured my unwilling fingers with that lingering clasp; and after he had gone, there was a light now on May's face I did not like to see there. I was very keen where she was concerned, and had more than began to know on my own account what that lightness meant.

I was still further disquieted, as the days went on, that Mr. Warburton should so evidently contrive to meet my cousin when I was not with her. If she drove into the neighbouring town, she was no longer desirous of having me with her; but would take her maid instead, and on these occasions she would come back looking charming, and too conscious to please me, and admit that she had met Mr. Warburton, and had had a long talk with him. It was the same in her walks, and in her rides Mr. Warburton was obiquitous. He called seldom enough at the house, it was true, and when he did come he was very guarded in his manner towards us both.

I was not long left in doubt as to the turn matters had taken, and my suspicions as to his having discovered her heiress-ship were now set at rest. Major Gunthorpe had come over to luncheon from Oxford, as was not unusual with him, and Uncle James and I, as was very usual with us, had carried him off on a long walk to have look at some sheep which my uncle has just bought. It was quite dusk when we returned. Major Gunthorpe and I proceeded at once to the drawing-room, leaving Uncle James standing in the porch, giving directions to one of the gardeners. At first I thought there was no one in the room, it being a very long one; but as we advanced towards the fire I became aware of the presence

of Mr. Warburton, who languidly rose from his chair and came forward to speak to me, while May pushing back her chair, said hastily,

"You find us in the dark, Marian; I had no idea it was so late."

It was quite a shock to me at finding him thus *tête-à-tête* with my cousin, and my face and voice betrayed what I felt I suppose I know there was an angry bitterness in my tone, as I said, keeping my hands well in my muff the while, to avoid having to shake hands with him, "It is an unexpected pleasure to see you here, Mr. Warburton, I have seen nothing of you for some time, whatever May may have done. You had much better have been with me, dear," I added, turning to her; "it would have done you much more good than sitting here alone."

"Not alone!" she answered, quickly, putting back her soft, wavy hair behind her little pink ears, showing an unwonted flush on her delicate childish face, "You have been here a long time haven't you?" she continued, glancing shyly up at Mr. Warburton. He answered her query with a look of intelligence, and then turning to me, remarked airily,

"It's very pretty of you, Miss Neville, to reproach me with my absence. I only hope you will not discover by-and-bye that you see too much of me." Again May and he exchanged looks, and I felt that Major Gunthorpe's kind eyes were resting gravely on my troubled face. "And I ought to be," he concluded, with a smile "deeply grateful and very much flattered at the interest you are good enough to take in me."

I was angry with myself, and still more angry with him, for placing me in a false light before Major Gunthorpe. I had laid myself open to the infatuation of being jealous of my cousin. I had laid myself open to being suspected of showing an attachment to Mr. Warburton; and intimate as I was with Major Gunthorpe, I was yet not sufficiently so to take him into my confidence; so I sat silent, and my silence may have been mistaken for sulkiness.

The two men talked to each other in a cold, disjointed sort of manner for a few minutes, May putting in a little word now and then, and then Major Gunthorpe said good-bye to me, in rather a pitying way, as if he were sorry for me, which was very hard to bear—so hard that the tears sprang to my eyes, not unobserved by him. "Poor child!" he said, in a very low voice, and turned to go. Mr. Warburton, having no excuse to linger, soon followed his example; he did not seem to be too much at his ease in my presence.

No sooner had he left us than I, kneeling down beside May,

on the hearth-rug, and entwining my arms lovingly around her waist, burst into tears, leaning my head against her shoulder.

"Oh, May, darling," I said, recovering myself with difficulty: "I can't help fearing that Mr. Warburton is making love to you again, and it makes me wretched to think you should waste one thought upon so unprincipled and mercenary a man."

May drew herself away from my encircling arms coldly, and I hardly knew it was her voice when she said:

"You have made me miserable enough, Marian, as it is, by your heartless flirtation with him. You almost succeeded, I know, but not quite. He has told me how your beauty infatuated him and intoxicated him for a brief while; but how his heart never really wavered from me."

"And you believed this?" I cried, starting to my feet, my eyes flushing with angry scorn; "*you* believe that I tried to come between you and what you thought your happiness. Couldn't you see," I continued, softening, "how he sought me, how he pretended to admire me; and can't you understand how for your sake I did not repulse him, but tolerated and endured his attentions, repugnant as they were to me? I understood clearly, if you did not, that it was the rumour of my being the heiress which caused him to transfer them from you to me; and now he has heard the truth," I cried, with growing excitement, "I am certain of it: it accounts for everything. Oh, May, dearest, I implore you to see him as he really is, and to have nothing to do with him."

"You are cruel; you are unkind; you are unjust," blazed forth May, clasping her baby hands. "How dare you say such things of him? You love him yourself, you are jealous of me, you grudge me my happiness—he was afraid you would come between us; but I promised you never should. I won't hear a word against him. Go away, Marian! leave me—I won't listen to you."

"Has it gone as far as this," I cried? "Oh, can't I save you from this man? He does not love you, May—he has said as much. I know that he is false, and base, and heartless, and unworthy of you. Try and remember how dearly I love you," I cried, standing over her, "and how I would not say these things if I did not know them to be true."

"I suppose you think," said May, with cold distinction, "that you alone can be loved, for yourself and for your beauty, but that no one would so care for me. You may underrate me as you please, but you are mistaken altogether."

"I underrate you?" echoed I, sorrowfully; "why, May, it is because I admire you so, and because I love you so, and rate you so highly, that I cannot bear to think of your being that man's wife."

you must accustom yourself to the idea, Marian," she said with surprising calmness; "for he is to speak to my father, and I beg you will never speak another word in my hearing. He is the soul of honour, and I love him with my whole heart."

At her for some moments in speechless astonishment. The old, self-reliant girl, my clinging, tender, affectionate,

If Mr. Warburton's influence had so changed her and her now, how would it be if she became his wife? I had not time and no wish to say anything further to her just then, but another word I quitted her abruptly, and retired to the privacy of my own room; there to cry and to lament, and to compose myself before dinner.

That morning, feeling low and depressed, and finding that I had nearly avoided me, I went out alone, directly after breakfast. If a long, brisk walk would recruit my spirits. I had not been out for a couple of hours, not caring much where I went, when I was suddenly returning homewards, through a path in the home-woods, called the "Lover's Walk," a thick leafy avenue, the trees closing over head, formed a cool retreat in balmy weather. It was desolate enough in December. The dead leaves were trodden under foot, and the sighing of the wind around the trunks of the trees, harmonised well with my present feelings. Walking along quietly, my eyes bent on the ground, I did not see a young man, seated on the trunk of an old tree until he spoke.

"Neville," he said, drearily, "won't you stop a minute and talk to me?"

"I will," I answered; "I nearly passed you without seeing you," and I held out my hand to him as I spoke.

He took it in both of his, and then I saw that his pleasant, smiling face, had a sad, troubled look on it, which pained me.

"You, too, in trouble, Harvey?" I said, calling him by his name, as he sometimes did. "Has anything gone wrong with you?" "Miss Neville," he said, still holding my hand, "may I speak to you about her?" and taking my consent, he continued—

"I have been very uneasy the last few days at the way that Mr. Warburton has been hanging about your cousin May, and I couldn't put it off any longer, but come and tell her that I am very fond of her, and ask her to give me a little more time she might come to care for me?"

"I asked, dejectedly, turning when we had reached the home-woods, "what did she say?" I asked the question idly

to help him on with his story, well knowing the nature answer he had received.

"She listened to me very quietly," he said, "without interrupting me, and I thought from her silence that perhaps didn't dislike me and would tell me so; so, you see, I wasn't prepared for what she did say. She put out her little hand to me and I saw there were tears in her eyes, but her voice was firm, a firmness I didn't like, it seemed to cut off all hope, she said—'I'm so sorry for you, Mr. Prescott; but you must think of me in this way. I could never care for you as you want it is quite impossible. I shall always like you very much as a friend, but not in that way.' Then, Marian, I was so stunned and surprised, and pained by her answer that I said hotly: 'I know how it is—I have to thank Warburton for this. Is it quite hopeless, May? I don't believe any one can love you as I do. I'll wait so long. Wait till you try and and like me.' She smiled faintly and shook her head, and I saw I had no chance now if I ever had any. So I left her, Marian, and you found me here. I'm a hard hit indeed. I had no idea I should feel it like this. Do you think I am a great fool, Marian? and is it—it must be—Warburton who has won her from me?"

"I suppose there is no harm in your knowing it, Harvey," answered, dejectedly. "From what May said to me last night I fear it will not be a secret long, and I fear to think that—well, I know what I do fear, but everything for her. If she had but said for you, Harvey," I added, laying my hand impulsively on his shoulder, "how happy it would have made me! but, as it is, he is to thank Uncle James to-day."

"To-day!" he cried, in a hoarse voice; "so soon, it is impossible all over. How blind I have been; but I declare to you that the last few days I always believed Warburton was the last man fit to be thought of marrying, his ways of life are so opposed to the idea, and he said, lowering his voice, "there are not many fathers who would let him marry their daughters. He has led a very dissipated life and there are many stories about him which, of course, you could not understand. It didn't matter to any one much, as long as he remained single; but what will the Admiral say to his general propensities—they are too well-known; and then an *ecarte* which—but I mustn't say these things to you, and you must think it was a good deal of jealousy on my part."

"Oh, Harvey," I exclaimed, clasping my hands, "can you do nothing to save her from him? she won't listen to me. Can you tell Uncle James all you know, everything?"

"No, Marian," he replied, sorrowfully; "it would be quite impossible; you wouldn't wish me to look despicable in her eyes,

you! No, I can do nothing; the best thing I can do is to go away for a time. I shall bear it better at a distance, I hope. I never can forget your goodness to me Marian," he added, in a husky voice, seizing both my hands in his and pressing them to his lips.

"I was intensely sorry to see this handsome stalwart young Harvey Prescott so completely overcome, and withal so manly in the telling of his simple love story; and there was infinite pity and affection in my eyes as I raised them to his, neither did I instantly withdraw my hands from his grasp. "Poor Harvey!" I murmured, bending towards him, "if I were your sister I could not feel more sorry for you than I do." We were standing midway in the Lovers'-walk, and as I turned my eyes from Harvey's face they fell on the figure of Major Gunthorpe, standing within two yards of us, and close enough to have heard my last words. He could not advance without passing us, neither could he retreat, as Uncle James was close behind. They had entered the centre of the walk by a little gate concealed by a clump of trees and brushwood, leading into a meadow, and we had not heard the approaching footsteps over the soft grass until they were close upon us. The voice of Uncle James broke the awkward silence. He had not yet passed through the gate, but had stopped to say, "Look here, Gunthorpe; I gave £22 for that cow last week, and she doesn't give anything like the milk I expected. They tell me she don't eat; I wish I hadn't bought her, upon my word I do.—Well, Marian, out for a walk?" he said, joining Major Gunthorpe, while I hastened my steps to where they were standing, as carelessly as I could.

"I have been as far as the new farm, Uncle, and am quite tired."

"You look rather done up, my dear—all the better for luncheon. Ah, you'll come in, Gunthorpe; won't you? By-the-bye, Harvey, I wanted to ask you about that under-keeper of your father's," and he strode forward with Harvey a little in his rear, and with whom he conversed in a very kind voice about the qualifications of the keeper. Major Gunthorpe and I followed them slowly and steadily, I meditating how best to account, in as few words as possible, for being discovered consoling Harvey. Of course, he must know, I thought, how fond this fine fellow was of May, and a word would be sufficient as far as my part was concerned; so I said frankly, without a shade of embarrassment in voice and manner, "When you came up just now, Major Gunthorpe, Harvey Prescott was telling me he thought it best for him to go away; and I suppose he will. I wish I had a brother like him. I feel such a great affection and esteem for him. I told him I would always be a sister to him. Still Major Gunthorpe was silent. I glanced up at his face, it was

more stern and sallow and set than usual, and he looked older I thought he had looked before.

"How full this life is of cross-purposes!" I remarked "it seems as if the best and the noblest come off the worst; wish I could have saved poor Harvey this sorrow; but what can I do?"

"If he has your pity, Miss Neville, and your sympathy, not so badly off, after all," remarked he, somewhat bitterly thought; "he is lucky in finding even that much."

"I looked at him questioningly, rather puzzled by his remark, but made no reply; for Uncle James and Harvey had halted at the kissing-gate, from whence a small footpath diverged into the Prescott domains, which adjoined those of my Uncle. As we came on with them Harvey was saying, "No; I won't come in to thank you, Admiral. I have promised to drive into Oxford on my father's business this afternoon—you are coming too, ain't you, Gunthorpe?" he added, turning to him.

"I suppose so, Prescott," he said, quietly, then turned away to where I was standing, he said in a low voice. "Good-bye to you, Miss Neville; good-bye!"

I gave him my hand silently, which he scarcely took without dropping it instantly; and raising his hat and nodding pleasantly to my Uncle, he strode across the field and up the hill, followed more leisurely by Harvey. I followed his retreating figure with my eyes until he had gained the top of the hill and was lost to view. Then I walked homewards with Uncle James, who was rather disconcerted at Harvey carrying off the only fellow worth talking to.

"Come here, Marian!" he cried, some three hours later, having crossed the hall, coming in from my afternoon drive in the carriage, "I went to speak to you. The tones of his voice indicated that a storm was brewing. He closed the door of his little study saying, "What is all this? how long have you known it? why didn't you tell me? Do you suppose I am going to let May marry a fellow without a shilling—a fellow like that! Why couldn't she have taken her fancy to Harvey Prescott, I should like to know, or Gunthorpe, or to a racing, betting, gambling, dissipated fellow like Warburton? I've no patience with her!" He paused a few seconds quietly for breath and as I didn't care to interrupt him, he began again, refreshed.

"I told him my mind plainly enough. I said to him, as I said to May, that I was her guardian; and he wasn't the sort of man I wished her to marry, and that there had better be an end of it, and I wasn't going to allow it—and she needn't think it wasn't going to be talked into anything so foolish; and that was my answer."

"What did she say?" I asked, relieved at the turn things had taken, and yet grieved for what I knew May would suffer. "How did she bear it?" I asked again.

"Oh, she cried and coaxed, and cried again, and talked a great deal of nonsense; and you had better go up to her Marian. I've no objection to young women marrying," he muttered. "The sooner the better—at seventeen, if they like. They would be more likely to make good wives and obey their husbands; but they must marry respectable men, not scamps—we all know what *they* want. Why don't you go, Marian?" he added testily, seeing that I still sat looking at him, evincing no alacrity to depart.

"What can I say to May?" I asked, as I now slowly and languidly moved towards the door.

"Say? Why tell her not to be a fool—the fellow's not worth a thought. You know what to say, of course, without you are in love with him too. I don't understand women," he added, as I left the room; "they are all alike. If there is a nice fellow after them, they haven't the sense to see it."

I went upstairs unwillingly enough. I tried May's door and found it locked on the inside, and receiving no answer to my gentle appeal for admittance, I went sorrowfully to my own room, and, throwing myself into a chair by the fire, I tried to think it all out; but from what I had recently experienced of May's firmness—I might call it hardness—of character, I foresaw that her surrender would not be an unconditional one.

A weary two months followed—weary to all of us. May pined and fretted, and at last worried herself into a low, nervous state of depression, and very painful to witness. By degrees she refused to leave the house, and then kept her room, and soon afterwards her bed, declaring she would never leave it unless Uncle James withdrew his cruel opposition. Towards me she still preserved a sort of semi-hostility, accusing me, I knew in her heart, of having prompted him to act as he had done. I felt the change bitterly—our lives seemed so broken up, and I could but hate with bitter hatred the man who had thus estranged us from each other. I knew also, beyond a doubt, the reason of his seeking May's hand. I no longer suspected. I now knew. Uncle James and I had gone over one day by train to dine and sleep at Colonel Bennett's, who was an old friend of my uncle's. May, as usual, pleaded indisposition as a reason for remaining at home. After luncheon, Mrs. Bennett took me into the boudoir, a snug little sitting-room, upstairs, and we had a long talk about old times. She was very motherly and kind, and seemed to take to me as if she had known me for years, instead of a few hours."

"I wish your cousin had come with you, my dear," she said.

and then now she died, poor thing :

"How wonderfully this is like May," I cried, examining the ivory miniature, even to the soft hair falling over her forehead. May's fair hair has the same pretty wave about it, and the trick of so falling into tiny rings and curls ; and the smile and eyes are so like hers—it's a wonderful likeness !"

"So Mr. Warburton was saying," said Mrs. Bennett, pleased. "I showed it him one day, when he was staying here, was talking about the Miss Nevilles, Marian, and seemed to think that your mother was the rich Miss Bradley ; but I said no, not at all, when I had heard his description of you both ; and I went and brought down that miniature to show him, and I said that the description of the Miss Neville he called May was, I thought, the image of this picture, and he agreed with me, though he was very much surprised at first. Now we have come home for Christmas, I hope I shall see a great deal of you and your pretty cousin, Anne," said, giving me a hearty kiss.

"When was Mr. Warburton over here?" I asked, returning the kind old lady's kiss, and wondering whether I should tell her of the mischief—irreparable mischief she had unconsciously done.

"Let me see!" she returned, meditatively ; "it was early in December. I think it was the 14th he came, because, I remember, it was my dear husband's birthday, and we had a houseful of guests ; and the servants had a dance ; and we all went to bed and looked on. Yes, I'm sure it was the 14th."

"I thought so," I said, half aloud ; "I was sure of it."

"What was you sure of, my dear?" she asked, kindly.

been mistaken, so completely mistaken in him ; he had
liked me once ; a little, at any rate ; while I had grown
for him, and to look for news of him more than I was willing
; even to myself ; and the bitter humiliation of feeling that
so, and that I was nothing to him, made my cheeks tingle
ame when thinking of this, even when alone, which I
was now ; for Harvey Prescott had gone abroad, as he
mated he would do ; and Uncle James was confined to the
an attack of rheumatism, which he was trying to exorcise
ry imaginable remedy, and which rendered him additionally
and short-tempered, and intolerant of female society ; suffer-
one but Anthony to approach him, and expressing a frequent
at he could ship off his cargo of women to some port or
and issuing various eccentric and slightly contradictory
sometimes sending for me to hear them, and sometimes
the fancy took him.

aster wants you very particular, miss, directly after break-
aid old Anthony to me one morning. It was Valentine's-
emember, and the long, hard frost had at last broken up.
that the frost that had frozen round one's heart could break

I thought, as I looked sadly out of the window of the
leading to my uncle's library, and saw the pale, cold gleams
February sun trying to make things look a little less cheerless

and the Admiral, as usual, seated in his deep leather chair
side of the huge blazing fire, his foot supported on a high
is white hair standing more than ever erect and his double

any reason, and the sooner the better, there is
woman the less for me to look after."

"Does May know of this?" I ventured to ask meekly,
sinking heart.

"Of course she does," was the pettish answer. "I told
might have her own way, and marry him to-morrow if she
better than making herself ill. I've done what I could, and
will be wretched, why, she must; but, besides, she as good
me that if I wouldn't give my consent, they would do with
and I believe she would too; and I don't want a scandal-
strong girl!"

"Poor May!" I said, sighing; the tears rising to my eyes
hope she will be happy; but I fear for her very much."

"Now, look here, Marian," retorted her uncle, with a
"what's the use of your crying? Women are all alike, always
for some reason or other. They are the most unreasonable creatures
in the world. I have a letter here from Mr. Warburton,"
up an open one from a table close to his chair, as he spoke, "and
you may read if you like. He will be down in a day or two,
wishes the marriage to be as soon as possible. I suppose he
I shall change my mind," he added, laughing gravely; "it is
likely she will change hers, now that she can have her own way.
You've only to tell a woman to please herself, and do as she
and she's pretty sure to be as meek as a lamb; and do
choose. I know the sex by this time, I fancy." And then
James suddenly diverged into monetary matters, to which I
listened with as much attention as I could then command.

her fair skin like ivory, while amethyst earrings were in her tiny ears, and her slender throat was encircled with a broad band of gold, from which a gold and amethyst locket depended. She stood by the fire, caressing lovingly a ring—a broad gold band, set with diamonds and opals, which glittered brightly in the fire-light. I went up to her, and gently took her hand, looking intently at the ring, and then quietly released it again, not having words fitting the occasion ready at command.

"It seems you can't even condescend to admire the first present to me, Marian," she said, in rather a hurt tone. "Poor Warner! he is very unlucky; I am sorry you hate him so."

"I wish he hadn't given you opals," I rejoined, without noticing her concluding remark; "they always bring ill-luck with them. I've poor mamma's opal ring—her engagement ring, you remember it,—but she said I was never to wear it."

"I am not superstitious," remarked she, coldly, though with a slight uneasiness in her voice, "and I like this ring beyond anything he could have given me," and she pressed it to her lips.

After this afternoon we tacitly avoided speaking of Warner Warburton, though we grew more at our ease with each other, having so many things to discuss relating to the approaching wedding. We talked of the bridesmaids, the breakfast, the trousseau, the wedding guests, and the wedding presents—but of the bridegroom, never. His visits were brief and flying ones, and I studiously avoided him, as he as studiously avoided me.

Harvey Prescott was at home again. His father had a rather bad attack of gout, which threatened at one time to be serious; so Harvey had been summoned, and, like a dutiful son, had come without delay; but as yet we had not seen him.

It was the day before the wedding, or rather the evening before. The morning had been a true April morning—shower and sunshine, sunshine and shower; but towards evening the air became quite frosty, and the wind blew in keen gusts around the house, rendering the cheerful warmth of the fires within doors very acceptable and inspiring, at least to me if not to the others; for the six weeks of bustle and anticipation, and preparation for the coming morrow had been the reverse of a jubilant time to me. Every day and every hour my thoughts flew back to the time, not long ago, when May and I had had every thought and hope in common; and what I was now experiencing was I knew but a foretaste of what her marriage would bring to me—a complete and entire separation between us; and worse than this was the knowledge that May was quite content that it should be so. Several of the wedding guests were expected this evening, and I had gone to my room early, and, for want of something to divert my mind from its melancholy groove,

candles were placed everywhere, while the fire blazed in the grate, and May stood at the dressing table with her jewelry on. She turned at my entrance, with a pearl necklet in her hair, and what a lovely vision she was in her bridal robes of white lace and orange-blossoms! Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright with happiness and excitement, and her lips wreathed with smiles of pardonable triumph.

"How do you like me?" she cried, and her voice brought me back to the thing of its old confiding ring about it, I fancied. "I shall be on my dress to-night. I shall be thinking of something to wear tomorrow."

"I stooped and kissed her on her forehead and on her cheek, and I am afraid she felt the teardrops I left there; for she suddenly threw her arms around my neck, exclaiming passionately,

"Forgive me, dear, dear Marian! and try to like him for my sake."

Silently I returned her embrace, and then she said gaily, holding up the beautiful necklace, "Wait a moment, Marian; I will put on the veil too."

"Oh, May!" I said, shuddering, I know not why. "Pray don't! it's so unlucky, you know."

May laughed a silvery little laugh. "Don't be so superstitious, Marian," she said; and unfolding a magnificent lace veil she proceeded to adjust it on her fair head, already crowned with orange-blossoms. Lightly she threw the delicate lace over her shoulders and turned to admire the effect in the mirror, and the

from her bed, and rushed wildly after her. I seized her in my arms, and endeavoured to wrap her in it; but, wild with fears, she threw herself off, and ran, with frightful haste, down the staircase and into the hall below, one blaze of fire—fanned and heightened by the draught which met her on every side; even the hall-door stood open, as I afterwards learnt. One glance showed me that I also was in flames—fanned by the same causes; then my presence of mind completely forsook me, and I stood rooted to the spot, screaming for help. It came,—I heard hurried footsteps; I felt a strong arm round me, and remembered no more.

When I came to myself, which I believe I did almost immediately, I found Major Gunthorpe's arm was round me, and that his coat—a great Ulster—covered me completely, and had smothered and extinguished the flames.

"You are safe, my darling!" he whispered; "I was only just in time; another moment, and——" He finished the sentence by folding me closer to him. And then friends, who had just arrived, and servants, who were just too late, hurried up the staircase to offer assistance.

"Where is May?" I cried, in a bewildered kind of way. "Let me go to her. Is she much hurt?"

"We don't know yet," some one answered; "They have taken her into the library, and Mr. Prescott has gone for Dr. Jones. You mustn't go to her just at present."

Then followed exclamations of surprise and wonder that I had sustained no further injury than the destruction of my dress, and congratulations for my opportune rescue. And then I discovered, to my dismay, that my preserver's hand and wrist were badly burnt, though he insisted it was a mere nothing. However, he submitted with a very good grace to my efforts to dress it with the remedies originally intended for my own. After making myself presentable, I hurried down stairs, anxious for tidings of May. Major Gunthorpe was apparently waiting for me at the foot of the stairs.

"Come in here," he said, gravely, leading the way into the dining-room, where the table was laid with a splendour befitting the occasion, but which now seemed to mock us with its invitation to eat, drink, and be merry.

"The doctor is with your poor little cousin, and your uncle begged you would stay here till he came for you. She is too much hurt to be moved.

"Oh!" I cried, clasping my hands round his arm, the tears streaming down my cheeks. "Do not keep me from her. Tell me what there is to hear?"

"I am afraid she is badly hurt, Marian; but we must wait for the doctor's report."

but I thought I heard your voice, Marian, calling for help; rushed upstairs to find you, and I was not too soon," he with a faint smile, and the poor bandaged hand was laid for my shoulder, and rested there.

I lifted my eyes to his grave face for one moment, at such a tender, fond look there that my heart throbbed with spite of its little pain. "My love," he said, kissing me impulsively, "I never thought you cared for me; I fancied till yesterday we were going to marry Warburton; and I thought Harvey was using his heart about you, poor fellow!"

"You ought not to have kept away," I said, reproachful for having suffered so much, thinking, believing I was nothing to him. Then a great wave of happiness swept over my soul, as I thought that from henceforth the love of this good man was all mine, and that my craving for his love and sympathy, would be satisfied. Few could ever know the loneliness of heart that I had known since May had learnt to do without my affection. I pressed my aching head against his arm, and cried quietly and sorrowfully, partly for sorrow for what had befallen my poor May. Then James came in, leaning on a stick, looking both subdued and unconvinced, but with no surprise at seeing us thus together, but beckoned me to follow him. We crossed the hall, and as I softly turned the handle of the library-door, my quick ears caught his low, whisper to Major Gunthorpe, which were evidently not intended for me.

"The shock to her nervous system has been too great. Jones has very little hope of her."

Of the hours that followed the hearing of these words

bridal morning dawned bright and cloudless. The sun radiantly on her pale, still face, as it would have shone on she been a happy bride; all was the same in heaven and living that she was not. Instead of the bridal peal that have rung out on this her bridal day, the death-bell now intervals, booming heavily in the keen cold air, and was sting the bridegroom received when, in obedience to the s sent him the previous evening, he drew up at the hall. Once again he appeared at Stanton Hall on the day of May's but he wrapped himself in a cold reserve, saying little to returning to town immediately after the sad ceremony.

* * * * *

Major Gunthorpe's wife now. It is twelve months since a terrible calamity overtook our May. Our wedding was of the ; we were married at Florence, whither Uncle James and I e for change of scene, followed by Major Gunthorpe. : May's fortune had come to me—it had been so willed by her, that in the event of her dying unmarried I was to in- t. This was a contingency I neither knew of nor con- ed. le James, who had conceived a strong liking for my husband, ed us both to make one home with him at Stanton Hall, e had now once more returned, he having sold out of the t immediately after our marriage.



WHEN we speak of an educated person, we mean one generally enlightened and well-informed; if a woman, she not only possess a smattering of science, but must be a little far as a superficial knowledge of two or three modern languages and no acquaintance with their literature, gives her a claim to a title; and she certainly is expected to be able to sing and play piano, and not to be ignorant of art in general. And it is an acquirement of these things that girls, from their seventeenth to the seventeenth year, are kept in the schoolroom, and work at many machines, in a sort of groove, without any regard to the nature of temperament or diversity of gifts. Solid instruction in arithmetic, writing, history, geography, and English composition should, of course, be bestowed on all alike, but in mere acquirements why should not the bias of a girl's mind be noted? Things she is observed to have most talent for assiduously cultivate, so that there may at least be a hope of her excelling in one. What can be more misjudged, for instance, than for one who has no music in her nature to be kept strum-strumming for a couple of hours a day, ruining a piano? wasting time, trying her own nerves, and torturing all who listen? She may by constant drudgery acquire a certain amount of mechanical skill, but if the soul is wanting, can never hope to play so as to give pleasure to herself or others. Another may be an enthusiastic musician, she is not suffered to spend more than one hour in the week upon it, for fear of neglecting her dancing, her drawing, her work, her French, Italian, or German; and for solid instruction is very little of that she can gain in the time that is

and, as possible. What wonder, when this has been going on for generations, that Pope should exclaim, "Most women have no characters at all." The truth is, the greater part of their time is spent in the acquirement of showy accomplishments; and what they learn of solid subjects is just got by rote, like so many parrots. The understanding is not exercised, nor are the reasoning powers drawn out—and this is just what women require most; of which they generally have plenty, but it is not often accompanied by judgment, for, as Locke says, "Wit consists of an assembling of ideas, and the putting them together with quickness and judgment, on the contrary, lies in separating carefully one idea from another wherein can be found the least difference, to avoid being misled, by similitude and affinity, to take one for another." For want of being taught to think clearly, and reason justly, women, if they have any brains indeed, grow up one-sided and prejudiced, with their heads full of a confused mass of inconsistent ideas; if they reason at all, it is in the process of unfair induction, like Voltaire's famous traveller, who, on supposing to have a drunken landlord, and a red-haired man, at the first inn at which he stopped in Alsace, wrote in his note-book, "All the men of Alsace, drunkards; all men, red-haired." Now, why is this? It is no answer to say that women are not naturally logical, as if the habit of grasping general features, as well as details of a subject, as if reasoning and familiarity with the evidences of perception, were not which come by instinct. Genius, I allow, is given only to a few; but a habit of reflecting and reasoning well and justly is to be cultivated by all who are not utterly imbecile. I would have logic taught as much a necessary part of a girl's education as it is

distinct ideas upon every subject presented to it; unless the habit be formed of surveying a thing in all its properties and relations, as to prevent inconsistencies, confusion of thought, the drawing of false conclusions, or the being led away by shadows. Knowledge Dr. Johnson calls "general illumination of mind;" but if one venture to differ from "the great lexicographer," that scarcely a precise definition of the term, as distinguished from wisdom; Cowper, I think, puts it more accurately when he says:

" Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

Men and women too, in going through life, need the one as much as the other; and it is just this want of mental culture which leads to true wisdom, that is so seldom thought of in the programme of most girls' education. I would not, for a moment have it supposed that I advocate a neglect of the cultivation of external graces,—certainly not; I only urge that these should not be the first thing thought of; that they should not be simply veneering, but have a solid and firm basis to rest on, so that women may cease to be the mere dolls, the characterless, insipid nonentities nine out of every ten are; that they may no longer act on caprice, rather than principle, and be so utterly weak and prejudiced, and taken up with trivialities, their thoughts moving, as Holmes says, in "such a small circle, that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve."

Thank Heaven, there are women who use the faculties God has given them, who read and reflect wisely and well, and whose actions are governed by judgment and common sense; but is not this rather in spite of than owing to their education? Because they refused to believe that when they left the school-room it was simply to "enjoy life;" that is to say, to go to as many balls and parties as came within their reach, to dress, dance, flirt, and make themselves as attractive as possible, and, finally, to marry well." There is the mischief of it! What can be worse for girls than the way in which they are brought up to look upon marriage as an end and object in life, rendering them, by their consequent love of dress, of society, and the cultivation of superficial attractions, still more unfit to be the companions of sensible men. Boys are never led for a moment to think that the principal aim of their education is to render them attractive to the opposite sex; and yet, in reality, marriage should be as important to the one as to the other. Now to what is this to be traced, but to the helplessness and dependance in which girls are brought up?

According to the last census there are in this country, nearly

living, it need not render her less lovable or unfit for the
of a wife and mother, if such should be her lot; while the
ling of self-reliance engendered would of itself be sufficient
teract the weakness of character we have been deploring.

current of popular feeling is now setting somewhat in
of affording women greater facilities for earning their
elihood, should their circumstances render it necessary; the
on of medicine is already open to them, and in all probability
on so few have taken to it is because both prejudice and a
e education have been against them.

s urged that such a life is calculated to render a woman
c, masculine, and altogether objectionable. Really, I am
l that people with a grain of common sense should argue in
7 : should say, "Oh, Mrs., or Miss So-and-so, who has taken
sort of thing, is strong-minded, and at the same time un-
e; therefore every woman who attempts to rise above
-place is unfeminine, and consequently to be protested
" Can anything be more childish than this mode of
g? I do not deny that there are a few, a very few, women
ry their strength of mind and disregard of appearances to
but this is only the result of reaction, and with the removal
of our legal restrictions (which are certainly unfair to women)
ntirely disappear.

object in writing is not to show what *might* be if social laws
ferent, but rather to offer a few practical suggestions, by
ose who are still growing up may be fitted to take, in the
to professions that I feel sure, before many years are past,
hrown open to them. There is nothing but prejudice to

cruel that anyone should talk of women being made to exert themselves; who put "the dear little helpless things" on the shelf of their minds, giving them exactly the vocation of a Ditchina shepherdess, viz., to sit with their hands folded, and to and look pretty. Again, there is another class who talk of "women's proper sphere," whatever that may be, for if they mean by it domestic affairs and the duties of a wife and mother, that not one of the million we have cited can in a gamous country be any other than a celebate; and how happier and more useful in their generation would they be with a definite occupation—how much more contented if, when they had been taught to think and act instead of dreaming.

It may be that some girl, past the age of childhood, will say, "We see the truth of your remarks; we feel we are, to a great extent, leading a purposeless, aimless existence; we know we should be better and wiser women if we thought of something beyond amusement, were not so desultory in our occupations, and had more definite and clearer and more rational ideas of things in general. But what are we to do?"

To them I say, "It is not too late to do something to correct the faults due to a defective system of education; only in the future thing strive to be in earnest; habitual earnestness is the corrective of the dreamy, listless trifling, which is the bane of girls' lives."

As far as possible live by rule, and plan out each day, not a minute shall be passed without your doing something to prove yourself, or benefit your neighbours. Give an hour in the twenty-four to the study of some subject which will require real hard work to master; do not undertake too many things; always have some definite occupation, and do nothing by halves. That smith who, when asked why he did not join some other to his own, made a wise reply when he said, "He who works as a blacksmith and whitesmith too may go and shoe the goat." Whatever you begin, do steadily and thoroughly, and rather be sure of knowing a few things well than aim at the reputation of having acquired a great many.

Let your reading consist mainly of the works of standard authors, and if you really are in earnest in the desire of acquiring strength, and of becoming a wise and sensible woman, do not indulge much in novel reading; if you take up works of fiction it be only when you are physically or mentally tired, and do require relaxation. Do not read carelessly, but think well of every subject brought before you, and, if possible, refer to other subjects which may throw light upon the same, so that you may gain comprehensive views. Learn to think justly, and avoid taking

narrow line in argument, and reasoning in a circle, as women are fond of doing. Again, always remember when choosing your food for perusal, that the nourishment of the mind, like that of the body, depends more on the quality of the food taken, and on its being well digested, than on the quantity that is devoured. Another thing to be avoided, if you would acquire mental strength, is the habit of indulging in endless reveries and day-dreams, than which nothing can be more destructive to practical business or to energy of mind. Do you never hear those lines, I believe, by Swift in a game of *bout-rimès*?

"I sit with my toes in a brook,
And if anyone asks me for why,
I hits 'em a hit with my crook,
And 'tis sentiment kills me, says I."

Do not be feared there are many girls who have a habit of sitting idly or idly with their "toes in a brook," and are nearly dying of ennui and sickly sentimentality.

Do not be angry if I seem severe; it is only out of regard for you, and because I feel you are capable of better things, that I speak so strongly. You will find it hard, as it always is at first, to break through practices indulged in so long that they have become a second nature; but there are a few difficulties that energy and resolution will not conquer; and rest assured, perseverance will triumph in the end. The knowledge gained through a regular course of self-culture is certain, at some period of your life, to be more useful than at present you can at all conceive; and remember, that your utmost to improve the talents with which you have been entrusted, you are working, not only for time, but for eternity. The very incompleteness of this world's best and noblest undertakings is the strongest proof of that future existence in which we shall realise a fulness of beauty and depth of wisdom we have never dreamed of here; where, perhaps, in company with the minds of other ages, we shall be suffered to follow out the thread we have loved best on earth, our intelligence ever widening, and our soul rising higher and higher as we approach nearer to that point on which is of Divinity itself the very essence.



THE HUNCHBACK CASHIER:

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

MR. PEPPER'S WILL.

THERE was a strange scene passing at Mrs. Berrington's house while she was away, with her son, at the presbytery of St. Peter's.

Betsy stood at the open door, looking anxiously up the broad high road that led away to Winchester. Green hedgerows on either side, fragrant with hawthorn, a flush of pink apple-blossom over the orchards, and the sky clear blue and cloudless. The old woman shaded her eyes with her hand, as she stood in the broad sunlight, under the purple and white blossoms of the sweet-scented lilacs that stood on either side of the door.

"How long he is of coming!" she muttered, angrily. "Lawyers are well paid; they needna keep people waiting i' this gait? Death waits for no man; and suppose he were to die, and me unprovided for! Lord save us! what would I do?" And the old woman's selfish fears caused her brown withered face to grow a shade paler, and she wiped from her brow the perspiration which stood there in bead-like drops at the frightful idea.

She was not a pleasing looking woman; tall and rawboned, coarse features, and a projecting upper lip, gave an unpleasant expression to the whole face. She was clad in a gown of sad coloured stuff, so short as to show her blue worsted hose, ornamented with white clocks. Her white muslin cap had frills and a large bow on the top.

"At last he's coming!" exclaimed Betsy, who, unable to restrain her impatience, had been walking backwards and forwards between the door and the gate. "We have been waiting for you this two hours, Mr. Scriven," said Betsy, sharply. "It's no a matter for delays when a man wants to make his will."

"Other people want to make wills, too, Mrs. Betsy," replied the person who had just arrived; a man of middle age, grave and sedate in appearance, dressed in a suit of black, and on his head a

brown bob periwig, with a single row of curls round the bottom unpowdered, but very nicely combed and arranged."

"I have been at Squire Nichols's since early this morning. The good gentleman is dying fast."

Betsy took but little notice of what the lawyer was saying, and led him up the narrow dark staircase of the cottage into her master's sleeping apartment, where he was seated, propped up by pillows, in a large high-backed chair. The sunlight shone full on him, as it streamed in through the long wreaths of ivy that twined about the casement; but there was a grey shadow on the haggard face, the features were pinched, and the lawyer's sharp eye saw death written unmistakably on every lineament.

"Mr. Pepper, have you seen a doctor?" asked Mr Scriven, as he took a seat beside the dying man.

"No, I am not going to spend my substance on apothecaries' stuff," was the sharp reply.

"It's little good their drugs do," muttered Betsy, as she loitered about the room, arranging and rearranging different little articles of furniture. "They whiles can do nowt but drain your purse, and that they can always do, I'll warrant ye."

"I expect this attack will pass off," said the old man, as his fingers nervously trifled and twitched at the skirts of the old dressing-gown he wore—often a fatal sign of approaching dissolution. "But I want to make my will—to know that whenever I happen to die I shall not leave my substance to be frittered away by a parcel of hungry heirs, who will chuckle at the old man's folly in hoarding for them, as they squander his golden guineas. I tell ye, Scriven, I mean no one to be the better for my death but Betsy. She has been a good servant to me, and if I die first I'll make her my sole heir."

"Lord, bless you for remembering your old Goose Eye!" (a strange appellation given her by her master) whined Betsy, as she came and knelt by the old man's feet, and caressed his knees; "but there's no one as has cared for ye as I have, for these thirty year and more."

"Aye, thirty years!" responded Mr. Pepper, "she's pinched and scraped and saved for me; and I've not been unmindful of it. I've had a vault built for you in St. Lawrance's Church, Betsy," he added, pathetically; "for I think I shall see you out yet, and I've planned a tomb to be erected over your bones. So you'll be buried, good old wench, as well as e'er a lady in the land.—But come, Scriven, let us to business. Now, all I want you to do is to draw up a will as simple and brief as you can, conveying all my worldly goods to Mistress Betsy Dalton."

The lawyer hesitated. He was an honourable man, and a man

who had a kindly and feeling heart too, and his thoughts wandered to the poor destitute widow, with her sickly, deformed boy and his little child.

"But, Mr. Pepper, you will excuse me? I am a plain-spoken man. Let me remind you that Mistress Betsy is not young. A moderate legacy will provide comfortably for the rest of her day and you have a niece in great distress, I know, with two children. Would it not do as well to leave them some portion of your wealth? Think of your niece.

Mr. Pepper seemed slightly moved, but Betsy broke out into a torrent of exclamations and lamentations.

"Master! you'll not be talked over by Mr. Scriven? you'll not forget the poor old body that's laboured and toiled for ye, night and day? There's no one else has cared for ye as I have done. Mr. Scriven, it's ill done of ye to try and come in between a poor lone woman and her rights!"

"Her rights!" retorted the lawyer. "My good woman, ye have no real claim on Mr. Pepper!"

"Barney Pepper!" exclaimed the old woman, rising from her knees, and appearing in her real character—that of a virago; when she shook her fist at her cowering master, and her voice rose loud and shrill—"take care ye be not led by this man to cheat and defraud me out of what you've promised me many a time and I'll not let ye die in peace if ye do it, Barney Pepper!"

"I am not going to wrong you, Betsy!" exclaimed the old man, his voice trembling in abject fear.

"Let him write, then!" and Betsy indicated the lawyer; "for see it's all signed before I leave this room!" And she placed her hand in a defiant attitude as she spoke.

Mr. Pepper closed his eyes, and laid back in the chair, white as a ghost, while the lawyer, advancing towards Betsy, laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a stern, commanding manner:—

"Woman, if you do not cease this unseemly language and leave the room at once I will not answer for the consequences; and," he added, lowering his voice to a threatening whisper, "should your master die suddenly without making a will, the worse for you."

"I won't stir from this spot," answered Betsy doggedly.

"We will see if a constable cannot make you stir," said Mr. Scriven.

"Go, Betsy," said Mr. Pepper faintly; "I'll not forget you."

Mr. Scriven, determined to put an end to a discussion so injurious in its effects upon Mr. Pepper, in spite of some resistance on Betsy's part, ejected her from the room, and then, bolting the door, he seated himself beside the old man and prepared to write the will.

"I have told you already what to write, Mr. Scriven," said Mr. Pepper.

"Sir I beg of you to think of what I have already said," urged the lawyer. "Do not leave your niece and her children penniless. It is, I consider, your duty to make some provision for them, however small. This deed will soothe your last hours."

"I tell you I will leave all to Goose Eye," exclaimed the old man, in an obstinate tone. "I have promised her that I would, and I will keep my promise. I have a right to do what I like with my own. I made my fortune, and I shall leave it where I please. Make my will, Mr. Scriven, or I will call Betsy, and she shall go to Winchester and fetch me another lawyer."

Some further arguments and expostulations Mr. Scriven tried, for he was a humane man, with a feeling and tender heart; but finding that what he said only tended to increase the old man's anger and excitement, and fearing that if he died suddenly he himself would seem to be, in some measure, the immediate cause of his death, he drew the paper and ink before him, and wrote the will. Mr. Pepper signed it with a tolerably firm hand.

CHAPTER VI.

PENILESS.

BARNY PEPPER had been laid in his grave, side by side with the grassy mound that marked the last resting-place of John Berrington. His will had been read; and Mary Berrington knew the worst—knew that there was not the slightest mention in it of her name, nor of those of her children, and that she was utterly and entirely destitute. The term of her tenancy of the little cottage was just about expiring. One by one, during the last hard winter, she had parted with her few little valuables; she had lost all her employment, and had not even the means to provide bread for the morrow—a sad and melaucholy position hers, indeed.

Betsy had been busy, ever since the reading of the will, in packing up the many articles, some of them of considerable value, which Mr. Pepper had left behind him, and which fell to her as his sole legatee and executrix. She intended taking her departure for London immediately, had engaged her place in the stage coach and was ready to start—so speedy had she been, though this was only the third day after the reading of the will. Perhaps even her hard obtuse nature felt some degree of compunction in the presence of the woman whom she had so cruelly wronged, or some feeling of discomfort at the sight of so much misery, and she might entertain a wish to enjoy her own prosperity undisturbed.

It was a wet, cheerless morning—the sky one unvaried mass of dull grey clouds, the raindrops plashing down from every leaf and bough, and the wind coming in fitful gusts, flapping the wreath of wet ivy against the window of the little sitting room, in which were Mrs. Berrington and her children—she making a pretence of eating as she sat at the scantily spread table.

“Well, Mrs. Berrington, I’m going,” said Betsy, as she intruded her brown ill-favoured face at the door. “I hope things will be better with you. I can’t help Mr. Pepper, as has gone, preferring me to you—for why? ’cause I waited on him like any slave, and so it was his bounden duty to leave me all he had—and it is so much,” added the old woman in a whining tone, as though she were trying to pacify her own conscience, “it isn’t more than I just see out the rest of my days and bury me decent.”

Mrs. Berrington made no reply; she was too worn in mind and body to wish for any altercation, and especially as anger might prompt her to say something which would tend to criminate the dead. So she made a slight motion of farewell, and took no further notice of Betsy.

The latter at once withdrew, as the cart which was to convey her and her effects to Winchester, from whence the coach started was already at the door. Rose followed her, with the curiosity of a little child, and as the old woman quitted the house, moved by some sudden impulse, she slipped a coin into the little girl’s hand and said, “There, ’twill buy ye a fairin’.”

Some little touch of feeling, which even the most sordid and callous have at times, had softened, for a moment, the heart of the old woman. The child tripped with joy into the parlour.

“Mammie, see here! Betsy has given me a golden guinea.”

Happy elasticity of the human mind! That trifling gratuity from the hand of the woman who had robbed her of a fortune lightened poor Mrs. Berrington’s mind of a portion of its load. At any rate, her children would have food for the next few days, and during that time she might obtain some employment. She had not forgotten Father Metham’s promise.

“Humphrey, you will take care of Rose; I am going to Winchester,” she said, after the breakfast things had been put away.

“This wet morning, mamma?” exclaimed the boy.

“My child, you know I am used to all weathers,” replied his mother. “I am so anxious to see Father Metham. I think from the way he spoke he had great hopes of getting me something to do.”

Mrs. Berrington scarcely heeded the close fine rain, though it soon drenched through her scanty garments, as she made her way

Winchester. Almost to her own surprise she felt calmer than she had been for some time past, and more hopeful for the future. Perhaps it was that, though knowing herself destitute, that knowledge, painful as it was, was better than the uncertainty she had so long been in as to her uncle's intentions.

"Father Metham was going to send for ye, Mistress Berrington," said the old housekeeper, as she conducted her into a small room at the further end of the hall, of which we have already spoken. "He wanted to see ye."

Mrs. Berrington's heart bounded with joy as she stood by the fire, so comforting that chill morning, and dried her wet garments. Some good news Father Metham must have, or he would not have thought of sending for her.

The old priest soon bustled in, with a look of great satisfaction on his calm, placid face.

"Mary, my child, I have pleasant tidings. I have a situation in view, which it only rests with yourself to accept—an engagement as lady housekeeper in a family where the lady is a great invalid. You will be kindly treated, I can promise you that, and liberally paid. It will be a provision for you for life. Your duties will be no more than those of the mistress of a household, which I know you are well qualified to discharge. I know of nothing more unpleasant that you will have to do than read sometimes some very rapid French novel to the lady of the house, and hear, over and over again, a detailed account of all her ailments. But she is a good soul in the main. A roystering, noisy houseful you may have sometimes; but I think," added the priest, musingly, "that there will not be much of that either. My brother is getting sobered down with age."

"Oh! Father Metham, how can I be thankful enough to God, and, under Him, to you, for this happy change in my fortunes?"

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, Mary," replied the priest. "You see, after the storm cometh a calm. Now, when can you enter on your new duties, child? They are anxious to have you—my sister-in-law particularly."

"Almost at once, father. But oh!" she added, suddenly, her face losing something of its brightness, as though an unpleasant idea had just occurred to her, "My children! What shall I do with them?"

"We have provided for all that," replied the priest, with a smile. "I do not like doing things by halves. My nephew, Basil, saw your son here and took a fancy to him, and has been talking about him to his father. My brother thinks, from what he has heard of his abilities as a penman and accountant, he may, at some future time, take him into the Bank. Until then he shall

live with me and be my secretary, amanuensis, acolyte, sacristan—my right hand, in short—and I will teach him a little Latin in return. As for Rose, she will be close under her mother's wing. Peggy has a married cousin—a comely, good-natured pair she and her husband—they have lately lost their only child, a little girl, and will be glad to have Rose to fill up the gap. He is a farmer on my brother's property, and she is a woman of superior education for her position."

Mrs. Berrington was too overpowered with joyful emotion to speak her thanks. She could only wring fast in hers the hand of the good old priest, her benefactor, her friend in her direst need.

Here we must bid him adieu; for when we resume our tale in our next chapter, after a long lapse of years, he will have passed away, and others will have said for him those solemn words he had himself so often pronounced over so many of his flock during his long life—*Requiescat in pace.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASHIER.

It was a dull November afternoon, and the day was closing in rapidly. Clouds of yellowish vapour floated about the long range of the Downs, and enveloped the towers and quaint roof-tops of the old cathedral city. The streets of Winchester began to look already quiet and deserted, for the cold penetrating north wind sighed drearily amongst the leafless trees on the walls, and about the angles and corners of the buildings, and, to complete the cheerless discomfort of the afternoon, a drizzling rain dripped from every projection, and formed by degrees large pools of water in the roughly-paved streets and thoroughfares.

At Mr. Metham's bank, in High Street, the clerks were already preparing to terminate the labours of the day. The room in which the banking business was transacted was large and spacious, the ceiling low, and the windows garnished outside with iron bars. Metham's bank had always stood high, but of late years it had risen in repute, since the head of the firm, retiring from fashionable life, had devoted himself to business, and had restored to more than its former glory the house, which some had prophesied would crumble to decay. Still there were clouds on the horizon. Basil Metham was a greater spendthrift than ever his father had been, and it appeared not impossible that the senior Mr. Metham would only have averted ruin for a time by his own change of conduct; for, at his demise, there seemed every prospect that Basil would effect, very speedily, this dire consummation.

years since that summer afternoon when John Berrington was buried in the grave-yard of St. Lawrence's Church, and, one dreary winter day, the first of the new year, when the fogs fell thick and fast on the coffin of Mary Berrington, as it was lowered into the grave containing her husband's remains.

John, only eighteen, Humphrey had been placed in the Bank, and soon won the highest confidence and esteem of Mr. Metham, and was considered as his right hand. Indeed, the latter, when we re-open our tale, had resolved upon shortly making him his partner.

Great changes had taken place since the two boys—Basil and John, who had often spent many hours together in the long summer, fishing in the little pond of the Presbytery garden, shaded by the broad leaves of the stately horse-chesnut—had passed from boyhood to manhood. From the time of their first meeting, though strangely dissimilar in character, they had formed a strong and almost brotherly affection for each other. In John Berrington's heart this feeling never died out, but grew more intense in intensity; but in Basil's, time seemed to work a change. His affection grew weaker; the bitter, disdainful speeches, which had hitherto been sparing of to his chosen friend, became more frequent; he resented his advice and shunned his society, at intervals, when a touch of his old love seemed to return, and, for a brief period, he would visit the Cashier's house, and the Bank.

It is not surprising that there might have been for this change in Basil's feeling, engendered by the rapid rise of his friend to position and wealth, and by the unconcealed preference Mr. Metham gave to a stranger over the spendthrift and gambler, who

branches of the oaks, and beeches, and elms that surrounded the large old garden, and grew in clumps on the fine plot of grass that swept away from the walls of the house. Within the room the glow of the wood fire that burned in the yawning stove of bygone days, threw a red light on the oak wainscoted walls, and on the tall chairs, covered with tapestry, and on the dusky oil paintings; but the fairest picture of all, was that of the young girl, who sat musing alone in that still, quiet chamber, where there was no sound, save the crackling and hissing of the half-burnt logs, and, at times, a deep-drawn sigh from Rose Berrington's lips. She was a tall, slender girl, with chesnut hair and dark blue eyes, and was tastefully dressed in a rose-coloured *négligé*, with green ribbons, and a pretty lace apron.

Fifteen years since she went, as a baby child, to live with Peggy's cousins. The good farmer and his wife did not enjoy so much of the society of their little charge as they would have liked, for she was often up at the Great House with her mother. And then, Mrs. Metham, always an invalid, or with real or fancied ailments, liked to hear her childish prattle, which seemed to divert her, and would have her mother give her her lessons in her room, being diverted with her cleverness and sharpness. As she grew up Mrs. Metham would pay for masters for her; and so Rose became an accomplished girl. When her mother died, she lived with the Metham's for some time; in fact, till she went to keep house for her brother in Winchester.

Rose had been thrown much into the society of Basil Metham, and before she left his father's house she felt what a strong hold this man had upon her young heart. She had struggled long to overcome this love, for many circumstances combined to tell her that an union with Basil could never be a happy one. As year passed on, his vices seemed to take deeper root; yet she could not drive him from her heart. The canker in the bud of her early and ill-placed love had spread too far. Lovely in face and person with an intelligent and gifted mind, and of singularly good and amiable disposition, it seemed a strange caprice of the human mind that should make her fix her affections on Basil Metham—a man whose personal beauty even was fast passing away, under the combined influences of strong unbridled passions, drinking, hard living and every intemperance. Religion, the little he had ever possessed had been replaced by the worst doctrines of the diabolical school of French infidelity, founded by Voltaire. His speech became daily more bitter and cynical, his manners harsher and more repelling. He was broken down in fortune and reputation. Few but predicted a sad end for Basil Metham.

Rose was disturbed in her melancholy musings by the sudden

opening of the door, and the abrupt entrance of Basil himself. How changed since the day when Humphrey first met him in the Presbytery of St. Peter's! He was now a tall finely-made man, of lofty stature and a commanding appearance. Manly beauty he possessed in a high degree; but his wild life was stamping out its traces, and ageing him before his time. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot; his once clear olive complexion sallow, and his face haggard and worn.

In his dress he followed the most extravagant fashion of the times. He wore a cut velvet coat, very ample in the skirts, of a cinnamon brown colour, lined with pink satin, and covered with embroidery, and a long lapelled waistcoat of cloth of silver, likewise embroidered with gold. He had fine lace ruffles at his wrist, cut steel buckles on his shoes and at the knees of his breeches, and the sword by his side had a handle of cut steel inlaid with gold. In his hand he carried a small three-cornered cocked hat, bound with gold lace, a species of head-dress which the beaux of that period called a Nivernois hat. His fine black hair was elegantly crisped, trimmed, and powdered.

"Your housekeeper, cook, Abigail, or whatever functionary she is, told me you were in here, Rose," said Basil, flinging himself into a chair and throwing his hat on another, "so I walked in uninvited; but it was not you I came to see either—it was Humphrey. I do not often have now the felicity of seeing him, so I am obliged to intrude into his orbit when I wish for that satisfaction."

"I think the fault is yours, Basil," replied Rose, sadly; "you know, it is always a pleasure for Humphrey to see you."

"Was," answered Basil; "but," he continued, in a sneering tone, which added to the cruelty of the allusion, "Richard forgets his friends, now that he is enthroned in the Bank, and poor Buckingham, the scurvy dog—that is, unhappy I—he has no longer need of. Circumstances alter things strangely."

"Things alter strangely, indeed," said Rose, hastily, "when Basil Metham makes a jest of the sad deformity of one whom he once loved and esteemed."

"I esteem him now," replied Basil, bitterly; "but I almost hate him sometimes for his superior goodness. And he has wronged me too, saint as he is."

"Humphrey has never wronged you by word or deed," replied Rose, warmly.

"He has," exclaimed Basil, almost savagely. "First he deprives me of my father's affections, and then of yours. I never loved a woman save yourself, Rose, nor ever shall. There has never been any engagement between us, and the world possibly knows

nothing of our love; but he does—your brother, I mean—has poisoned you against me. You might be my beac Rose, my guiding star! With you I might be saved—without I shall perish.”

“Alas, no!” said Rose, clasping her hands together; “but imperil my own soul, Basil, and not help to save your good resolutions are written upon sand. You resolve to at hour, and the next, with your boon companions, you ridicule the absurd idea.”

“Enough, Rose; don’t let’s have a repetition of your laboured and sanctimonious perorations,” said Basil, in a tone; “but go and find him out, my girl. I have no time I am going up to London to-night.”

Rose hastily left the room, and Basil remained gazing vacant stare at the red embers in the grate, while a sabbid look stole over his dark, haggard face, which deep the door, opening, admitted Humphrey Berrington.

“This is an unlooked-for pleasure,” said the latter advanced into the room; and as he took Basil’s hand he added, “We seldom meet now.”

“The seldomer the better,” replied Basil, curtly. “can’t be pleasant to you. When do the rich like the visit poor?” he added, sneeringly; “and I only come to beg. announcement makes you draw back into your shell, like when he is touched!” and Basil ended his speech with a laugh.

Humphrey Berrington had, indeed, made a slight surprise when he heard what was the purport of Basil’s visit; however, gave no direct answer to his taunt, but said, as if himself at a few paces distance from Metham—

“I did not think, Basil, that, after your father’s last location, you should so soon expect a fresh supply. You know determination not to assist you again if you continue your ruinous course of life. The largest resources would soon be exhausted with such a drain upon them. Think a little—one week since your father gave you £500.”

“’Twas gone in one day,” replied Basil, carelessly. “man, I owed a debt of honour of £300, and then Lord Laburnum, beat the horse, and others, I had bet on, on course, and won by four heats, and I lost £200 there. So how my father’s last gift went; and now I am out at elbow. After all, he has no right to grumble; his own bringing is in fault. As the tree grows so it will fall. He did not cut branches when they were tender and supple, and ’tis of no use to try to bend them now.”

Humphrey gave something like a groan, for these last words were truly spoken, and he felt that perhaps with a judicious training the broken-down, ruined spendthrift and gamester before him might have turned out a blessing to society instead of a curse.

"I am but my father's son," resumed Basil, continuing his train of argument, "and I suffered in two ways—by bad example, and by over indulgence."

"The latter fault you should not reproach your father with," interposed Humphrey; "for it arose from the excess of his affection for you."

"His affection was my bane, then!" replied Basil, savagely. "Let us go back to my early life. What was my training: is it any wonder I am what I am? His foolish doting was such that he could not bear me out of his sight, and that deprived me even of the advantages I should have gained by being sent out to school, I was put to an academy near our house. You know it, and you know what sort of an education I received; and the master was a man who knew nothing of what he professed to teach, but taught through his ushers; and, by a grave appearance, imposed on the fools, his patrons, and made them think him a very learned man. The result of the years I spent there was a great proficiency in dancing, riding, and fencing, but I left the school as ignorant of all other sciences, I believe, as when I entered it."

"Other boys have had an equally unsatisfactory training, and have not turned out as you have done, Basil," said the Hunchback, sorrowfully. "Do not speak so harshly of the father who has only loved you too well."

"Then, when I had passed my boyhood," continued Basil, without heeding what Berrington had said; "he paved the way for my ruin. He made no point of my entering the Bank—he made me a large allowance, and gave me to understand that I was my own master."

"'Twas ill judged, ill judged," sighed Humphrey.

"He has sown the whirlwind, he must reap the storm," said Basil, bitterly. "But I, hardened as you think me, Humphrey," he added in a softer tone, "I have had, and have, my better moments. There are times when I wish, from my soul, I could throw off the chains that bind me—when I wish—oh! how I wish! I could call back the days of my early childhood, and repeat again the little prayers I said then at my mother's knee, with such earnestness and pathos, before infidelity had tinged the pure waters of my devotion, and turned them into a foul and muddy stream. I wish I could believe again; but I can no more do that than I can return to the days of my happy and innocent childhood."

"Ah, Basil, friend of my boyhood," said Humphrey, his eyes

filling with tears, as he spoke, "could you but resolve, for all, to throw off these chains that fetter you, what another you would be! Happiness is within your reach, if you will grasp it. The cup of your guilty pleasures has bitterness with the sweetness of its draught, and in its dregs are care and death. By reforming your life, Basil, you might have happiness before you, and the hope of a bright hereafter."

"No more of this," exclaimed Metham, hastily interrupting Humphrey, "or I shall forget who I am, forget what I am, and make you promises that I never can keep. As I have lived, so, most likely, I shall die. And now, to my curious digression, we will return to the real subject of my business to-night. I want some more money, and some more money, by fair means or foul. I am getting desperate, Humphrey, I can't go and rot in jail. No, I would be a knight of the first—indeed, I don't quite know what other more likely prospect is open to me: to dig I am not able, to beg—well, to be sure I stop my quotation from Scripture, because I am begging Humphrey I'll come to the point now—I want £200."

The Hunchback looked sad and troubled.

"Basil," he said, "I will not mind sharing my last guinea with you, when I could call it honestly my own; but to lend that which does not belong to me, on the chance of being replaced, is robbery, and can be called by no other name."

"The cashier of Metham's bank, who is shortly to be my partner," answered Basil, in a sneering tone, "is indeed in a case when he cannot find £200! But," he added, in a more serious tone, "you are trifling with me and insulting me, Humphrey Berrington! You have the power to aid me if you would—you are at the head of all my father's concerns. I am left alone while you are feathering your nest."

"You little know me, Basil, if you believe what you have said the cashier, sorrowfully; "if I were to die to-night, my sister would be as destitute as she was when she went, as a child, to live near the Great House, and when you first know I shall die a poor man, whenever my hour may come. And ever you may say, in your present mood, Basil, I believe your heart you assent to the truth of what I have said."

Metham had seemed deeply touched by Humphrey's appeal. Rose. When he ceased speaking, Basil hastily rose from his seat, making one or two rapid strides towards him, he seized his hands and clasped them, almost fiercely, in his own, while his shot eyes seemed moistened by tears.

"Humphrey," he said, "I often think I am possessed by an evil spirit, which expels from my heart all that is good, and

only what is vile and corrupt. When I am gone, Humphrey, and I don't think my course will be a very long one, remember my words to-night. Separate my better nature from my evil spirit, and believe that all the false and hard things I have said to you were spoken under the influence and promptings of the latter. Poor old fellow," added Basil, wringing his friend's hand, "don't I know that if you are a poor man to-night, it is because you have lent, or rather given, all you were worth to Basil Metham! Well, good-bye; if we never meet again, we have parted as friends."

"Basil!" said the cashier, who could hardly command his voice to speak, "I cannot advance you the sum you require to-night, but leave me your address in London, and you will either see or hear from me by the end of the week."

For a moment Basil hesitated. Perhaps he was balancing, in this his softer mood, as to whether he should further impoverish his friend. However, if so, necessity, either real or imagined, caused him to decide upon accepting the money, which he saw would be forthcoming; and he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, scrawled a line or two upon it, handed it to Humphrey, and then, without another word, took up his hat and quitted the room.

Long after this, when the large old room was all in darkness, except when an expiring flash of light shot up from the nearly consumed logs, Rose stole in, and found her brother still seated where Basil had left him, absorbed in a deep and painful reverie; for he never heard her enter, nor knew of her presence, till she stole her arm caressingly round his neck.

"How cold you are, Humphrey! and sitting here all in the dark!"

"I did not notice how time had gone," answered the cashier, shading the light from his eyes, as the servant entered with a lamp. When she had gone he added, "Basil has been here to-night."

"I saw him," replied Rose, her voice betraying her emotion.

Humphrey shook his head sadly, as he looked at her pale face and swollen eyes.

"My poor sister," he said, "my heart bleeds for you. Basil will, I fear, never reform. I cannot bid you hope; and yet, alas! there are moments in which one can see glimpses of a truly noble nature, perverted more by over indulgence from his too fond parents than by any other cause; and, later on, by the vitiated and corrupt teaching of the vile tutor who instructed him at the academy. The man was a professed deist, and from his teaching, when Basil was launched into life, he saw no kind of harm in frequenting the gaming-table, the cock-pit, or in duelling, drinking, or any other

fashionable accomplishment of the present day. Amongst they have ruined him, I fear, body and soul."

"His father nigh on to four-score, and his poor sickly mother sighed Rose; "what will become of them, if he does not stop downward course?"

"It is a hard thing, perhaps, to say," said Humphrey rose from his seat, and prepared to go with his sister to part their usual evening dish of tea; "but they themselves have to answer for."

"Yes," sighed Rose, "I have often seen in him germs better feeling you speak of."

"The parable of the sower and his seed may truly be : to Basil," said Humphrey, thoughtfully; "and other soil among thorns, and the thorns growing up with it, choked it.



CLERICAL LIFE IN IRELAND.¹

is is a charming work of its kind, marred only by scenes of
ence and horrors, which, alas, are but too characteristic of the
ntry of which it treats. What can be more affecting than the
ch of the Squire of Ballyvourneen, living in a small cottage,
isting of a bedroom and sitting-room, with a kitchen leading
rom the latter by a narrow passage? A few fowling-pieces on
ck; a salmon-rod in one corner: a whip and a couple of black-
ns; a small selection of books in a stand; and a comfortable
chair; the leading features of the parlour. "The big house
p yonder avenue, sir," said the man who was industriously
htening a powerful "bit," which seemed as though it would be
able for an elephant. "Himself never lives in it now, since
poor mistress went home. Ah, he's not like the man he was,
n he had her with him; and oh, but she was the darlint of the
ntry! He never enter the big house now!"

What, again, can be more vivid in picturesque description than
ughan's Court, one of those fine old houses which are so
monly met with in Ireland, erected some two hundred years
when labour was cheap, and when it was easier to live than
, a wide circular sweep forming the carriage drive before the
massive masonry of the hall door-steps, and in the middle of
e sweep a noble elm tree, the growth of ages. Then the old
e-house, a long two-storied building, opening on one side into
ower garden, the windows all iron-plated and loop-holed, a
ridable supply of guns in the vicar's study, and a black setter
wling about the habitation. The little church, with its square
er, and the quiet old churchyard, with many a moss-grown
bstone, all peacefully embosomed amid grand old trees on a
r of the Great Gualtee chain of mountains. But what a change
es over the scene, when the vicar, seated in his study on a still
ter's night is disturbed by the little terrier's whining, and hears
continuous tramp of a large body of men marching in military
r as they sweep down the mountain road upon Vaughan's
rt and Vicarage. In a moment the parson with his double-
elled Mortimer, with his old servant, musket in hand, the wife

"Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland." By J. Duncan Craig, D.D.,
mbent of the Molyneux Church, Dublin, sometime Vicar of Kinsale.
lon: James Nisbet and Co.

and dog (all the home staff), bringing up the rear, are on their way through the churchyard to the massively-built mansion beyond. There the Squire musters his forces, the assailants pour volley after volley upon the glass and iron-bound shutters—the village blacksmith—a broad-chested giant—batters at the door with a sledge of iron, hammering away with the regularity of steam. The hayricks are also fired, but all in vain. One of the assailants is tumbled from off the great old elm-tree, with a wild cry and crash through the branches, and discomfited and beaten the green uniforms and tufted shakoes take themselves off. Not the least characteristic part of a not uncommon incident, is the upshot of the attempted outrage. “The next day the squire rode over to the lonely smithy, some half dozen miles away, where the giant plied his calling, and found him blowing up his forge fire. ‘I have come to thank you, Bryan Maguire,’ cried Mr. Vaughan, ‘for the double knocks you gave at the hall-door last night.’ The giant blushed, and laid down his pipe. ‘Troth, your honour, it was the hardest job I tried this long time; but I don’t think you need any more visits.’ ‘I am glad to hear it,’ said the squire, and rode off at a hard gallop, while Bryan lighted up his little black pipe, and discussed the probabilities and possibilities of absenting himself for a few months till matters were quiet. ‘He’s dacint, there’s no denying it, and he comes from a good old stock, sassenach though he be,’ quoth he, musingly. The squire made no stir about the matter, and many a day’s work Bryan did afterwards for him at Vaughan’s Court.”

The old mansion, it is to be observed, stands nigh the meeting of three counties. On one side Limerick county displays its fields, on another the great Corkshire extends far and wide, and just over the ridge of some capped peaks in the blue mountains that tower around, Tipperary shows itself. The people hence partake of the mingled character of the men of these counties. Dr. Craig describes the Tipperary men as physically very tall and powerful. The Anglo-Saxon and Norman blood, has, he says, almost swept away the Celtic from their veins; indeed, elsewhere he adds, “a strong infusion of the English blood into the Irish race is the prerogative of the midland county.” The Irish Celt, he argues, contrary to the generally received opinion, is a quiet, well-behaved poor fellow. “He lives in perfection in Kerry, passionately addicted to learning, by nature a born orator, the Celt has really left to the Anglicised Irishman the pleasing task of ever keeping Ireland in disorder.” If, as the whole tenor of Dr. Craig’s book goes to show, the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood are at the bottom of all disorder, hostility and outrage are more the offspring of religious hatred and jealousy than a question of races. “Believe me, there never

et was trouble in Ireland but a priest was at the bottom of it," is saying attributed to a very distinguished stipendiary magistrate, he possessed the implicit confidence of the Irish Executive during the troubles of 1848 and the Smith O'Brien insurrection. George and Lowe, J.P., as much feared by the peasantry as ever Graham Claverhouse was by the Covenanters, and his negro servant, sharpening his knife upon a board over a prostrate rebel, is an amusing scene, but like the murder of the rector of Golden, it belongs to past times. Let us hope they will never come back again.

The Rev. Dr. Craig is scarcely, however, so hopeful as we are. He is exceedingly irate—as what lover of Church and State and all true friends to Ireland are not—at the impolitic disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church: "a sad error," he emphasises it, "whose fatal issues have already borne bitter fruit and must bear more bitter still." "The lonely Protestant settler," he remarks, "without a co-religionist within miles of him, surrounded by a population who hate his religion and detest his loyalty, has, indeed, a fiery ordeal to go through. Until the sacrilegious Irish Church Act, he had always the presence of his minister and his family to cheer and support him; he had always the little Church to resort to on the Sabbath-day, there was the little band of loyalists to be met with there; but now, in many a parish the church of God is closed, nettles and brambles are growing on its doorsteps, the windows with the panes of glass smashed in by the boys as they return from the National School, the bell that once called the little flock together now rusting away in the belfry tower, for months together no divine service of the Church of his fathers to be had, his children unbaptised, his sick unheeded, the Romish priest prowling about triumphantly. Alas! for the sad day when the well-tryed loyalty of Irish Protestants was thus repaid by the sacrilegious act of disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. A friend of mine, a dignitary, while passing through the west of Ireland recently, was invited by his host, the squire of the parish, to perform divine service in the closed parish church. 'For many months,' said the squire, 'we have had no service at all in it.' Notice was sent, and the little congregation assembled; but around the church came a crowd of Roman Catholic peasants, and while service was going on, they hurled volleys of stones against the windows. 'The church was shut up,' they shouted, 'and we are determined it shall never be opened again.'"

Speaking of the old church of Temple Breda, Dr. Craig pathetically remarks that "there is something indescribably affecting to the mind in seeing a church, in which once was preached the glad message of salvation to those who shall believe in their loving

Saviour, dismantled and fast hastening to decay. Alas! how many an Irish Protestant peasant and farmer beholds now the loved church, in which he and his forefathers used to worship, now, in consequence of the suicidal Church Disendowment Act, closed up,—a 'silent' church, to use the expressive term of the Roman Catholics themselves, with nettles and weeds growing around the closed door, through whose portals, many a happy Sabbath-day, the little congregation, now a prey to Rome, entered to worship and adore."

"And all this cruel wrong," he elsewhere remarks, "has been done in the vain hope of conciliating Romish Ireland, the disaffected portion of which will never be satisfied as long as a solitary English bayonet gleams between Cape Clear and the Giant's Causeway, and the bigoted partisans will never be content as long as an open Bible is to be found in any portion of the land, or Protestant pastor either."

It is not only that the Protestant, thus abandoned to a hostile surrounding, becomes a pervert for dear life and property sake, but mixed marriages have also been the ruin of the Protestant men. "One can scarcely conceive," says Dr. Craig, "what the poor Protestant has to endure who remains faithful to God's Word, surrounded by a vast Roman Catholic population. The Ochlocracy, or mob law, setting in dead against him; the Roman Catholic wife, if he is ill, trying to introduce the priest, and to shut out the minister; (Dr. Craig's work contains some graphic descriptions of such scenes, emanating from the rivalry of two hostile churches;) the Bible sometimes thrown into the fire; Romanistic pictures and crucifixes set up around the walls of his little dwelling; his children made Roman Catholics. Unless the man be very firm he can scarcely weather the ceaseless storm."

For it is not only that in places the Protestant is now deprived of a pastor, just as many a lovely village would be in England were the English Church disestablished, but as the Rev. John Paynell is made to remark, "the most iniquitous act of English Statesmen to Ireland was when the Kildare Place schools in which 160,000 Roman Catholic children were instructed daily in the Word of God, side by side with 170,000 Protestant children, were superseded by the National Board system of education, in which the word of God is dishonoured." And further on, "You have hundreds of thousands of Roman Catholic children brought up by these priests in these National Schools, without one ray of Bible truth reaching them, and the government of England subsidising these very priests with enormous sums to teach these children that same Roman Catholic religion which we believe to be idolatrous and opposed to the pure gospel of God; and, moreover, now we see, all over the

length of Ireland, the Church of Ireland struggling to maintain new schools, the education in which is based upon the Word of God, and in which still thousands of Roman Catholics are to be found, and yet England gives these scriptural Church schools not one single farthing to maintain them, the burden falling principally upon the clergyman of the parish and the few Protestants living in it."

Then, again, as to the glebe-house ! The outgoing has to pay his successor for damages contracted during his tenancy, and the incoming incumbent has to expend money on necessary repairs. "How many heavy hearts this dilapidation clause used to cause ! Poor perpetual curates and rectors, starving on £75 or £90 a year, possessed of the shelter of an aged glebe-house, for which, at the end of their tenancy of it, they, if promoted,—or their widows and orphans, if deprived of it by death,—should have to pay a large sum—large to those whose incomes were so small. How many a weary night the poor incumbent would toss and turn from side to side, wondering if that cough of his became worse, if his lungs gave way entirely, if pale-faced Death stood at his door some night, how the poor wife and babes could manage when, even from their little scanty pittance that might be left—the last half-year's tithe-rent charge that might still be before them,—the funeral expenses and dilapidation charges would have to be paid !"

There were many cruel anomalies in regard to rectorial endowments in the Church of Ireland, as there are at this day in the Church of England. There are few human institutions, that after a time are not in want of reform ; but reform, which every Conservative upholds, is a very different thing from the destruction practised by Liberals and Democrats. "It was hard to give one's mind solely to the work of trying to save souls, when thoughts would ever and anon occur as to how the children's education was to be paid for, how the few acres of glebe land might be made to support the cow, horse, and few thin sheep, that formed the *el dorado* of the little parsonage."

"Oh, what despair has not the Irish Church Disestablishment Act sent into many such a home as this, by utterly depriving them of the sole star of hope, of extrication from their difficulties, in the prospect of, in years' time, being appointed to a better incumbency, as expenses multiplied and the cost of living grew dearer yearly."

Clerical life in Ireland has other drawbacks of a less serious, but not very agreeable character. "It is," says Dr. Craig, "a life of such peril to minister as a presbyter of the Church of Ireland to the little flock of Protestants in some parts of the country. It is not pleasant to see the crowds returning from mass, making the

be one of the noblest races upon earth."

This, amid the scenes of outrage, fire, and murder, to be traced to priestly denunciations, with which Dr. Craigs seems, is an honest and noble testimony to the Irish character in it lies the sheet anchor of our hope for the future—temporary difficulties. It is to be remembered that all are not alike—the most hostile are few and far between; there should also be taken into account that aggravation is not all on the Rev. Florence MacCarthy, affixing a weekly character discussion to the town pump as the people came out from a specimen of as turbulent a minister as any priest. No worse desperado, under the disguise of a monk, should have attended life. The only thing to admire in the act is its honest character. In that respect it differs widely from the denunciation (equivalent to a sentence of death), made in perfect safety at the Romanist pulpit.

Dr. Craig himself bears testimony to the fact that he was insulted by a priest, although there are some strange stories, especially one about two wills; and the Roman Catholic Church is to bear in mind that Fenianism itself "is not alone an effort to free Ireland free, to shake off the dominion of England, and to establish an Irish republic, but it is an effort also to shake off the tyranny of the Church of Rome, and to burst those Ultramontanisms to which, alas, England's Liberal Government has consigned the poor Irish Roman Catholic." Again, he says elsewhere, "The Fenian Agitation, though lulled, is not dead. Many of the leaders have returned to Ireland again, and

of the Primitive Methodists, to whose earnest zeal missionary life in Ireland has been wonderfully indebted; and while, in as far as England is concerned, justice is done alike to all parties, the emphatic words of brave old Oliver Cromwell should be carefully treasured up: "I meddle not with any man's conscience; but if by liberty of conscience you mean our paying you to teach the doctrines of the Papacy, I tell that where the Parliament of England has power, that shall not be done!"

THE DAISY.

THE daisy, oh! it is a common thing,
Why would you waste your time its praise to sing?
Things rare and lovely only should inspire
And draw sweet music from the poet's lyre.
Indeed! and why should not this common flower,
That's thought too mean to grace a lady's bower,
Like rarer objects, wake the poet's muse
To sing aloud its praises, if he choose?
And think'st thou common objects have no charm?
No beauty that a poet's breast may warm?
Look at the daisy at the early dawn,
When dew-drops bright are sprinkled o'er the lawn,
Then see its flow'rets, moist with crystal dew,
And its disc that the golden sun shines through;
Now, mark, these lowly flowers, that we despise,
Conceal two graces we should always prize—
Simplicity and modesty, I ween,
Are virtues that adorn the greatest queen.
Sure they possess a beauty of their own,
That seems more sweet when gaudier charms are flown.
Brighter beauties astray may lead the eye,
And from a soft heart bring a foolish sigh;
These heavenly charms, so lovely, sweet, and dear,
Call from our hearts affection pure and clear.
More dear to me an artless, simple maid,
With kindness and with modest worth arrayed,
Than the scornful beauty, whose ancient name
And boundless wealth do not sweet love inflame.
Despise not thou these daisies near the ground,
Though they are common and grow all around.
Well ponder in thy heart this lesson fair,
Simplicity and modesty are charms most rare.

FREDERICK POWELL.

Nor let thy radiance fade the woods above,
While lingeringly I stray,
And let my fingers play
Thus 'mid the golden tresses of my love.

II.

Sure the long summer day
May yet awhile delay
Its advent o'er the morning, grey and dark ;
Stay, stay, ye shadows dim,
Nor heed the *Matin-hymn*,
Which at heaven's portal chants the choral lark.

III.

More passionate refrain
Shall greet thee from us twain,
Wilt thou not linger and prolong our bliss,
While yet no jealous eyes
Can mark our ecstasies,
Or cheat our burning lips of one long kiss ?

IV.

While yet—but as I speak
Behold yon saffron streak
Proclaims another day. and seals our pain :

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c

CHAPTER LII. (*Continued*)

A DRIZZLING rain was falling, and the rugged paving stones of West Port were coated with more than their usual complement of greasy mud, and the layer of black slime, on which the foot was apt to slip, together with the steepness of the ascent from the Grass-market rendered walking perilous and unpleasant to the pedestrian unaccustomed to tread that dreary and poverty-stricken region.

With slow and careful steps, a lady, wearing a long grey cloak, with her face closely veiled, was seen making her way up the West Port from the Grass-market. On reaching the entrance to Tanner's Close she halted, looked down the dark, obscure entry, made a step or two in advance, as if with the intention of going down it, and then drew back, seemingly irresolute what to do. Burke and Hare had just been committed to jail. From the time Mrs. Gray, their lodger, had laid that information, which, like the firing of the train, was destined to blow up into atoms the whole structure of their diabolical conspiracy, many had been the visitors to Tanner's Close. Hundreds were impelled by idle curiosity, or by a morbid longing to gaze upon the sordid habitation in which such horrors had been perpetrated; some few in terror and sickening apprehension, to make inquiries in the Close, dreading to have their fears confirmed, and yet wishful to know the worst, to ascertain if the description they should give of dear missing relatives tallied with that of any of those persons who had been seen to enter that fatal house.

Had this lady come with such an intent? But surely, if so, her fears were misplaced, for her attire did not denote poverty, and relatives of hers would scarcely have been amongst the victims in Log's Lodging House, for these were the poorest and most destitute of the inhabitants of that great city.

Still irresolute, Teresa Ayleworth, for she it was stood at the entrance to the Close, now looking with a shuddering feeling of dread down the dark murky entry, and then turning her gaze upon West Port, a spot little less gloomy in the yellowish haze that seemed

The Water Tower.

to envelope the whole place on that wet, dreary morning. Ruinous old houses, of irregular heights, tottering to decay, line either side of the poor crowded thoroughfare, swarming with half-naked, squalid, wretched-looking little children; ragged clothes suspended on poles flutter from the small deep-recessed windows, that admit only scanty rays of light to the decayed and dismal rooms within, and the stone-work and façades of the ancient tenements are black, crumbling, and rotten.

At length appearing to make up her mind, Teresa was about to plunge into the gloomy recesses of the Close, when a gentleman, suddenly emerging from it, stumbled against her; the apology he had begun to utter died away on his lips, and he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled surprise and apprehension, "Teresa! what can have brought you to this place?"

Without waiting for her answer, Robert Norris laid his hand on his cousin's arm, and gently drew her away from the entrance to the Close.

After a painful silence of a few moments, Norris said, in a tone of great emotion, "You have not answered my question, dear Teresa; but I can tell on what dreadful errand you were bent coming to Tanner's Close. You have conceived the same terrible fear which has haunted me, day and night, since the first whisper of the many victims done to death in that horrible Close.

"No, Robert," exclaimed Teresa earnestly, "dismiss the awful thought from your mind. Dear Donald was well clothed, his appearance would betoken his position; it was not against such he that these bloodthirsty monsters waged war, but against the poor, the friendless, and the destitute, against those who often knelt where they should lay their head at night, who, when they appeared from this great city, were no more sought for than a yellow leaf, which is whirled from the tree in these autumn gales."

"You try to comfort me, cousin; but why did you come to-day?" said Norris sadly. "You have been pursued by that nightmare which has brooded over me."

"I will admit," replied Teresa, "that the awful thought entered my head, and, by a curious coincidence, we came the same day to make inquiries in the Close, which, thank God, led to nothing; for you would have told me immediately received the slightest intelligence which could connect lost Donald with any of Burke's ill-fated victims. Robert, the thought is against sober sense, and I will reject it again myself. I must come back to our original

Donald ran away to sea, though I am still convinced that Walter had no hand in it."

"Perhaps not—I hope not," replied Norris, "for I wish to think well of your brother, Teresa. Nay, I have been sorry, since that I did not send for him before he had to join his ship, as he may be away for a long while; but still, perhaps, all was for the best. I do not, my dear cousin, really disapprove of his attachment to Flora, for I could not wish her a better husband, I believe, as far as qualities of the mind and heart go. But she is very young, and I can give her no fortune. Walter must make way in his profession, and then, in a few years, if they are both constant, we will see what can be done, and I must try meanwhile what I can do, by thrift and economy, that she may not be a penniless bride."

"You have a kind heart, Robert," said Teresa, warmly, "and your decision is perfectly just and right, and I am sure Walter would deem it so, equally with myself."

"Come home with me to Georges Square, Teresa," said Norris, as they walked through the Grass-market, "Mrs. Norris has been very ailing lately, and your visits always cheer her."

"I will come very willingly," replied Teresa; "being an old maid," she added with a smile, "and no longer obliged to work for my living, my time is at my own disposal."

Through the Grass-market the two went on their way; and a passer-by might well be excused, if he turned to gaze back at them: Teresa tall and slender, and Norris tall also and gaunt, taking long strides and every now and then jerking forward his chin, as was his habit, looked, one might say, an oddity, though evidently a gentleman; his attire was slovenly as usual—nay, even shabby; he wore a hat with the rim at the back broken and turned up, a long black surtout, and shepherd's-plaid trousers, singed brown from below the knees, shrunk short from the effects of the washing-tub, but very wide, so as to flap from side to side over his Blucher boots at every step he took. Thus the two proceeded along the pavement of that spacious quadrangle, surrounded, as it is, by tall, old houses, some of them irregular in their architecture, but picturesque with their high antique corbie-stepped gables and long rows of transom and mullion windows. The shadow of the Castle, from the summit of the rugged and precipitous rock on which it stands, falls upon the Grass-market on one side, while on the other the greensward, the drooping willows, and the clustering towers of Heriot's Hospital, look down on the busy scene far beneath.

Busy, indeed, and bustling was the Grass-market, and it looked even cheerful, spite of the drizzling rain and leaden sky above; for its broad expanse, on this market-day, was covered with carts

piled with hay or straw, throngs of country people crowded the pathways, the shops were full of customers from village and farmhouse, and though it was now rather late in the morning, groups of poverty-stricken women and children from the dark closes on each side of the Grass-market, and from the West Bow and the Cowgate, still clustered round the old, quaint-looking conduit, called the Bow-foot Well, waiting their turn, with cans in their hands, to draw water for the day.

West Port had become awfully notorious in its recently-enacted scenes of horror; but those old houses, which Norris and his cousin are now passing, at the foot of the West Bow, also witnessed a fearful tragedy; for here, long years ago, by the red torchlight, and in sight of a sea of upturned, wild, and savage faces, Captain George Porteous met his fate at the hands of the mob, after they had dragged him from the Tolbooth, and here, till broad daylight his body swung from the dyer's pole.

Passing up the steep ascent of Candle-maker Row, and under the dusky, time-stained walls of Greyfriars Church, the two cousins entered Bristo Port, and from thence Georges Square.

Teresa was very warmly welcomed by Mrs. Norris, who looked ill, jaded, and careworn.

Flora handed her father a letter, saying as she did so, "Your correspondent writes a horrible hand, papa; and just look at the coarse blue paper, and the clumsy way the missive is wrapped up, and the wafer has been put on with dirty fingers, and stamped with a tibble. It bears the London post-mark."

Norris opened the letter, and as he glanced at the first few lines, he exclaimed, in a tone of deep thankfulness, "God be praised! here is news, at last, of Donald!"

CHAPTER LIII.

NIXON'S LODGING HOUSE.

AMIDST the vast concourse of vessels of every size and kind, lining the Thames within a near approach of London, the *Monarch*, a steamer which plied between Leith and the great metropolis, was slowly steaming along, one murky day in November. Early in the morning there had been a fog, which was now partially clearing off as the sun broke through the dense yellowish clouds of vapour, that had shrouded, for many hours, the river and its banks, and the roof-tops and houses.

Now the grey walls of the Tower came in sight, and then again, as the fog floated upwards from the river, the old fortress,

those stones have witnessed feasts and pageantry, deeds of blood, and every phase of human joy and human woe, was hidden from sight, and became absorbed in the thick yellow mist.

Amongst the passengers gathered together on deck was Teresa Fyeworth. She had come from Leith to London in search of poor runaway Donald; either to bring him home, or, if she deemed it more expedient, to accomplish the boy's darling wish, and make arrangements for his going to sea.

Perhaps Teresa had never conferred a greater boon on her cousin than when she proposed to go to London and meet Donald. The other would willingly have gone himself, or at least have accompanied her, but a grave reason deterred him. The information they had received in the half illegible, ill-written, and ill-spelt letter, which had found its way to Georges Square, was very scant and meagre; but this much they learned from it, that Donald was lurking somewhere amongst the net-work of courts and alleys, well-remembered by Teresa, from her visits in past years to the Belgian Chapel, which lies between the London Road and the Borough Road.

Now, Donald could not fail to be certain that his flight and absence would have caused great distress at home, and Norris himself admitted that if his wayward son suspected his father to be on his track, and in pursuit of him, he would instantly make off, prompted by fear of his parent's well-deserved anger, and thus they would lose all clue again. Every precaution was, therefore, evidently necessary to prevent Donald taking the alarm; for the woman who had written the letter stated, that she wrote without the boy's knowledge; that she had found out by chance who he belonged to; that he had hitherto kept himself, but that having become ill, he could do so no longer, and that he had been indebted to her for board and lodging for some weeks past, and hence her application.

Norris felt that kindness and forbearance must alone be used in dealing with Donald, in spite of his strange and undutiful conduct. The best person to go in search of him was one whom he knew, and yet one whom he had no cause to fear and no motive to shun. Who better than Teresa, whom the boy had known from infancy, and for whom he had always had very great affection?

Norris raised some faint objections against his cousin's undertaking such a journey, and especially as the winter was now commencing; but Teresa overruled them. Then he would have had her go by land, take Chester on her way, and rest there; and he alluded, as a further inducement, to the pleasure she would feel at seeing her native place, after a lapse of so many years, and revisiting, chiefly at least, her dear old haunt, the Water Tower. The words

with that dreary epoch of her life, when she had rejected Thorold. Her strange repugnance to revisit Chester, Norris had been well aware of, but he had thought that in the lapse of time it had died out; however, it appeared not, and this unbearable dread, and horror, and burthen of sorrow, still existed, evident.

Norris pursued the wisest and kindest plan, asked no questions, and let his cousin recover herself without appealing to her great and painful emotion; but he mentally resolved never again to allude to the Water Tower in her hearing.

So Teresa, in due time, started on her journey to London, having made arrangements for Okey and Hayes to meet her and to escort her on her visit to the more than doubtful neighbourhood in which Donald had ensconced himself. And there the punctuality of two old soldiers, as the steamer approached the wharf where the passengers were to land, Teresa beheld Okey and Hayes, whom she knew from visits they had paid to Edinburgh, standing as upright as in the days of old, when young men had worn the uniform of the First Lancashires, though now, as Cincinnatus, they had put their hands to the plough.

The steamer was soon moored alongside the wharf, and her small baggage safely stowed in a hackney-coach, with an ex-adjutant inside and the ex-drummer outside on the box. The coach drove to West Square, which had been chosen as the place in which she would wish to lodge, from its immediate vicinity to the Strand Road, and here Okey had engaged suitable apartments. After waiting for refreshment, Teresa sat and looked out on the

magistrate of the district : a very necessary precaution this, on the part of the old soldier, considering the bad name which Earl Street and its off-shoots bore.

At length, much to Teresa's relief, the officers arrived, but by his time a thick fog had fallen in the streets and thoroughfares of London, and Okey tried hard to dissuade her from venturing forth on such a night. However, finding that all his arguments were in vain, he yielded, and the little party set out.

In the short progress from West Square to the St. George's Road, they made sundry mistakes, owing to the bewildering nature of the dense clouds of yellow fog, that hung like a pall over road and footpaths. Every sound was muffled and indistinct. The figures emerging so suddenly from the vapour, and disappearing as quickly, seemed scarcely living realities, so shadowy and indistinct were they : they appeared more like the fleeting forms in a phantasmagoria. In the London Road, that great emporium of shops where the working classes and the poor of Lambeth resort in crowds on a Saturday night, the fog seemed lurid from the blaze of the flaring gas lights in front of the butchers' stalls, lining the way beyond the Belgian Chapel.

Teresa and her companions had surmounted the difficulties of crossing the St. George's Road, and had found their way down Garden Row with very little trouble ; but here, turning, by mistake, to the right, instead of going straight forward, they found themselves, to their surprise, amongst the crowd of Saturday night purchasers in front of the butchers' shops. Now, incessant cries of 'Buy ! Buy ! ' assailed their ears, whilst Okey and Hayes could not refrain from pausing for a moment to watch this, to them, novel scene. The throng of ill-clad, poor-looking females hovering over the pieces of meat displayed on the stalls, their several purchases, the rapid manner in which the small joints were sent flying into the shop to be weighed, and the monotonous voice of the butcher's wife singing out, as she took the several pieces successively from the scale, and delivered them to the purchasers, " lady, a shilling," " lady, eighteenpence," " lady, ninepence," and so on,—some of the ladies, indeed, going as low in the scale as twopence. A very few minutes walking brought the party into Earl Street, and from thence, after going down a series of courts and alleys, to the house in which Donald was supposed to be lodging. Teresa's heart sank as she looked up at the blackened walls and sordid aspect of the cement, where one gently born and nurtured was herding with the wretched, crime-stained, miserable occupants of Nixon's gings.

More than once she had clung in terror to Okey's arm, as they stumbled and slipped over the paving-stones, reeking with filth of

every kind, in those horrible courts, where, from the opened doors of many of the wretched hovels, came the sound of ribald songs, curses, and imprecations, the fumes of liquor, and clouds of tobacco smoke. Now and then the inmates, becoming quarrelsome, resorted to blows, and rushed out into the court to settle their differences; so that two or three times Teresa and her conductors were in danger of becoming involved in the charge or the retreat.

The urgent summons of police-sergeant Turner at the door of Nixon's lodgings remained unanswered at first, and small wonder, thought Teresa, for the din within must have deadened all sounds from without. At length, however, the door was opened by Mrs. Nixon herself, the landlady of the house, who dropped a curtsy to Turner, whom she appeared to know, and looked suspiciously at his companions, and particularly at the lady.

"And what may have brought you here, Mr. Turner?" asked the woman; "you ain't got nothing against any of my lodgers, have you?"

At the word lodger, Teresa bent forwards, and placing the letter received by Norris under Mrs. Nixon's eyes, she said,

"Did you write this?"

The woman looked searchingly at her interlocutor for a moment, and then replied, half hesitatingly, "I might have done."

"And you did," said Turner with a bland smile. "There's no need, my dear Mrs. Nixon, of any beating about the bush. You have in this house, amongst your lodgers, a young gentleman; he was here when you wrote this letter, and we know he is here still. It will be no possible advantage to you to attempt to conceal him; and, on the other hand, it will be greatly to your interest to produce the lad at once. But it is very foggy and cold talking out here, Mrs. Nixon, so, by your leave we'll just step in."

"You see I've taken to the boy, and I don't want to do him no harm, nor get him into trouble," replied Mrs. Nixon, as she led the way into the interior of the house, laughter and the din of many voices proceeding from the rooms. "I wouldn't have written, but I couldn't go on keeping him for nothing, month after month, and I hadn't it in my heart to send him to the Bastile," an epithet the poor give to the workhouse.

"You need have no fear," said Teresa; "I am one of his best friends, and he always loved me. I have come from Scotland, to take him from his wretchedness and misery, and restore him to the comfortable and happy home he left."

"Well, to be sure!" said Mrs. Nixon, pausing for a moment at the foot of a dark, dilapidated staircase; "you do surprise me! So he really does belong to gentlefolk, then? Well, I didn't believe it."

There's many an outcast in this town as lies under the dry arches o' nights, and famishes with hunger by day; but how any one as has any sense can put themselves in the way of that kind of living gets over me! Well, I'll take take you up to him, ma'am. He's got a room to himself, which none of my other lodgers have, and he has always had the best I could give him. If you, gentlemen," she added, turning to Okey and Hayes and the police officers, 'will just turn into my own little room, there, where the door's pen, I'll come down to you as soon as I have taken the lady upstairs."

Teresa, following Mrs. Nixon, made her way up the dark staircase, minus many a handrail, and the stairs offering gaping holes, ere and there, to the feet of the unwary, where the woodwork had disappeared, either from time or ill-usage.

The little den, denominated a room, into which Mrs. Nixon ushered Teresa, was at the very top of the dirty, tumble-down house. It was a small garret, bitterly cold, from being just under the roof, and from the numerous fissures and cracks in walls and ceiling through which the raw, damp air penetrated. The panes of glass in the small window were nearly all broken, and stuffed with rags. A chair with three legs, a broken deal table, and upon it a lighted candle, stuck in a bottle, and an old box, formed the sole furniture of this miserable room, save and excepting a wooden bedstead, tied up with ropes with a tattered blanket or two, and underneath these, worn and emaciated, with tangled hair, and pallid, dirt-begrimed face, lay Donald Norris!

Poor loving mother! at rest in the graveyard of the West Church, how little, when the fair head of your baby nestled on your breast, could you picture the scene of squalor and misery and desolation, and that child of your love, alone uncared for and untended!

Donald had been asleep, but the noise of the opening door aroused him; he gazed, at first, as though half bewildered at the sweet, loving face bending over him, and then exclaimed, as Teresa clasped his thin hands in hers—"It is not a dream, then!—I thought the angel in the old picture at home had taken life and stepped from its frame, and here it is when I awake,—and yet,—no—I think it is Cousin Teresa!"

"And you are not mistaken, dear Donald," replied the latter. "And oh! how thankful I am that I have found you, and that I shall have the joy of taking you from this wretched abode of misery, dear Donald, and of removing an intolerable weight of sorrow and anxiety from your father's heart."

"Teresa," exclaimed Donald, with a suddenly awakened fear, "you will not want to take me home? I can never go there again."

It is of no use thinking of it. My father wouldn't really wish it, I know, because of the little ones. I have been in queer places all these months, and queer company, that has made me less than ever fit to live at home; I ran away because he wouldn't let me go to sea."

"And to sea you may go, dear Donald, if you still wish it," interrupted Teresa. "As to returning home, do not be uneasy about that. I think, and I am sure your father will agree with me, that, perhaps, you had best, after all that has passed, make your first voyage before you re-visit Edinburgh."

"It will all be right now," said Donald, in a tone of delight, whilst his thin, wasted face was lighted up with smiles; "and when I have been away at sea a year or two, I daresay I shall come home quite another chap!"

"Well, now, Donald, let me help you to dress, and we will leave this place as soon as possible. Mr. Okey and John Hayes are downstairs. One of them will fetch a coach, and if you cannot walk, they will carry you to Earl Street, for I am sure the coach will not be able to come down these courts."

"I feel quite strong and well again since you came in, cousin," said the boy; "you have put another life into me; I'll soon get my things on."

And as he spoke he got out of bed, and with uncertain step walked to the old box, and took from off it some ragged, miserable clothes, which he began to put on with eager, trembling fingers, whilst he remarked to Teresa, as he noticed the look of pity and sorrow on her face, as she helped him to don his wretched garments—

"They are all the worse for wear, these clothes; but, you see, I had enough to do to buy food, without getting jackets and waistcoats. I got on very well till I was taken ill, and then I could do nothing. I have had all sorts of horrid dreams and fancies in this garret. I've many a time thought I should be found dead up here, and be buried, and no one ever hear of me again."

Shivering at the recollection of the grisly forms and fancies that had peopled that wretched room, Donald suffered himself to be led away by Teresa. With some difficulty they made their way, Donald's step being feeble and uncertain, and Teresa stumbling and groping her way down the broken stairs, impeded by the aid she gave the boy, and the constant effort to keep the candle she carried from falling out of the neck of the bottle.

Just as they reached the bottom of the staircase, Okey and Hayes came out of the room into which they had been directed by Mrs. Nixon, the former starting forwards and exclaiming, as he

caught sight of Donald's shrunken form, his wasted face, and tattered garments—

"Lord, bless us! can that be Donald? It is, surely. I little thought, my dear lad," he added, whilst an unusual moisture dimmed his eyes, "that I should ever see you in such a plight. However, we'll get clear out of here as quickly as we can."

Jacky was equally affected by Donald's appearance. He almost carried the boy into Mrs. Nixon's room, and then one of the policemen was despatched for a coach, with orders for it to wait at Earl Street. Teresa settled all pecuniary matters with the landlady, adding a gratuity for the real kindness she had shown to Donald.

Whilst this matter was being settled the attention of Okey and Hayes was attracted by the sudden cessation of the Babel of voices, which had hitherto resounded from the kitchen, where, it appeared, that all the lodgers had assembled, and the sound of a clear, strong, and not unmelodious voice was heard chanting an old broadside:—

"Of all the occupations, a beggar's is the best,
For whenever he's a weary
He can lay him down to rest.
And a begging we will go, will go, will go!
And a begging we will go!"

This chorus was vociferated by all the company, accompanied with much noise from clapping of hands, knocking cans and mugs on the tables, and so forth.

"Just go and look in, Mr. Okey," said Donald, who was leaning back in his chair, half supported by Teresa, and rather exhausted from the effort of getting up; "it will be something quite new to you and Hayes. The lodgers are always jolly on a Saturday night!"

Taking Donald's advice, Okey and Jacky repaired to the kitchen, where they stood in the open doorway for a few minutes, watching this (to them) novel scene, unperceived by the motley crew, who were all taken up with the singer. A spacious room, for such a house, was this kitchen, with low ceiling, blackened with smoke, walls stained and dirt begrimed, a few rude deal tables and benches, and there was a large fire in the grate, and a numerous gathering of men, women, and children. The men were drinking and smoking, the children crawling on the ground, the women, many of them busy at the fire preparing viands, appetising enough, if one might judge by their savoury odour, wherewith to regale their lords and masters, many of whom had been acting all day in the streets of London.

In this kitchen miracles were taking place with each fresh

arrival. The blind became gifted with sight, the lame cast their crutches, and hopped and skipped about, and arms started suddenly, where stumps alone had appeared before. One of the fellow had just entered the kitchen, bearing in the apparatus which he was pushed about all day by his destitute family of children, his lower limbs, curiously enough being paralysed the day, and becoming at night endued with fresh life and vigour. By the quantity of coppers which his pockets disgorged, it seemed as though he had done a brisk business that day, and the disposal of the small nets with which his apparatus was garnished had not his grumbling words refuted the idea; for in answer to a question put by one of his friends, he replied—

“No! I shouldn’t ha’ had to part with one on ’em to-day if it hadn’t been for an old catamaran, who said she’d buy them to encourage me, as I was industrious and so awful’ afflicted with the loss o’ my precious legs, though in course she didn’t want them. Then, confound the old varmint, what did she go for to rob my stock in trade for?—Is there any stuffing with that ere net?” he added, addressing his wife, as she placed a dish on the table, “’cause if there ain’t I’ll——” and here the paralysed man made a vindictive motion with his fist towards his wife, who pacified him, however, by exhibiting a rich layer of stuffing.

Whilst Okey and Hayes were still standing in the doorway, a couple of men pushed past them into the kitchen, one laden with a drum, which he deposited on the floor near to the entrance, and at their heels followed a little dog with a cotton frill round its neck, indicative of the post he held, as canine performer in a Pantomime or Judy show.

By this time the singer of the “Jovial Beggars” had finished his ditty, and a friend at his elbow commenced another, which was received with equal delight by the company.

“A tinker I am,
My name’s natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it.
So low is my fate,
My personal estate
Lies all within this budget.”

Like the sound of the trumpet to a war horse, which was the old favourite of his, to Jacky Hayes, and the sight of the drum; in one instant he had possessed himself of it, and had given them a preparatory toss up in the air, as he rattled artistically on the drum, he joined in the chorus with a voice, to the amazement and unqualified admiration of the whole company.

"Work for the tinker oh ! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle :
Two'd be well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend my kettle."

CHAPTER LIV.

DONALD'S ADVENTURES.

"Now, Donald, you may tell me your adventures," said Teresa, as she sat with her young cousin on Sunday afternoon in the front parlour of the house in West Square. But a few hours had elapsed since Teresa had stood by the squalid bedside, in the cheerless wretched garret of Nixon's lodging-house; only a few hours ago since she had helped Donald to put on his tattered, sordid clothes, and what a change had come to pass in that short time!"

After a refreshing warm bath, and with hair cut and neatly brushed, a comfortable suit of clothes, purchased by Okey the previous night at one of the miscellaneous collection of shops in the London Road, Donald, though pale and thin, looked once more in appearance the son of a gentleman.

And now, after having partaken of a light dinner of boiled fowl and bread-pudding, Donald commenced telling his cousin his adventures since he left Edinburgh.

"You see, cousin," he began, "I always wanted to go to sea, and if papa had let me do so, all would have been right; but he wanted to make a great scholar of me, and I've not the brains for it—I haven't, I assure you. I couldn't get on well with my Greek and Latin grammar and delectus at the High School, and got sick of them; so at last I began to stay away, and I played truant times and again. I thought they would never know, as they are so much from home."

"Who do you mean by they?" asked Teresa.

"Why, my father and mother," said Donald. "Well," he continued, "sometimes the master didn't miss me—how could he, when there are nearly a hundred boys in my class? and when he did, I made excuses. It might have gone on a long time, but for papa saying he should come to the High School to hear how I was getting on."

"Did your father suspect anything at that time?" asked Teresa.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," replied Donald. "You see, they used to ask me at home how I got on at school. Well, I thought it was in for a penny in for a pound, and that, as I had to tell a lie, it might as well be a bouncer; so as to put them right

you know I came to Inveresk, to Mrs. Thorold. I hadn't made up my mind to run away, and I thought that perhaps she would let me stop with her, and that you would write or go to my father, and persuade him to let me go to sea. However, I saw that Mrs. Thorold and you were bent on my going back, so I said nothing, but I never meant to go, all the same."

"I wish," said Teresa, "I had thought of going to Georges Square before Mrs. Thorold sent you back; but I believe, I should have done no good. Your father had quite set his face against the sea at that time; indeed, I have already told you of the rupture your flight caused between him and Walter, and the bare suspicion that Walter had advised you to go to sea."

"I shall set all that right, Teresa," answered Donald. "In my first letter to papa, I shall tell him how completely ignorant Walter was as to my intentions or doings. I had no counsel, and I took advice from no one. Well, I'll go on now where I'm off. When I got out of the coach in Edinburgh, instead of going to Georges Square, I made my way into the Cowgate, to a pawnshop, and there I sent my father's cloak up the spout, and I sold my books at a broker's in High Street. I then made my way to Glasgow, stopped there a week or ten days, and then went on a steam packet to Liverpool. I stopped there about eight weeks. I think I was more dull and miserable there than I have been anywhere till I fell ill lately. I had to rough it terribly. My bit of money soon went, then I had to part with my clothes, and put on as I could get. The only food I could buy was of the coarsest."

windows—clothes they had made believe to wash. Then there was nothing but cursing and fighting all day, women screeching, and men howling like wild beasts; so I couldn't stand it any longer. I had come to Liverpool to get a ship, and sniff the salt water; but I couldn't get any sort of berth on board ship, so off I trudged, by way of a change, into the country; and I wandered from one place to another, keeping myself by selling small wares."

"What do you mean?" asked Teresa.

"I didn't want to beg, you know," said Donald, in answer to his cousin's question, "so I bought a few needles and pins, and tapes; and a poor old Irishman, in the house where I lodged at Liverpool, gave me a little basket to carry them in. Lord, bless you, cousin, I drove quite a roaring trade. I never called at a farm-house but what I sold something, and got victuals into the bargain very often. If I had only been a bit older, I believe some of the farmer's daughters would have fallen in love with me. However, to cut my story short, and it's getting very long, in May I trotted off to Chester."

"To Chester!" exclaimed Teresa, in a tone of surprise, "Why, what took you there, Donald?"

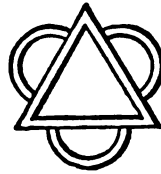
"I went to the races to sell the lists of the horses; besides I had been in Liverpool again, trying to get a ship, and I hated those horrid courts, so off I went to Chester, and I had some good walks on the Walls; and I never got tired of looking at the fields and the trees, and the great broad river. By-the-bye, there's been a change since you were there. They have moved the Camera from the Water Tower—that old favourite place of yours, as I have heard papa say—and they have put it in the other tower, with an odd name, that's close by.—I say, cousin, what's the matter?" added Donald, hastily starting up on the sofa; "You are not well; you are knocked up with coming to look after me. Shall I ring the bell, cousin? or what can I get? You are as white as a ghost!"

"Nothing, Donald, nothing," exclaimed Teresa, in low, but earnest tones. "I am not ill, only something you said touched an old wound, a sorrow that will never be healed," she murmured, as though speaking to herself. "Go on, Donald," she added, in a louder tone.

The latter hesitated for a moment, and gazed with a look of Irish compassion at his cousin's still pale and troubled face.

"I see, you have something to make you unhappy," he exclaimed; "you oughtn't to have, when you are so good. A scamping fellow like me, that's of no use to anybody, and who is always up to some mischief, deserves all he gets. But as for you— I understand your looks, cousin. You don't like praise, I suppose. Well, I'll get to an end with my story. After the races I went back to

and took up with the business, for the want of a better, or
an old blind man about the streets all day—one of Mrs. P
lodgers he was—till I fell ill. She was very kind to me, but
not sorry to bid good-bye to the sort of life I have led for 1
year. I long to be on salt water, and I should like to see A
and Australia, and all those places ; but I have no wish no
another Robinson Crusoe."



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALGERNON DARCY.

CHAPTER VI.

LET us see what is going on in London before the two friends arrive. The time we select is exactly a fortnight before Sir Philip and Lord Grahame left Paris for London.

It was a Saturday morning; the night before had been one of intense excitement in the newspaper offices, and no small profit to the penny a-liners. The mystery of the Westminster murder was at last clearing up, and the sagacious editors speculated that the subject which had long since been written into a bore would again become interesting; and as every possible, or impossible, solution of the mystery had been already ventilated in every paper, each editor could point to a prediction which was now, to all appearance, to be verified.

And what were these news?

The missing witness had been traced and apprehended. Algernon Darcy had been brought up last night by the mail, and at this moment was safe in jail. Moreover, to-day the grand jury were empanelled. Algernon, the newspapers said, had been apprehended in Sutherland, one of the wildest and least-populous districts of Scotland, inhabited, said one of the papers, by the Duke of Sutherland and his domestic servants, a few English sportsmen, and a multitude of sheep and red deer. When apprehended Darcy bore the name of George Seymour. When discovered by the officers he was at dinner with Lord Kilddeer, Sir John Salmon, Harry Retriever, Esq., of sporting notoriety, and the very Reverend the Archdeacon Teal. With these gentlemen he had resided these three months at Inchmadauff, an inn in Assynt, and had made himself a favourite with them all. One Saturday paper gave a graphic description of the consternation of this distinguished company when they discovered that their bosom friend—their fellow-sportsman—was none other than the romantic murderer—Algernon

old, tea and coffee, with a bottle on the side table. Then piquant historiettes of the gentlemen who sat round the table. The Archdeacon was described as one of those churchmen who think religion incompatible with amusement, and who believe the mind never is so active as when the bodily frame is dulled by hard exercise; and Lord Kildeer and Sir John Salmon also photographed. Then follows a description of Algernon, whom we know already. When arrested, his Reverence narrates, he submitted quietly; admitted after a short time his real name, requested permission to finish his breakfast, which he did with good appetite, and carrying on meanwhile a conversation at times with the lay sportsmen which he had begun before the entrance of the policeman, and which he insisted in continuing, evading all allusion to his position by the remark that there would be enough written about it by-and-bye in the papers. He was, however, that he considered it but due to his friends to inform them upon his honour that he was as innocent as they were of the crime, and that he hoped that his trial would be brought on as soon as possible, to allow him to rejoin them before the shooting, if he was not hanged. That event, he quietly said, was by no means probable, and his friends might amuse themselves till he came back by laying a wager or two, and as a hedge, in the case of the worst happening, he offered to lay two to one in point of time he would be hanged. This wager Harry Retriever accepted. Having booked it he shook hands with Darcy, saying, "Good-bye, the whole, dearly as he stood in need of a fifty pounds, I

which was not spent in sleep in reading the newspapers, which he bought from time to time, and in conversing with his captors, with whom he managed so thoroughly to ingratiate himself that, had he proposed it and offered an inducement, they would have given him an opportunity to escape. But Darcy had made up his mind to stand his trial.

He accordingly appeared before the grand jury on Saturday, but, except that the Court was crowded, there was little interest in the case. Had he asked it, no doubt the proceedings would have been adjourned; but Darcy made no such request, nor did he offer any defence. No counsel appeared for him as Brian, to whom he had sent a telegram, had not yet come up, and Darcy knew enough about law to be aware that the finding of a grand jury is, after all, a merely formal step, unless the bill be ignored, which, in his case, with the uncontradicted mass of circumstantial evidence against him, was not to be expected. He pleaded not guilty and, on a true bill being found, he rose up. There was perfect silence in the Court. It was expected he would say something in explanation of the *prima facie* case against him, but he had no such intention. He quietly asserted his innocence and requested the Court would expedite his trial as much as possible. The Court was taken aback by so strange a request; but the presiding Judge, concluding that the prisoner would not be so eager for trial, and so utterly unmoved by the peril of his position, if he did not feel secure of establishing his innocence, after a short consultation, intimated that, if such was his deliberate wish he might be tried before the Queen's Bench in a fortnight, but that he might take till to-morrow to decide whether he would run the risk; "and," he added, "whenever your trial does take place, we sincerely hope you will be able to establish your innocence."

There were distinct murmurs in Court, not only among the audience, but among the grand jury, at this intimation of judicial wishes.

Bail was not tendered, and Darcy was accordingly committed to Newgate till his trial.

It was there that Brian found him, and, to his surprise, he was in good spirits. The fact was, in Assynt, Darcy, notwithstanding all his pluck, had passed a time of great anxiety. The post arrived twice a week, and the accumulated newspapers afforded the sportsmen a topic of conversation for some days after the arrival, and the favourite topic was generally the Westminster murder, about which, or rather about Darcy himself, sundry small hints appeared from time to time in the papers, which showed that the police had not yet given up hopes, but were following up his steps slowly but surely. He had often thought of changing his place of abode, but,

and his arrest had positively been a relief to him. He knew, at least for a time, he was the worst. It was the recollection of this painful state of suspense which made him turn a deaf ear to Brian's entreaties to petition to have his trial postponed.

"I cannot stand it, I confess," said the young man, with a disgraceful cowardice on my part; but I'd much rather be here than spend four or five months here, speculating upon my chance of escape. I believe I would lose heart if kept longer in such a place. No, let my trial be hurried on. I see no chance of anything coming out in my favour; and if what they have got be enough to condemn me, as well be over with it at once."

Brian was puzzled.

Darcy entrusted a letter to Brian, to be posted to Mr. Miles. It was as follows:—

DEAREST BELLA,—You will by this time have heard that I have been run to earth and captured. The said fox, however, is tolerably easy, and confident in his innocence. I need not repeat to you all that you will see in the papers—they have gone so minutely into detail that there is nothing to add. Were it not that I am the hero of the adventure, I think the whole story, so far as it has gone, exceedingly interesting; but, matter of course, what is interesting to others is often no joke to me, the hero, and the position in which I am now has ceased to be very pleasant. My trial comes on in a fortnight, and I must confess if I were one of the same happy third parties I would think that the chances are much against me. But, dearest, I am sanguine I will get clear off, and that happy days will be in store for my Bella and me. This will explain to you why I have declined myself of my right to have my trial postponed; and it will enable you to understand, without utterly condemning me, the vituperations on my judicial conduct as Brian is pleased to designate my determination to be out of my

doubtless, pleasant to her to whom the letter was addressed, but of no consequence to the present narrative, which, before we have done with it, our readers will think long enough.

The consequence of the letter was to bring Mrs. Leigh and Bella up to London.

In the meantime Brian was not idle, the highest legal talent available in London was secured for the prisoner; and with natural prepossession he also retained a Scotch Advocate, in whose sagacity and devotion he placed the greatest confidence.

Time, even to a prisoner in Newgate, passes quickly enough: the monotony of confinement, the stated interval of meals and sleep, the absence of all external stimulus, make the time slip past almost insensibly. One day is so like another that the prisoner loses his reckoning, and asks himself often whether it is the fourth, the fifth, or the third day of his confinement. This at least is the experience of the imprisoned debtor; it may be different with the prisoner on a charge of murder, and who may possibly be hanged. The author cannot speak from experience as to this, but he conjectures that if the prisoner be a man of nerve—and if not so, innocent or guilty, he has no business there,—the contemplation of the probable result will not always occupy his mind. It will, of course, occasionally come back upon him and break in upon his thoughts; and when that happens at night, during a fit of sleeplessness, it will not be very agreeable, especially if our friend be guilty; but, in general, the tenor of the prisoner's thoughts will keep off this disagreeable subject, and may be directed into its ordinary channel. He has to sleep, and it is understood he will not in such circumstances be an early riser. He has then to dress himself, not perhaps so carefully as he used to do, for the turnkey is not Angelica. After dressing comes breakfast, and I take it for granted that a gentleman committed for trial, being presumed innocent, will not be denied any luxury for which he can pay double charges; and it is such a prisoner whose case I am considering. To him, as well as to any man, such a breakfast must be a source of considerable enjoyment—at least, a tolerable way of whiling away an hour or two; reading the papers meanwhile, and, in particular, anything which regards his own case. Then, after breakfast—really it is so long since I had any experience of prison life that I am not sure, but, on the great principle of assumed interim innocence, I take it for granted our prisoner will be allowed to smoke his cigar or, if he be a wise man, his pipe. That should keep him on till twelve o'clock, and if, as he shakes out the ashes of his pipe, it does flash across his mind that Calcraft also smokes why, no doubt his professional pursuits require it), and there is no need of thinking of him yet. Better take up the second volume of the

last sensational novel, "Blue Murder over the Border." Will not that novel get more and more interesting as he goes on, until he finds the whole *dramatis personæ* in the most exciting of possible positions—that is to say, hero about to be hanged, heroine dressing in white satin, and mad villain prospering and drinking chateau margot? and can the prisoner help being interested in their fates? True, his own case has elements fully as sensational, but then it is not written, and is not half so interesting; though, if he would allow himself to think of it, rather more exciting. But he won't think of it, for here comes dinner—a dinner at a guinea a head, with the choicest wine; and we will suppose Monsieur the Turnkey as his guest. The prisoner can't but exert himself if he is to play the host, and the dinner is undoubtedly excellent. Not so the turnkey, but he goes away on the slightest hint, smacking his lips, but pronouncing chateau margot to be not half so good as gin, and not to be compared with half-and-half, in which latter criticism we agree with Mr. Turnkey.

The dinner, of course, was at three, four, five, six, seven, or eight o'clock. What does the prisoner know about the time of day? but whichever time it was served at, the eating it, &c., has got over a good hour-and-a-half, and shall he not have his case in his cell? Oh for another bottle and a pipe! and again the sensation novel, on which, deeply interested, he falls sound asleep, and waking at any clock, still drowsy, undresses and goes to bed, and sleeps the sleep of a child till it is time to get up next morning and be tried for his life. After that public ceremony time flies. Is there not the chaplain? Has he not friends? No; he has no friends, but his lawyer. Fool that he was, to pay his account before trial. Certainly, it did not baulk the lawyer's efforts in his favour that day, and everything was said for him that could have been said, and the agent even shed tears after the sentence; but still, had he not paid his account the attorney would have felt it a duty he owed to society to call afterwards. But never mind, the chaplain is a good fellow. The turnkey, not so truculent a scoundrel as at first, and—and it will soon be over—next Monday, we will say, he must break through his practice throughout a long life of sleeping at least till 10 a.m., and get up at six, simply because he has to take a short walk in the morning, and it will be a consolation to know that this particular walk will be the last.

But time had not as yet got to this termination with our hero. The fortnight was occupied with consultations and preparations. Over and over again Darcey had to narrate every circumstance, even the minutest, which occurred on the eventful evening, which had had such an influence on his destiny, and the case had been turned over and over, and reviewed in every light; but his legal

took their heads. Playfair alone took a hopeful view of the the utmost he expected was that the proof, so far as they did not amount to a demonstration that Darcy was the and the doubt, coupled with the previous character of the d his youth, might induce the jury to bring in a verdict ty; but this was the most favourable conclusion he could and he did not demur to the resolution, come to by the tell Darcy that they did not expect to get him off. as accordingly done by Brian. At the same time he told t he and the other gentlemen who had occupied them- his case entertained not the slightest doubt themselves cence.

received the intelligence quite coolly. "If," said he, "my can't be made out, and you have failed in every effort to the real murderers, and if *faute de mieux* it is necessary old suffer the penalty, be it so. When the time comes I it like a man; but meantime I don't see why I should xistence by thinking of what is to happen. I am not yet am presumed to be innocent; so, to be prepared for the will be as well I should make my will. I have a great my country, but I do not wish my fortune to go to be national debt."

riter to Signet was amazed. Certainly the man in danger olest head among them, as it had never yet suggested em that the making his will was, in the circumstances, a step. Brian accordingly asked instructions as to how the o be made.

is point Darcy spoke without hesitation, showing that aturely considered the subject. It was not necessary o inform him that a will or testamentary writing was not of deed a man whose estate was likely to be made escheat own ought to make. Darcy knew well enough it must of gift, and accordingly that evening he executed a deed r all he possessed to Brian and Bella Legh, reserving only interest, and instructing Brian that on his death all his hould be made over to the latter, with the exception of a h he was to retain to his own use, which sum, with a re man of business appreciated, was indicated in a sealed delivered, and which was not to be opened during his life-pt with his own request.

g thus settled his affairs, Brian commenced a reperusal of rley Novels, remarking that he hoped to have time to series.

some days after this that the turnkey told him that two sed to see him. On his intimating his wish that they

Darcy. She tried to suppress her feelings, in order not to be a distress; but the attempt broke down, and with a burst of passionate tears she threw her arms round her lover.

Darcy kissed her with emotion, and clasped her to his breast. "Cheer up, my darling!" said he. "This is a bad place for one's affianced wife; but to lovers all places are the same. I repeat the words of the Cavalier poet—

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.'

And trust me, dearest, all will yet be well. Brian, I fear I am giving you a gloomy view of matters; but, however strong the evidence may be against me, I cannot believe they will execute an innocent man. Somehow the truth must come before it be too late, and I have a firm conviction that all will be well, and that we will love each other the better for our sorrow."

But Darcy's real convictions were not of so hopeful a nature. Indeed, as the time of his trial approached, and as, one after another, all the attempts to break down or explain the evidence against him proved unsuccessful, he had, with his characteristic firmness, prepared himself for the worst. He had made his mind to be hanged, and had thus, in the event of things not turning out so hard against him as he anticipated, secured, he said, a last moment of possible pleasure; "for anything whatever," said he, "which may happen, short of that for which I am quite prepared. will

the smallest degree the doom prepared. She felt in an unreal world. The sun shone, the bright sun of May. Nature, even in London, felt its influence. Everywhere was life, and growth, and hope. Everywhere but in that gloomy building in which Darcy was confined. What a mysterious contradiction! Why, she asked, in the midst of such universal joy, should she and her lover be selected for misery? Poor thing, she little knew the mystery of evil. Not alone to Darcy and to her was the world bitter. To many others in that great city, nay, perhaps to the majority, the Spring brought no surcease of woe, suggested no ideas of hope, and, indeed, if we may be allowed to moralise for a moment, to an impassioned spectator, if there can be such a being, nothing can be more oppressive than the contrast between the external brilliancy of nature and the abject misery of the lowest classes.

It would seem to such a spectator as if nature had decked herself in her brightest robes, simply to bring out more strongly the sombre contrast between her own aspect and that of her favourites, on the one hand, and of her outcasts, on the other. "Is this," we might suppose, our spectator exclaiming, "to go on for ever, as it has done in the past? is there never to be a spring for the sad heart of cities? are their poor never to participate in the gladness by which they are surrounded? are they never to incorporate somewhat of that happiness which pervades the air they breathe? is there always to be a repulsion between them and the subtle essence of joy which on a clear day seems to stream forth so irresistibly, and which is so greedily inhaled by the favourites of nature whom the mere accident of birth has enfranchised?" We do not know—never yet, at least, has the spring day had sufficient force to penetrate the thick, foetid cloud of city misery; but still irradicable in the human heart springs up the hope, the conviction, that the light which never yet shone on sea or land will yet break forth, and the good time, ever believed to be coming, at last arrive—at last even on the Earth, so that those of the poor and miserable who then remain the representatives of the myriads who have sunk in Tophet will at least realise the truth of the doctrine we cling to, how passionately! that good predominates.

But Bella Leigh, even supposing she had fathomed the depths of the origin of evil, would hardly have found consolation for her own particular sorrow in the general misery. At present she could think of nothing but herself and Darcy, and her instinct rose against the injustice. What had she done, what had Darcy done, that such a fate should close haplessly around them? was there no providence? was God just and good, or did the spirit of evil reign supreme? Poor child! poor caged bird! why butt yourself against the wires of your cage? The innocent have suffered before now, and

will suffer again ; but can you not see that from amidst oppression and wrong, and misery, the great purpose of ages works out its stern lesson, that while individuals suffer and perish, the race is rising to a higher salvation, and that in the sum of human destiny there is compensation—that the result, on the whole, is largely on the side of good, and through the darkness the light already glimmers, which is to grow clearer and clearer. She could not see this, she could not believe it ; intolerable grief and anguish was at her heart, and the faith—that fervent Scotch faith of Scotch Christian women, so narrow and yet so sincere—was shaken to its centre, if not destroyed.

So it happened, as was most fit, that Darcy was her consoler. He did not try on her young mind the stern stoicism with which he had steeled his own. That she could not understand ; it is a feeling essentially unfeminine. Instead, he raised up phantom hopes, and spoke so confidently of his acquittal, that she began at last to feel part of that confidence which he only simulated ; it was the best which could be done, time enough to reconcile herself to fate when the blow was struck. It was useless destroying her present happiness by attempting to prepare her for a calamity, which, if it happened, would crush her, whatever efforts had been used to prepare her for it. And Bella eagerly lent herself to delusion ; she determined not to believe in any other result but an acquittal, and dwelling on all the circumstances in Darcy's favour, by imagining an infinite number of accidents which might occur, and, at the same time sedulously repelling from her thoughts all the adverse features of the case, she found herself when with Darcy—and she paid him a visit daily during that eventful week—gradually become consoled, hopeful, even sometimes joyous.

At last the day of trial came. Long before the judges had arrived, every seat in the Court was occupied, for the excitement in London was intense. Darcy's career had been in its minutest detail before the public. His schoolboy life had been described by masters and pupils, and all concurred in delineating the portrait of a frank, fresh, bright lad, the most unlikely to have committed the crime of which he was accused. The romance of his sudden accession to fortune, and the brilliant career apparently opening to him, added to the interest ; the feast at the "Hyperion," followed by the mysterious tragedy,—all constituted a romance well suited to the taste of the London public. All the facts known to the public connected with the crime were undoubtedly adverse to the idea of his innocence, but yet, on the whole, public opinion was favourable. The general wish was strong that he should be found innocent, but how that could be puzzled every one.

The Court opened with more than usual solemnity. The

Attorney-General appeared for the Crown, and the prisoner had on his side the foremost counsel of the day.

The case was opened in a clear, dispassionate speech by Mr. Attorney. There was no attempt at rhetoric in his statement, and a cautious abstinence from any exaggeration. It was simply a statement of the case which was to be laid before the jury; there was no attempt to draw any conclusion. On the contrary, the high-minded lawyer said that he purposely abstained at present from any comment. "It is my duty," he said, "to lay the case before the jury. After the evidence is finished, I will make those observations upon it which I think just; but if I can extenuate nothing, I will scrupulously abstain from any endeavour to lead your judgments one iota beyond what I think the facts fairly call for. I wish you to give the prisoner the benefit of every doubt. I will not urge for a verdict, if I do not think it is the only logical conclusion you can arrive at; and I will be as much pleased, should the prisoner establish his innocence, as my brother on the opposite side. But, on the other hand, gentlemen, no consideration of pity or compassion may deter me from the exercise of my public duty. The necessity of vindicating the law is paramount to all sentimental feeling. The same principles, I am convinced, will guide your verdict. You are sworn to give a true answer to the question to be submitted to you; and, I am satisfied, that if you can arrive at no other conclusion than that the prisoner is guilty, you will not be deterred, either by the public sympathy or by your own feelings, in giving your verdict."

The first witness called for the Crown was Sir Philip Warden, but no one answered to the name, and the Attorney-General explained that he had failed in attempting to discover where Sir Philip was. His testimony, however, he said, was not material. The next witness was Mr. Hughes, the Club-master of the "Hyperion." He was a pompous man, and took the oath with a solemnity which induced the audience to suppose that he was impressed with the idea that his evidence was of importance. In answer to the questions put to him by Sir Ludovick Brown, Q.C., who acted with the Attorney-General, he narrated that Sir Philip had, on the 15th of December, ordered the dinner, which took place on the 26th, and had given him *carte blanche* as to expense, and he mentioned the names of the gentlemen present. He identified Darcy as having been the gentleman in whose honour the feast was given. He described the card party much as we have already done. He had some reluctance in admitting the high play. He admitted that Darcy and Grenville remained after the others had left, and that he had seen the former lose a considerable sum to the latter. After a good deal of fencing, he admitted that he

"Why have you no doubt?"

The witness was silent for some time.

"Answer the question," said the Attorney-Generals witness, sternly.

"My reason for believing it was Count Grenville Hughes, " was —not that I knew the Count Grenville indeed, I did not know him to be Count Grenville when playing with Darcy—I ascertained it afterwards."

"That will do," said Darcy's counsel; but the judge posed: "We must," said he, "get the full answer.—You afterwards ascertain the gentleman to be Count Grenville."

"I knew afterwards it was Count Grenville, for I saw of the murdered man, and though it was a week after the I had no difficulty in identifying it as the body of the gentleman whom I had seen at cards with the prisoner, and I have from the newspapers that he was Count Grenville."

Two waiters were next successively sworn, and corroborated the club-master. One of them went further, and deposed that he conducted the two gentlemen to the hall-door, and that they left arm-in-arm. No attempt at cross-examination was made.

James Chalmers, stockbroker, the next witness, had not yet come to dinner, had remained late, and was on his way home at about ten on the morning of the 26th December, 1859, when crossing the street leading to Westminster Bridge he observed two gentlemen. One of them was in full evening-dress, a white waistcoat and a white necktie; he was about the height of the prisoner, but

the cap the gentleman had on. He recognised it by a small orange band.

Cross-examination failed to break down this witness. He was induced, however, to modify his statements as to the similarity between the gentleman who was in company with the owner of the surtout, and the prisoner, admitting that all he could say was that they were about the same height.

Sarah Cameron was the next witness sworn. She was a miserable, dissipated-looking woman, and admitted that she was a prostitute. She had been, as was her practice, she said, walking backwards and forwards between Pall-Mall and Westminster Bridge, the morning the murder was committed. It was her beat, she said, and, good weather or bad weather, she was on it from dusk till nearly dawn. Seeing two gentleman walking arm-in-arm towards the bridge, about three in the morning, she had followed them. They stopped at the bridge and shook hands, one of them went along the bridge. The other turned. She accosted the latter. He spoke to her kindly, gave her five shillings, and told her to go home. She did not ask him to go with her, nor did he ask her to go with him. The five shillings were given in charity, bless him!

So far she had answered all the questions put to her willingly; but she was now asked where she saw the gentleman who had given her the crown go to. She hesitated in her reply; at last she said he continued to go away from the bridge.

"Did he turn?"

The witness pretended not to hear.

"Now, my good woman," said the Attorney-General, "you must speak the truth; you are on oath."

"I know I am," said the witness; "but why should I watch the gentleman after giving me the crown? He went away the other direction from the bridge. I suppose he was going home."

"Come, now," said the Attorney-General, sternly, "did he continue in that direction?"

The witness held down her head and burst into tears.

"He did not continue in that direction?" interrogated the Attorney.

"Woe's me!" said the witness; "he did not, my lord; and woe's me that I saw him. Why not let a poor wretch like me alone? He is innocent—innocent as a babe, my lord."

"I hope so," said the Attorney; "but we must get the truth. Did he turn, and where to?"

"He turned."

"Did you speak to him, then?"

"Yes, I did. I thought he had turned to speak to me."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said, "Go away, my poor woman, I have done enough harm to-night."

"What was your reply?"

"I said, "God bless you, sir; you are a true gentleman."

"Did any more pass betwixt you?"

"No, my lord; I went away."

"And where did he go?"

"He went away too."

"In the same direction as you went?"

"No; in the other direction."

"Where then did he go to?"

"I don't know, my lord, he went in the other direction."

"Well, what direction did you go to?"

"I turned, my lord."

"Yes; you were facing the bridge when you spoke to him. Is that the end of your beat?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And then you turned to go back the other way?"

"I did, my lord."

"Towards the big tower and the bell?"

"Yes; I passed it—it is on my beat."

"And the gentleman went, you say, the other way?"

"He did, my lord."

"Now, don't you mean he went across the bridge?"

"He went the other way to that which I went, and I saw him no more."

"And now," said the Attorney-General, "look at the prisoner; is that the man who gave you the crown and of whom you have been speaking?"

There was a moment of breathless expectation by all in the court as the woman looked at Darcy, who rose. She looked attentively at him; but Sarah gave no answer.

"Now," said the judge, "recollect you are on oath. You are asked is that the gentleman you met at 3 o'clock on the morning of 27th December, at Westminster Bridge."

Sarah passed her hands wearily over her eyes and then said, "He is like him, my lord."

"That," said his lordship, "is not an answer to the question put. You are asked if the prisoner is the man you have been speaking of. Is he or is he not?"

"My lord, he is."

Mr. Fenton, Q.C., rose.

"Now, my girl, you must take time to consider. Your testimony may go hard against our client, and you may be mistaken. Did you ever see the prisoner before that morning?"

He put the question expecting an answer in the negative, which he would have followed up by an attempt to shake the confidence with which the witness identified the prisoner; but he was taken aback by the answer:

"Yes, sir, I have seen him before. I knew him when he was at school at Norton, when I was not what I am now."

Mr. Fenton sat down with a sigh.

Samuel Thomson, a cabman, swore he was passing with his cab by Westminster Bridge on the morning of 27th December, at 3 o'clock. That he passed only two men on the bridge. One of them, whose costume was a military surtout and cap, attracted his attention about the middle of the bridge; and the other, at the first arch of the bridge, as he reached the Westminster side. This second gentleman was dressed in evening costume—white waistcoat and necktie—wore a black hat—was about the size of the prisoner. Could not say that he was the prisoner; but he was like him. Was returning from Dulwich with his cab empty, when he met the two gentlemen. He had subsequently been brought to see the clothes of the murdered man, and had no doubt they were those that the gentleman he passed in the middle of the bridge wore. That as he passed Westminster tower, it struck a quarter past three. That he only saw the two men on the bridge as he passed; but of course it was possible that there might have been others in the shadow of the recesses who would have escaped his observation; or others might have followed his cab.

No attempt was made at cross-examination.

The next witness was James Brown, a policeman. He was on duty on his beat on the morning of the 27th December. His beat was along Westminster Palace, and on to the beginning of the bridge. A gentleman ran up to him, and said that a man had been thrown over the bridge. That he recollected perfectly that this was shortly after the half hour had struck on the tower—that is, half-past three, a.m. That he immediately sprung his rattle, and several of the force came to his assistance. That with great difficulty, everyone being asleep and no station of the Thames police being near at hand, they obtained a boat. That the gentleman accompanied them in the boat, and directed them to pull to the centre of the bridge. That the tide was running up. That at the centre arch, propped up partly by the rush of the tide, partly by the coat which had caught a projection of the bridge, they found the body of a man. That they lifted it into the boat, and rowed ashore as quickly as they could. That they landed at the wharf, and immediately knocked at the door of the tavern. That after about five minutes delay it was opened, and they all went in, the gentleman assisting to carry the body. That they found the body

quite dead, the skull having been fractured. That the gentleman who had given the alarm told him that he had seen the murdered man assailed in the middle of the bridge by two men, and that they had thrown the body into the river before he could come up. That the gentleman said he was three hundred yards distant when he first heard shouts for help, and that he ran up as quick as he could to assist; but when about fifty yards from the scene of conflict, he saw two men lift another and throw him over the bridge. That when he arrived the two men had run away. That he picked up a watch at the scene of scuffle, which he believed to belong to the murdered man. This watch the gentleman had given into witness's custody. That the gentleman promised to attend the coroner's inquest that morning. That he did not give his name, nor did witness ask for it; but witness had no difficulty whatever in identifying the gentleman with the prisoner."

Several vain attempts were made to break down the testimony of this witness; but without success. He repeated his evidence clearly and concisely. He said he had done wrong in not having asked the witness for his name and address; but omitted doing so in the hurry and excitement of the moment, and being under the impression, from the exceedingly frank manners of the gentleman, that he would keep his word. That it never for a moment occurred to him to doubt the statement made by the gentleman. That he did not do so yet, his impression still being that he had told him the truth.

The policeman, whose beat was on the Surrey side, was next examined. He swore that he was on his beat from ten p.m. of 26th December to six a.m. of the 27th. That he must have passed the bridge once every twenty minutes, and he must have passed it twice, if not three times, between the hours of two and three of the morning, that neither at that time, nor for two hours before and two hours after, had he seen any one cross the bridge from his side. That if, as the prisoner stated, two men had been lying in wait in one of the recesses of the bridge, he thinks he must have seen them go on the bridge, unless they had gone there before midnight. That if there had been a scuffle on the bridge and cries for help he thought he must have heard it, and it would be very improbable if two men had, between two and three o'clock, run from the bridge, that he should not have seen them.

This negative testimony was somewhat neutralised by the cross-examination for the prisoner. The policeman admitted that during the time he was at the other extremity of his beat (the entrance to the bridge was midway) it might be possible for the murder to have been committed and the murderers to have escape without him seeing them; but it was very improbable. He said he was on his

the whole time of his duty on the night preceding and the morning of the murder; but he admitted that if it could be proved he was not so he was liable to dismissal from the force.

Francis Black, an inspector of police, was the next witness. He attended, by order, the coroner's inquest which sat on Grens body, and he had used his endeavours to trace out the erers. That some days after the murder he was ordered, with a ant, to go to the Waverley Hotel and inquire for Mr. Algernon , and if he had left any luggage to see it locked up, and come and give information. That he obeyed his instructions. That ndlord, Mr. Scott, told him that a young gentleman answering scription of Mr. Darcy, but who had not given his name had to his hotel on the 25th December, and had left on the 26th sting to him a portmanteau till he should return. The officer ued, "I then showed the innkeeper my instructions, and the anteau was put in a bed-room, the door locked and the key to me. Thereafter," continued the policeman, in that correct c style which those in the higher ranks of the police acquire, urned to Scotland Yard and made my report. My instruc- next were to return to the hotel, taking with me Sergeant hlan, and Policeman Burnet, and in their presence and that landlord to open the portmanteau, make an inventory of tents, and in particular to search the pockets of the different nts which might be there. I complied with my instructions; now produce an inventory of the contents of the portmanteau; said he, as one of the officers of the Court handed up for his tion a portmanteau, "that is the portmanteau we found in averley Hotel." The witness then identified, article by article, ntents of the portmanteau with his inventory, and then con- . "In the pocket of the pair of trousers, No. six of inventory, nd a scrap of paper with something written on it. I sealed paper and that is the sealed packet which I am now shown. e packet was now opened amidst the breathless suspense of dience. It contained a slip of paper on which was written il, "I O U ten thousand pounds, Algernon Darcy—to Count lle."

e Crown here declared their examination of this witness to ished. Darcy's counsel held an eager consultation. The was shown to Darcy, who whispered something to Brian, who pale and sat down with a look of profound vexation.

attempt was made at cross-examination, but it was soon at that no good could be done, the witness being perfectly d and distinct in his statements.

testimony was now corroborated by the examination of the an, who had been with him when the portmanteau was

which at once attracted attention, and which it would be very difficult to imitate.

Darcy's progress from the time he left London to his apprehension was then detailed by witnesses ; and the flight from London, and his sudden disappearance from Edinburgh, the remote part of Scotland in which he was apprehended, conduct when the arrest was made, evidently told with great effect against him.

This completed the case for the Crown. During the proceedings, which had lasted four hours, Darcy had maintained his usual composure. He had not exhibited either surprise or confusion, when the I O U was produced ; he knew well it was produced against him. On the whole, a spectator, had he not known that he was the prisoner, would have supposed him the person most interested in court with the trial. The fresh tint on his cheeks, which neither previous anxiety nor his imprisonment had at least blanched, never altered. His gaze calm, and his manner engaged and almost careless, afforded a striking contrast to the anxious looks of his legal advisers, who felt that they were along fighting a desperate battle.

The evidence for the defence was now entered into court, and in reality it amounted to little. Darcy's school acquaintances testified warmly of his honourable, hearty character, which the magistrates emphatically endorsed. Some sensation was occasioned by the testimony of Brian and Playfair, whose testimony was not objected to, after all, it was felt that Darcy's frankness to them was of great value.

leading evidence. Indeed, there was none more to be led on Darcy's side, and the case must now take its chance.

As the Attorney-General rose to address the jury, he looked the prisoner full in the face; but there was no tremor, no anxiety, no unhappiness even, observable on that sunny face. "Can this be the man," the Attorney-General said to his junior, "against whom I mean to demand a verdict of guilty, on the clearest evidence I have seen?"

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I told you, on opening the case, that I would confine myself rigidly to my duty, and that I would not try by any attempt at eloquence to secure a conviction against the young man at the bar. I will best act up to this resolution by leaving the case in your hands, with the briefest possible remarks; for, indeed, the evidence I have laid before you has been so clear and simple that any of you can follow it without the slightest direction either from me or the court. It amounts briefly to this, that the prisoner had lost a large sum of money—£10,000—of the deceased; that the last time the deceased was seen was in the prisoner's company, at Westminster Bridge. You can have little doubt that there the two parted, and the deceased went across the Bridge, when the prisoner proceeded northwards, but, unfortunately, there is as little doubt that the prisoner changed his mind, turned, and followed the deceased over the Bridge. This is about three a.m., or more accurately, if we believe Sarah Chalmers, at 3.15. At 3.30 the prisoner returns and tells a policeman he had seen a man thrown over the bridge. He accompanies the policeman and others in their search for the body. It is found, and the prisoner and policeman take it into the Wharf Tavern. Then, at last, when lights are brought, if not before, the prisoner must have recognised in the dead man the gentleman with whom he had just an hour before been playing at cards; but he makes neither exclamation or explanation. He delivers over to the policeman a watch which he said he had found at the scene of the scuffle; and here it is my duty to inform you, and you will give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt it may create on your minds, that I have not been able to identify that watch as having belonged to the deceased. After delivering up the watch, the prisoner and several others leave the Tavern, the prisoner having promised Policeman Forbes to attend the coroner next morning, but he gives neither his name nor address, which I would have thought it natural to have given had he been innocent, and the policeman, with a carelessness which characterises as culpable, forgets to ask. Next morning the next takes place, but the principal witness—the prisoner—does not appear. The body is not then identified, and remains unidentified for a week. During all that time the newspapers are full of

the murder, and during the whole period nothing is heard of the prisoner. I may be anticipating the defence, but I hope you will give due weight to the possible explanation of his conduct. The prisoner appears to have been of unblemished character up to this time. Nothing can be more favourable than the way in which his companions have spoken of him. He is young, and on the threshold of life, and has just most unexpectedly fallen heir to a fortune which must have surpassed his wildest dreams. Now, I can understand a youth in that position not having the moral courage to confess that he had been gambling to the extent it is proved he had done, and we can all appreciate also the effect which the letter from Miss Legh—a lady every way calculated to engage the affections of any gentleman—might have on a warm and somewhat rash young man. But, gentlemen, after having given due weight to these feelings, it is for you to consider whether they sufficiently account for the long period of concealment on the part of the prisoner. Even suppose you are satisfied of this, there remains to be explained the discovery of the document of debt, the I O U in the possession of the debtor when there is no probability whatever of the debt having been paid. And here it is my duty, gentlemen, to observe that in any ordinary case—I mean, in a case where the prisoner's antecedent character does not stand so high as that of Darcy—the discovery of this paper would give a clue to the motive for perpetrating the crime. By securing this document of debt, he evaded payment; and it might also be thought that he destroyed the evidence against him of having gambled to such an extent. I say no more. The prisoner's counsel will do his best, and will, I hope, be able to account for the prisoner's conduct, and for the facts of the case on an hypothesis more favourable to him, than I am bound to admit I have been able to arrive at."

During the delivery of this most dispassionate, almost judicial address, not a whisper was heard in the court. When it concluded, the audience was electrified by the exclamation of Darcy: "I thank you, sir; you have pled your case as a gentlemen." The Attorney-General sat down gravely in his seat.

The counsel for the prisoner rose.

His case was nearly hopeless; and, indeed, the excessive candour of the Attorney-General had anticipated all he could say in his client's favour; and his practised eye had told him that it had not tended to shake the adverse opinion of the jury, which he had watched gradually becoming more and more fixed, as the proof for the Crown pursued its thoroughly logical course. Nevertheless, Sir James, as became the leader of the bar, looked confident of victory. He began—"My lords and gentlemen of the jury, it is with some confidence that, before I conclude what I am to say,

shall carry your convictions with me, that I rise to unravel the formidable body of circumstantial evidence brought to bear against my client—because, strong as that evidence is, I, and those gentlemen who sit along with me, have the unhesitating conviction that the prisoner is as innocent of the charge laid against him as any in the court, and I make this announcement for myself and brethren, simply as lawyers but as gentlemen, and, therefore, we cannot confidently expect that we shall be able to show you that the mass of evidence, clear and sound as it may appear, is yet unsound in the essential link which connects it with our client."

And now occurred an incident which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed this trial.

Sir James was here interrupted by the judge, who, while he was speaking the orator had noticed, not a little to his irritation, that he had been reading a letter which had just been handed to him by an officer of the Court.

"Sir James," said the judge, "and Mr. Attorney-General, I have just had a most important communication made to me. This is from Sir Philip Warden, a gentleman with whom I am personally acquainted, and whom all have heard of, irrespective of his connection with this trial. Mr. Attorney-General, the missing witness tenders his testimony; but to judge from this letter which I now read, it is not so immaterial as you seemed to suppose it would be." The letter was as follows:—

MY LORD,—I have just arrived from my travels, and have only to-day, for the first time, read an English paper. To my surprise, and to my deep regret, I found my ward, Algernon Darcy, is to be tried to-day, for the murder of Count Grenville, who, I learn for the first time, was murdered on the morning I left London. I then was most thankful I have arrived in time, and am confident my testimony can free Mr. Darcy of even the smallest suspicion of having been guilty of the crime of which he is accused, and I rely on my evidence.

PHILIP WARDEN.

It is impossible to describe the sensation occasioned by this letter. Sir Philip was a well-known public man, and his disappearance had occasioned a good deal of surprise, which would have been greater but for his well-known misanthropy.

The Attorney-General at once rose—"My lord," said he, "I hope that Sir Philip Warden's request may at once be complied with, and that the trial be adjourned till to-morrow for that purpose."

"That may not be necessary," said his lordship, "Sir Philip has the 'Clarendon': I will send for him."

During the half hour which elapsed before the messenger returned, the aspect of the Court was more like a theatre between acts than the sombre Old Bailey. The spectators naturally

collected into groups, and canvassed the trial and the effect this unexpected incident would have. Brian looked at Darcy. For the first time that gentleman's expression varied, but now it was one of surprise, and anxiety, for Darcy could not guess how Sir Philip could in any way throw light on the case. He felt conscious that all the witnesses had said was strictly true, most all of it he knew to be true; and how Sir Philip could break in upon the chain of strong probability which bore against him baffled his imagination.

The half hour for which the Court adjourned had not expired, when the officer of the Court appeared, accompanied by Sir Philip Warden. The haughty, impassive features of the statesman were at once recognised, and an involuntary cheer, not often heard within those gloomy, stifling walls, greeted his appearance.

Almost at the same time the judge returned, and the jury resumed their seats. Sir Philip rose—"My lord," said he, "besides my own testimony, my servant, here, can, I know, corroborate what I have to say; and I have, therefore, to propose to your lordship that he be removed in the meantime, but that his testimony may be taken after mine."

The Attorney-General intimated his acquiescence, and Sir Philip's servant, a grave-looking middle aged man, was consigned to the charge of the officer of the Court.

The oath was then administered to Sir Philip, and the Attorney-General rose—"My lord," said he, addressing the Court, "our procedure is already somewhat irregular, and I fear I must request your lordship to admit another irregularity, namely, to dispense with any interrogations on my part, which, being perfectly ignorant of what Sir Philip may have to say, I should find it rather difficult to put. With your lordship's permission, and with the consent of my learned brother on the other side, we will simply request Sir Philip to tell us what circumstances he can mention which bear on the present case. I reserve to myself, and, of course to the prisoner, the right to ask questions afterwards.

His lordship considered this request for a moment, and in other way of getting at the unknown evidence suggesting itself, he requested Sir Philip to tell, in his own words, what he had to say.

"My lord," said Sir Philip, in that deep, rich voice which his lofty stature and classic features made so effective, "all I have to say proceeds on the supposition that the crime of which my friend is accused was perpetrated between two and four of Tuesday morning, the 27th of December, last year. Now, it was quite impossible that the prisoner could have been guilty, because that morning from two o'clock to four o'clock Algernon Darcy was in my company, and in my house in Park Lane."

Here Algernon started up with an air of wild surprise, but an impressive gesture from Sir Philip and his own intense astonishment prevented him speaking.

"He was in my house between these two hours," said Sir Philip, "and I am certain of the time, not only because I looked at my watch, but because I heard three strike just when Darcy entered the house, and I believe my servant, who let him in, is equally certain. I conclude, therefore, from what I have seen in the papers, that there must have been a mistake of identity. If it be certain that the murder took place between two and four a.m. it is certain that Darcy did not commit it. I swear that this is the truth."

No one was more taken aback by this turn of affairs than Darcy himself. The evidence was given with so little hesitation, in so decided and deliberate a manner, and the appearance of the witness, to say nothing of his social *prestige*, was so imposing that for a moment Darcy believed it to be true; but it was only for a moment, and then the irresistible conviction came that Sir Philip Warden was deliberately perjuring himself.

He rose impetuously and said, "My lord, I am sorry to say Sir Philip's evidence is untrue," and then he hesitated, for it struck him that Sir Philip's intervention, Sir Philip's perjury, was noble self-devotion. He hesitated, his ideas became confused. Would he sacrifice himself? Would he sacrifice Sir Philip? Might it not be some extraordinary hallucination under which he himself laboured? Could it be all a dream? Calm and self-possessed though he had appeared, calm and self-possessed though in reality he was, this calmness and self-possession had been an effort, though he knew it not, beyond his power, and now a reaction set in; the scene seemed unreal, the judge a phantom, the whole legal array a dream. He had fainted.

This was not, however, immediately discovered after his contradiction of Sir Philip's evidence; he had sat down and had heard nothing of the close and searching examination to which Sir Philip was subjected by the Attorney-General, but he did not alter one iota of what he said; and at last, with a *hauteur* before which the spirit of the lawyer quailed, Sir Philip appealed to the judge.

His lordship had made up his mind on the strange scene which had just been enacted. "Mr. Attorney-General," said he, "it is hardly necessary for one to say that Sir Philip's veracity is unimpeachable. Even his political opponents give him that credit; and I, who have known him for years, only confirm general opinion when I say that when Sir Philip Warden speaks he has always as yet spoken truth. The extraordinary circumstance in this case is that the prisoner has just denied the correctness of Sir Philip's statements, and if I did

not believe that the prisoner was in a nervous state of excitement natural to his position, I should be very much puzzled what to say. But you will observe this, that we are not forced to believe what Sir Philip says is true; but it is my own impression that Sir Philip believes what he says to be true, and, at any rate, you have carried your cross-examination far enough."

The counsel for the prisoner asked no questions of the witness.

Sir Philip's servant was next adduced, and the Attorney-General, who suspected perjury, rose, with a stern countenance to examine him. His ingenuity, however, was altogether thrown away. The man could only say that he let Darcy in by the back door at two o'clock precisely, because he heard the Westminster clock strike, and also a clock in the house. He had taken brandy-and-water to Sir Philip's room, and he was sure that Philip and Darcy remained together for more than an hour, and after that he heard Darcy go to bed; that he awoke him at eight o'clock in the morning, according to orders, and had seen him off in a cab for the railway to Scotland. The Attorney-General was evidently dissatisfied, but the witness doggedly stuck to his story, and at last was allowed to go.

The Attorney-General then rose, but he was no longer the dispassionate judicial representative of the Crown. He felt certain that perjury had been resorted to, and he made a vehement attempt to shake the unexpected evidence which had been thus pitched into the case. He accused Sir Philip and his servant of perjury, remarking that not only was their testimony in clear contradiction to the chain of evidence he had laid before them, but had been repudiated by the party principally interested. He therefore called upon the jury to disregard it altogether, and to return a verdict of guilty.

And now Sir James Brown rose again. In reality not only he, but all Darcy's side agreed with the Attorney-General in thinking that Sir Philip Warden had perjured himself; but Sir James took the extenuating view that he had done so as the only method of saving his ward. At any rate, it was not for him to refuse the plank held out. He reminded the jury of the remarks he had already made in introduction, and that he had told them, first, that he and his brethren on their side of the bar were convinced of their client's innocence; and second, that he would be able to show the weak link in the chain of circumstantial evidence brought forward by the Crown. He must now further tell them, and assure them he spoke in the name of the solicitor and of his brethren of the bar, that they were quite unaware of the evidence which had so unexpectedly been adduced, that none of them had had any communication with Sir

Philip at all, and that, up to the time when his lordship read the letter, they were as much in the dark as the Attorney-General where Sir Philip was to be found. But," he continued, "before this evidence was adduced, I meant to point out to the jury that the weak link in the chain of evidence against the prisoner was the want of sufficient proof that he was the gentleman the different witnesses had seen with the deceased. With one exception, the witnesses believed the prisoner to be the gentleman they had seen, from marks of the most ordinary description. He was in dress clothes, wore a white waistcoat and white tie, and was about the size of the prisoner. Now, all this would apply to the majority of gentlemen in London, who had been in society or at the theatre; and the Attorney-General had failed to prove—he would not say he had forgotten to prove, for his friend was too clever for that—that Darcy, on the morning in question had either worn a white waistcoat or a white tie. True, such habiliments were found in the prisoner's portmanteau, but, probably, the same discovery would be made in the wardrobe of any gentleman in London. Then, as to the I O U which was found in the prisoner's pocket, that might be there naturally enough, if the prisoner had gained back the money he had lost, or if, though written out, it had never been given to Count Grenville. But there is one witness who is more particular in her observation, and who alleges reasons, if not better, certainly more striking and interesting, to explain her identification of the prisoner. Now," said the orator, "I am not one of those who hold that the word of a woman such as Sarah is to be believed, still I do not think the same implicit credit should not be given to her as to a respectable witness, and that, not so much from her presumable depravity as from an excitability of temperament, the natural result of her course of life, and which in a manner incapacitates these unfortunates from being accurate, either in their observation or in their recollection; moreover the very circumstance which she alleges as the reason why she knew the prisoner is one which, to her morbid sensibility, the very slightest resemblance may have occasioned. I, therefore, say you had no adequate proof of the identity of the prisoner with this fugitive witness, who is supposed to have committed the murder before you heard the evidence of Sir Philip Warden and his servant. Take, now, that evidence into account, and not only is there no legal proof of identity, but a strong probability that the prisoner has been mistaken for another man; and, indeed, if you are to believe Sir Philip, a man hitherto of unblemished integrity and the highest character, there is a certainty that a grievous mistake has been committed. But I am prepared to go farther with my argument; admitting the prisoner to have been the last man seen with the deceased, and to be the missing witness,

there is no proof whatever that he committed the murder. That murder was committed is, in the first place, taken somewhat too easily for granted ; it may be improbable, it is not impossible, ~~that~~ the Count threw himself from the bridge ; but let it be a murder, there is no proof it was committed by the prisoner at the bar. In the first place, it is a question whether he is possessed of the requisite physical strength—I do not mean to commit the murder, but to throw the dead body over the parapet of the bridge. I, myself, do not believe one man could accomplish such a feat—that is one element of improbability ; the other element, and to me the decisive one, proving to my satisfaction that this unknown, unidentified man, this missing witness, did not commit the murder, is his own conduct. Do you think it a probable course for a man to take, after having engaged in a struggle for life and death with another, and after having thrown him over the bridge, to run immediately and tell a policeman the story the gentleman had told ; and, if you believe that probable, do you think his conduct, going with the policemen to search for the body, accompanying them into the public-house and remaining quietly there until the police investigation was concluded, was like the conduct of a man—and, keep in mind, a very young man—who had murdered the body they were grouped round. I confess, for my own part, such conduct is the most unlikely which it is possible to suppose to have been followed. On the whole, I think I can rely on an acquittal, first, on the theory that the identity is not proved, putting aside altogether Sir Philip Warden's evidence and that of his servant ; second, that giving the weight to that evidence that the high character of Sir Philip demands, the identity is distinctly disproved ; third, that even supposing all this got over—suppose the identity admitted—there is no proof of a murder ; and, admitting the identity of the prisoner with the missing witness, there is no proof that the missing witness was the murderer, but a strong probability that the story he told at the time was the true story, and that the murderers of Count Grenville have yet to be discovered."

It now remained for the judge to sum up, and it is only necessary to mention that he did so emphatically in the prisoner's favour. Putting most stress on what he thought there was no doubt about, namely, that the prisoner could not have been the man last seen with the deceased, as, said he, "At that very time and how it is clearly proved he was in Sir Philip Warden's house." That being so clear to his lordship, he considered it unnecessary to enlarge on the other points of the case. He, accordingly, very briefly recapitulated them, observing that if he was not satisfied in his own mind that there had been a mistake in the identity, he would have been inclined to adopt the view of the case taken

the Attorney-General, rather than that so well put by the counsel for the prisoner; "for," he continued, "suppose there was no doubt the prisoner was the party last seen with Count Grenville, a weight must be given to the fact that he did not appear before the coroner, and, that under a borrowed name, he had been found in so unfrequented a district of Scotland. These proceedings," his lordship said, "were barely consistent with the theory of the prisoner's innocence, if the prisoner was the single witness: but if he were not, of course they had no connection with the crime; and, therefore, however strange and whimsical you might think the prisoner's conduct to have been, it was really part of their duty to inquire into its reasons."

It was now for the jury to make up their minds. They could do so at once, and were allowed to withdraw and consult, and another jury was impanelled and another case proceeded with.

To the surprise of most people in the court this new case went for half an hour before the usher intimated that the former jury were ready to give a verdict.

The verdict, as anticipated by all, was Not Guilty, but it created surprise that so long a time had been spent in deliberation, and that surprise was increased when it was known that the jury were not unanimous; that at least one-half were of opinion that the prisoner was guilty, and, of course, by logical consequence, that Sir Philip Warden and his servant had been guilty of deliberate perjury.

It was only now that Darcy, who had not raised his head, which had rested on his folded arms since Sir Philip Warden gave his evidence, was discovered to be unconscious.

In that state he was removed from the court to Brian's hotel, and it was not till late in the day that he recovered.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

NEVER, perhaps, were there, absolutely and relatively, so many candidates as now for literary distinction. Never was success more certain, more splendid than in these days, in those cases in which merit of the first order aids the young writer to force his way up the steep ladder leading to fame and influence. Never, in spite of the daily-increasing demand for articles, essays, poems, was the supply so far in advance of the demand. Never was a man of second or third-rate literary ability more certain to be unrecognised and neglected as in this eager, pushing nineteenth century. It is no trifling now-a-days to make a mark in the crowded world of letters.

Every man of education tries, at some period of his life, to write. There is no hamlet, no moor, so remote from London that its inhabitants cannot send their precious manuscripts to a publisher or editor, whose name they probably know as well as the editor's own friends. Publishers and editors have the power to recognise the talent of the age. It is only the smallness of a second-rate writer's remuneration which, in some degree, keeps down the immense number of literary workers. When money and fame can be reaped by so few, it is not everyone who has time or inclination to write what, though it may get into print, will be of no real value to himself or to anyone else. Yet never were the success of an author's gains and triumphs greater.

What more natural than that Charles Kingsley, a well-educated and hard-working country clergyman, should try his youthful hand at writing, as hundreds of professional men, similarly circumstanced, do every year. In any earlier period it would have been difficult for him so soon to reap the well-earned reward of his labour—so soon to find his works read in ten thousand households, his name honoured in a million of homes. Without the facilities he could not so early have risen to eminence; but none the less true that but for railways, newspapers, and printing-presses, magazines and reviews, Charles Kingsley would not, in his own lifetime, have become known to every man and woman who made any pretension to education and intelligence. He owed a great deal to the restless age in which he lived. He never did early take reward a colder or worthier object.

With the history of his life I have nothing here to do. Surely its great outlines must be familiar to everyone who has taken up any one of the many admirable obituary notices of him which have gone the round of the periodicals lately. Born in Devonshire, the son of a distinguished and learned clergyman, well educated, possessed of many advantages, influential friends, a splendid physique, liberal mind, a generous, manly disposition, the great writer, whom all England is now mourning, entered life with great promise. So have many other gifted and conscientious men who have utterly failed to achieve distinction. Kingsley had talents and advantages, and, what is as rare, the tact to turn them to a profitable and good use.

He first thought of the bar; ultimately he preferred the church. Ordained at the age of three-and-twenty, he accepted the rectory of Eversley. A year later he was promoted to the living. There he lived his not very long life, and there he entered on his

Perhaps he was not ambitious. Perhaps his broad views stood in the way of preferment. Perhaps he preferred to pass his days among those simple country people, and to die and to be buried among them. He was very happy at Eversley, in the old parsonage, in its low rooms and its beautiful, little-frequented neighbourhood. The great and vigorous mind, which had made for its owner a reputation which will never fade away from the history of the land, had stooped contentedly to the little cares and occupations of a country clergyman's career, and could find its chief enjoyment in attending to them. When he died, after a youth so full of promise, manhood so crowned with golden fruit, his remains were not carried to the stately Abbey of Westminster, of which he had been one of the two brightest ornaments; but were laid to rest in his churchyard, to mingle with the lowly dust of farmers, labourers, peasants, poachers, of those people whom Kingsley loved as a brother, for whose trials and temptations he had felt as only a sympathetic man could feel for those of another.

When to the sacred keeping of Eversley churchyard Kingsley's remains were entrusted, another humble village sanctuary became, forthwith, famous in the annals of England, for being the burial-place of one of the most illustrious of Englishmen. Better far that he should rest amid the scenes he had loved, among the humble people, whom he had gently guided, and over whom he had exercised no temporary influence for good, than that he should be carried to distant minsters far from his own quiet home.

What did Kingsley owe his fame? Eloquent as a speaker he was not, though all he said was full of sound common

There have been greater scholars than he. This century

descriptions of nature, to his power of forcing even the inattentive to attend to and accept his opinions. After all, it is very probable that whether anything Kingsley wrote was half so objectionable to prejudiced and distempered critics thought. Much of what he wrote and said bore the stamp of originality, and this won him no small prejudice in some quarters; but, then what is strange and is not necessarily untrue or ill-judged. Prejudice against him is dying away, and the fame and humanity of Kingsley almost freed from the thick cloud which, for a time, rested upon them.

Kingsley was, in an age of novelists, a great novelist; as a novelist he will long hold a high place in history. But he was more than a mere writer of fiction. He was a poet, an orator, a divine, a man of science. In many ways he exerted an influence for good that was truly marvellous. As a social reformer, an advocate of more enlightened studies, more practical methods of education, he was a great power in the land. Long after his administrative work is forgotten, his tender pity for the poor and his love for the oppressed are forgotten, and future generations remember him only as a novelist, his influence for good will still live. He gave a new direction to the life of the nation that cannot be over-estimated. In many respects he may be looked upon as the spokesman of the advanced thinkers of the age. He pointed the way forward, without actually being the leader.

We, who have just lost him, may not consider that he was only a great naturalist, geologist, chemist, sanitarian, as we, in the

in his great novels, "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," and "The Water-bearer;" his usefulness was owing to his wonderful power in leading his countrymen to read aright the signs of the times, of the thoughts and hopes of the nation into paths which his life surely led to happiness and prosperity.

Kingsley had a passionate love of the country. His descriptions of nature are characterised by a luxuriance of language, a poetical fancy, a refined appreciation of the beautiful, hardly to be surpassed. There was a vastness in nature which set every chord of his mind tingling. In a hundred passages he pours out his full heart in praise of glorious sunsets, far-reaching woods, great mountains, and fertile plains. He hated the smoke and the noise of the city; he only breathed freely where God in all His majesty was supreme. He was not bound down to Devonshire or the English country, both of which he ardently loved. He was equally at home in the tropics, on the continent, and anywhere that was beautiful, luxuriant, and fertile. One of his finest papers is an "Excursion from the Ocean to the Sea," which appeared in "Good Words" for July, 1866. In it he describes a journey, in the early summer of 1864, from Biarritz to the Mediterranean. There he describes the sea, the ancient city of Narbonne, the Landes, the people, the natural productions, all come in for their share of his admiration. To the end of his life he preserved his love of nature, and perhaps his premature death may, in some degree, be owing to the exposure he went through while on his travels in America.

Next to his love for nature and for nature's God, comes his love for the poor. His was no sentimental admiration for boozing navvies because they are boozers and navvies. He felt deeply for the ignorant and degraded. His great heart bled as he saw the lives of his fellow-countrymen hopelessly toiling, all day long, for the lives of savages, dying the deaths of heathens. Perhaps he wrote a little nonsense, now and then—in "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," for instance. Perhaps some of his remedies were impracticable; perhaps he was not patient enough. But was there not good excuse for his strong language? It may not be true that the towns and villages of the land swarm with thousands of wretched wretches, as some people say they do—it may well be that the average wages are higher here than in many other parts of the world; but, still, the condition of many of the English poor is deplorable. Homes so squalid, surroundings so loathsome, a death-struggle so cruel and hopeless, are the natural heritage of so many that it is no wonder that they yearned to see things righted. He poured out wild words against the selfishness of the rich, the obstructiveness of the laws. He entreated the poor to rise, and then he upbraided

them for their apathy and sensuality. He is gone where poverty is unknown, where the wretchedness he so eloquently deplored will no longer harrow his soul.

How touching are a few lines in which he speaks of the simple, kind-hearted people of the South of France! "Poverty (though there is none of what we call poverty in Britain) fills the little walled court, before its cottage, with bay trees and its standard figs: while wealth (though there is nothing here of what we call wealth in Britain) asserts itself uniformly by great standard magnolias and rich trailing roses, in full bloom here in April, instead of, as with us, in July." No wonder he was so happy among the simple Eversley peasantry, whom he tried to cheer and raise up, and whose hard lot and cold nothern winter he did his best to lighten.

In these days of wide separation between classes—a separation that daily becomes greater—when the gentleman knows nothing of the tradesman, and the latter knows less of the peasant in the next village than of the Red Indian, it is hard to make people understand how good and simple are some of the humble village poor. Do not think Kingsley lavished his praise on the brutal rough, or on the corrupted town servant. He was thinking of labourers and mechanics, not ruined by the evil, hated companionship of heartless superiors and stern, cruel masters. He thought not of men goaded to madness by combinations of tyrannical colliery owners or broad-acred squires, and forced for their own protection into opposition and lawlessness. No! he had in mind the simple, contented poor; as they are sometimes to be seen, even now, as they might much more often be seen were this an easier world than it is.

Among the sweet-tempered, resigned peasants, whom it has been my lot to know and number among my friends, I think of one in particular, an aged village shoemaker, over whose snow-white head ninety years of poverty and trouble have passed, though they have not impaired the placid serenity of his temper, or shaken his holy faith in the sure mercies of God. Twenty years ago, when I was a little boy, only seven years, I first saw my venerable friend. He was then nearly seventy, still, and he continues so, upright and hale. His long white hair, surrounding his benign, smiling face, made him a pleasant object. For years I saw him almost daily; and, at last, the poor man came to look upon me almost as a son. He is very old, very poor now. He and his faithful wife, who for sixty years has been the loving partner of his joys and sorrows, live in the old cottage, where they have passed thirty years, in the neighbourhood of the one where they were born. He never had more than fifteen or sixteen shillings a week, and, now, of course,

his income is much smaller ; but no word of repining ever falls from his lips. In his artless way he sometimes tells me of his trials and struggles, and yet he continues happy.

Once, for several years, I was away from the part of the country where he lives. One Saturday evening I called upon him. It was a gloomy spring evening ; and, as I approached his open door, he was standing there, looking out into the fast-deepening darkness. When he caught sight of me he was so agitated that his emotion became quite painful. Last summer he walked with pain and difficulty nearly ten miles to bring me a little fruit. Whenever I leave him, the old man seizes my hand, and wrings it with a passionate fervour that I should seek in vain among the many acquaintances I have in my own sphere of life.

Kingsley, perhaps, had in mind such sweet, trusting poverty, as that of my honoured friend the Worcestershire shoemaker. He wished to see such simplicity, such peace, such piety, in every home in the land ; but, of course, endowed with more worldly goods. But were it so, England would be a paradise, and it might not be, then, the best preparation for the higher life.

Next to his love of the poor comes Kingsley's love for all mankind. He was a true-hearted Englishman ; and, withal, a citizen of the world. He loved the men of his own race tenderly, dearly ; but he loved all kinds and conditions of men abroad as generously. On this point let me cite a single passage :—" And when the music is silent, and the people go off silently and soberly withal for there are no drunkards in these parts) to their early beds, you stand and look up into the purple night (as Homer calls it), that northern sky intensely dark, and yet transparent withal, through which you seem to look beyond the stars into the infinite itself ; and recollect that, beyond all that—and through all that likewise—there is an infinite good God, who cares for all these simple kindly folk ; and that, by Him, all their hearts are as well known, and all their infirmities as mercifully weighed, as are (you trust) your own. And so you go to rest, content to say, with the wise American, ' It takes all sorts to make a world.' "

It was natural that one, who so ardently loved the beautiful and stately, should delight in vigorous health, and place high that faculty which has as its object its preservation. Health of mind and body, well-developed limbs, a sound constitution ; these were things the importance of which never lessened in his eyes. Two years before his death he delivered an address to the members of the Midland Institute, in Birmingham, which did much towards popularising the study of the laws of health. In his speech he spoke with deep feeling of the injury which war does to the physique of a nation by claiming, as its spoil, the finest men in

the land, and leaving to the small and weak the control of the race. He deplored the bad sanitary arrangements, the miserable quarters of artisans, the disastrous effect of their work. "Learn something of the structure of your own body," was his earnest advice; "learn to value the glorious gift of health; seek happiness, not in luxury and sensual enjoyment, but in living naturally, in accordance with the great laws God has laid down for their good on His people."

Out-door sports, of course, he delighted in. How could a lover of nature pass his spare time in the seclusion of a study? Out upon the moors, galloping down the lanes, clearing the water for fishing; visiting foreign lands; in his garden; on the sea; in his well-developed and spare, though powerful form, was his element. So it came to pass that men spoke of him as the advocate of muscular Christianity, the man whose love of health, whose passionate pursuit of good health, made him attach undue importance to a fine physique, to a robust and manly frame.

He was eminently a practical man, was Kingsley. Ornamentation, but the useful, was his motto. No doubt he was a great classical scholar; but he perhaps thought still more of science and modern studies. Master Spanish, Italian, French, German, was his cry; having first, of course, learnt Latin. To three of these languages at least. These, he would say, were useful, practical subjects. Then, too, learn science—chemistry, physics, physiology, as it shows the functions and uses of the human body; geology, as it reveals the structure of the earth; botany, as they deal with the plants and animals that bounteous God has given His children. So much was he attached to his opinion that a few words from him induced the people of Birmingham to appoint a local teacher of Spanish.

He had strange views, so theologians said, of the origin of disease. God, said he, was free from caprice; He was not a tyrant. He thought of the happiness of His children; He could not cause disease and suffering just to cause them sorrow. No doubt, in a certain sense, affliction, as well as happiness, comes from God; but, the latter is the normal condition of man; the former is abnormal. When disease comes, it comes not as a divine visitation, an arbitrary expression of tremendous, irresponsible power; it comes to avenge outraged laws; it comes because man has broken the laws. In one of his sermons there is a sentence, which tells us more of the causes of disease than all the articles that appear, in the medical papers contrive to do. It is this:—"God does not cause disease, not by His caprice, but by His laws. He does not

laws to harm us; the laws themselves harm us when we break them, and get in their way." Is not this a nobler view of God than orthodox theologians give us?

His style was remarkable for its clearness, simplicity, easy-flowing grace. Short and simple sentences, speaking to the hearts and intellects of his many readers, coming from his own great sympathetic nature, made all he wrote popular and intelligible. There is a short explanation in one of his works of the way in which lakes are formed, which is as favourable a specimen of his style as any I know. In "Good Words," for 1869, are two articles, one on "Thrift," the other on "The Two Breaths," even more remarkable. Every line conveys a great truth; every sentence teaches something of importance; and all clothed in such simple, eloquent words, that these articles might well serve as models to lecturers on scientific and social subjects.

He detested wealth and luxury—at least, the excess of the former, and the worship of the latter. Perhaps he was too hard on those poor creatures who have to wring from the iron grasp of the hard-hearted the little comforts of life. Perhaps he, who always had enough and to spare, could hardly sympathise sufficiently for the poor, who, at the end of years of struggling, see a competence before them, and force their way on towards it; straining every nerve, letting all else slip from them, sacrificing life, health, hope, in the long and fatal pursuit. But poverty is a dreadful thing, as bad as luxury; it means, in England, misery. This is not a climate, nor is this a state of society in which man can live on a handful of grain and a little fruit. Here, something more is needed, and poverty, as those who have experienced it know to their cost, means sorrow and bitterness. The eager love of riches he could not tolerate. He felt burning indignation for the corruption, the heartlessness, the affectation of the age, and well he might; but perhaps, he did not make sufficient allowance for the circumstances in which men now live, and the temptations to which they are exposed.

He had a true poetic soul! Great poetic genius he had not of the kind which seeks expression in verse; but though he could not write stirring poems in verse, all his works are great prose poems. Like Chalmers, in his magnificent astronomical discourses, he poured out his full heart in the praise of God, in the description of His mighty works. In Kingsley, England lost one of the greatest poets of the century.

And yet some of his enemies said he was not a good or a wise man. He was an atheist; he sought to set class against class; he made the poor discontented; he had strange views of disease; he bought too much of the works, too little of the words of God; he

was wanting in reverence ; he was, in short, they said, a lover of pleasure, who thought everything of present enjoyment, nothing, or next to nothing, of the great future. Yes, truly he was all this, and more than this, if by an atheist is meant one who ever lives as in the presence of God his Father. He was a firebrand, if that means a man who felt deeply for the sorrows of rich and poor ; and longed, with all his heart and soul, that the day might come when the curse of penury, the canker of luxury, might never more afflict the land. Yes, he made the poor discontented, but only by trying to rouse them to a new and better life, and urging them on to fresh exertion. His were strange views of disease, if by that is meant that he looked upon God as man's Father, the Lord and Giver of Life, the Friend of the poor, the Helper of the fallen. He thought too much of the works of his Maker—in the opinion of those who see in them nothing but lifeless wood and stone—but he saw the finger of his Master fashioning them and directing all their movements ; he saw God everywhere, and in all, for his was a noble and reverent pantheism, which confesses that in all and above all moves the Spirit of the mighty Creator. Reverence he had not, if that means that he felt that all men were his brothers, that it was his duty to learn and investigate all the days of his life, so that he might the more fully understand the claims of his fellow-men, the majesty of his Maker, the perfection of His splendid works. Yes, too, he thought much of the present, for the present to him was the beginning of the life eternal ; he thought much of good health, of enjoyment, for he knew that the best and surest way of honouring God was to understand Him, to love Him, to take what He sends with a grateful heart, to bear and use sorrow cheerfully, adversity calmly, pleasure temperately, for all come from God for man's higher good.

Good he was, if ever man was good. Not his the sickly goodness of those, who while they might work are content languidly to wait. Not his the goodness of him who, wrapped in his robe of self-contentment and self-love, calmly gazes on but does not assist the combatants in the mighty and terrible struggle of life. But his the goodness of the man full of sympathy, full of love, of tenderness ; his the goodness, finding vent in fervour of language, luxuriance of description, in great and noble thoughts, in sweet and soothing words : his great nobleness made him feel for all mankind.

His death was a great loss to England. It is out of the question ever to expect many such as he. He towered far above his fellows, and carried them up with himself ; all cannot be leaders, but it is not always that there are such leaders as he.

Close together went four great men from the ranks of the

worthies of England. William Sterndale Bennett, Charles Lyell, and at, though not least, Charles Kingsley and Arthur Helps. Where will England find others to take their places ; where will she look for recruits to fill up the vacancies which in four years have swept away nearly all the heads of the scientific, literary, and religious world of this country ? Perhaps among the men who have been stirred to life by the words and examples of those whose loss we deplore. In all time of need let us hope that competent leaders will arise to guide the destinies of the nation, to lead the people forward. While losing them let us not forget that, in the long checkered history of the past, guides and leaders have arisen whenever the necessity for them was great. May England in her hours of necessity and adversity always be able to count, in every rank of life, upon intellects as broad, hearts as true as those for which we honour many of the departed, among whom it is our sorrow now to have to number those great teachers and friends of the rich and poor—Charles Kingsley and Sir Arthur Helps.

APRIL.

APRIL ! sweet month of sunshine and of showers,
Pray, be thou not too tearful, lest the flowers,
Rejoicing first at promise of the spring,
In disappointment droop ! But gladness bring :
Let Nature smile with thee, and carols sing.

M. A. BAINES.

VISIT TO THE ISLE OF AMSTERDAM

WHAT can sound better, or, rather, what can read better, than the description of a civilian's first outset in India? So early in life to commence with a salary of nearly fifty pounds a month! To begin as a grandee, to have all the *prestige* of one of the *élite* of birth and station and an ample fortune to carry one through all the concomitant requirements. In no other profession, except the guardsman's or the *attaché* is a high position at once attained, unless, indeed, circumstances may render a youth far above pecuniary considerations. But, usually, a somewhat long apprenticeship of privation and need is almost a certain prospect in the novitiate of any profession. It is so with the tyro in the civil service, the clergyman, the soldier, and the sailor; and, if not so with the guardsman and the *attaché*, it is because, in truth, the first is half a soldier and half an independent, stylish gentleman, and the second, from his position and fashionable connections, one of those favoured members of the community whose interests require to be cared for. But this springing at once into a very handsome emolument, beginning with a salary such as I have mentioned, to progress eventually to great riches, is a career which to one commencing without means of his own awaits only the East Indian civilian. Then, on the other hand, as a set off, there is the exile, the frightful climate, the nature of employment, repulsive from its rigidly exacting a most intimate acquaintance with the natives of India, with their habits, their language, their laws, their interests, and their policy. More than this, if a young man does not enter into all these with energy and determination, if his mind is not wholly in the business, if he does not wed himself to all that appertains to the sultry soil of India, he is as unfit for a civilian as Achilles was for holding the distaff, or a disbeliever in Scripture is for the office of a bishop.

All these considerations suggested themselves to William Sharman's friends, when they heard he had got over the preliminary examinations at Haileybury College; but, hoping for the best, and losing sight of the drawbacks of such a life to bear in mind its advantages, his father and mother saw him embark at Portsmouth, and bade him a long farewell, previous to his departure for Calcutta.

With regard to the voyage out, and the several incidents of his arrival, his location at the writer's buildings, his many expenses, and his acquaintances with Anglo-Indians, I should despair of finding topics to engage our attention. The occupation and to most English the mode of life which he entered upon would not be interesting to most people. Even to explain their nature would require long tails, besides a glossary of native words, as most of the characters which bear a prominent part in Indian life have titles which find no synonym in any European language. But he went through the use of life—such as it was—was jockeyed by the racing men, timised by the gambling-men, chaffed by the fast men, sneered by the unprincipled men, joked with by the idle men, and being cringed to most servilely, bowed to most profoundly, named to most humbly, and fleeced most largely by the natives, got through the ordeal of the writer's buildings. He passed a creditably-respectable examination in Persian and Hindostanee, and proceeded to the upper provinces, where he enacted the part of magistrate and judge over a province nearly as large as Great Britain. After a lapse of some years he was obliged to return home sick, having been so recommended by his doctors. All considerations, both of his business, his health, his ambition, his present occupation, or his hopes, were completely swallowed up in an absorbing wish for home.

The effect of the voyage upon his health was what is usually produced by sea air. After he had been out at sea for a month, he was much better than he had ever been since the time he had first set foot in India, and long before he had reached the harbour, to which the vessel was bound, he had almost forgotten the sickness altogether. No man can picture to his fancy, in some measure, the sensations which a person who had left a gloomy prison would feel, and, his sense of pleasure in pursuing his course in the full tide of his enjoyment, unwatched, unimpeded, and subject only to the control of his own will; or, he might even take as the truth the situation so often brought before us by novelists of the present day, viz., of a convict slipping his chains according to Ouida's conception, or finding them as Lever's hero did, and escaping by swimming in the sea, and being taken up by some friendly skiff, and finding himself scot-free, and once more a disenthralled denizen of the earth.

In a minor degree, akin to such sensations, are those of a man who has been a long time in India, and who re-visits his native country after a long sea voyage. To a sanguine temperament it is quite ecstatic, the scenes, the civilisation, the refinement, and the beauty of the women above all, fraught as if with enchantment.

Hyperion never looked so well as when he was placed in comparison to a satyr ; and after a long time, having contemplated the various phases of swarthy humanity, which meet your gaze in India, you arrive where beings of a different order congregate, your heart must be of the coldest if you view them unmoved.

Right joyfully did William Sharman proceed to his parents' home in Berkshire, and most cordial, indeed, was his reception by his father, his mother, and two sisters. His brothers were away : one being at Oxford, and the other having a living in Kent. Their house was situated far from any town, and their life was a very quiet one. The coming home of their son was quite an event in the neighbourhood.

Near Mr. Sharman's house, in a small cottage, was living a widow lady, called Wilson, who had an only daughter. This widow lady was young, and, report said, she had an admirer living in the town of Reading. His business obliged him to reside constantly there, but he managed sometimes to come to the cottage and pay her a short visit. He had, as yet, made no open declaration of his love to Mrs. Wilson, but she was in daily expectation of some avowal of the kind. He was a business man and unwilling to involve himself in an engagement, until he found that his means were such as to warrant him to make an offer of his hand. His business, as a solicitor, gave him rarely leisure to absent himself, except on a holiday, or between Saturday and Monday ; but he seldom missed such times, making an excursion to Woodville Cottage to see Mrs. Wilson, who was by no means past the time of life that would entail her to be called a fine woman. But her daughter was a person of the most striking loveliness, the very picture of softness, the *biondina* whose every look was witchery, in her features the most mild and innocent expression, and, when animated, they lit up with a smile of fascinating sweetness, and showed teeth of dazzling whiteness. She was scarcely more than sixteen ; but her mother had been married very young, and almost envied her, as she saw her daily growing more and more beautiful, and, of the two, the *matre pulchra filius pulchrior* was the grand attraction of the neighbourhood.

There was also an attachment of a character somewhat more interesting than that of the solicitor for the widow. Its progress was almost unknown to Mrs. Wilson and felt unconsciously by her daughter. This was the feeling that existed between young Clarence Hervey, formerly a cadet at Addiscombe, but now serving in India in the Company's service ; he had taken his departure for that country a short time before William Sharman's arrival in England. Mrs. Wilson looked upon this understanding between them as a sort of juvenile farce, and would not hear Eliza

ask of it ; yet the little that passed between them on the night before he left Woodville Cottage was of the sort that left a most lasting impression, and though Eliza did not speak much, she felt resolved in her heart that no circumstance or course of events should ever turn her fancy from the idol which it had set.

His protestations were vehement, and very bitterly did he feel the penury which he knew to be now his lot, precluding him from a prospect of offering a home to the girl who had so captivated his fancy. But his father was only a half-pay captain, and his means, taking the requirements of a gentleman's station in life into consideration, more straitened than if he were a mere farmer or artisan who looked to trade for advancement in life.

In Captain Hervey's days, or forty years ago, there was really a prospect for a poor man entering a regiment of the line. Now it was very doubtful what an officer's prospect may be ; but at that time, when money was all in all, advancement was wholly hopeless. So he decided upon getting his only son an appointment at discombe. As his own profession was closed to him, he thought that the East India service was a line of life which, notwithstanding drawbacks, could afford better openings to his son, without expense, for realising an independence. Neither he nor Mrs. Wilson could be wholly ignorant of the understanding which prevailed between Clarence and Eliza ; but on her part she was determined to treat it as a youthful freak of an effervescent kind, which, considering the age and prospect of the two persons principally concerned, was only to be laughed at. Certainly Clarence at nineteen was not in the least more matured into manhood or fitted to be the head of a family than was Eliza into womanhood at sixteen. He often wondered at the extreme celerity with which girls pass from immaturity into maturity compared with the boobyism, crudity, and ghastly juvenility which mark the action of youths ere they can pass themselves men, few being at all sensible, in a worldly point of view, until twenty-two, and most of them taking three years more to come under that denomination. Despite the precocity of Pitt and Fox—very few—others, the general rule of those who have been known to become men turning out the most worthy specimens of the *genus homo* holds good. But Captain Hervey, who was Clarence's father, did not think that this youthful attachment was of sufficient importance to be commented upon by him, and fancied that it would be only elevating a childish sentiment into undue importance were he to speak of it to his son. Accordingly, when he sent him off at his embarkation for Calcutta from Portsmouth, he paid every attention to all that concerned his outfit, his cabin accommodation, his stock of money, his friends to whom he should introduce himself, but never touched upon the subject of his affec-

tion. Indeed, he fondly hoped that it would fare with him most commonly does with young men of his age; that the duties, pursuits, sports, business, and engagements of manhood would tribute to wean him from the recollection of a subject of hopeless, and such a romantic character; and his visions would flee away, to be replaced by other and more sensible actions.

A month had just passed away from the time of Clara's departure for Calcutta, when William Sharman arrived at her parent's home. Poor Eliza felt the pain of absence very acutely, and the prospect of having another parent to render her still more painful to her was daily getting nearer. For Mr. Wilson, who, like Cleopatra, as well as like most of her kind, whether trained in the school of worldly knowledge or uneducated, except in the untaught instincts of female wit, had been ruined upon treating the solicitor with becoming coolness, he should choose to avow his attentions more openly; and accordingly, about a fortnight after the time that Clarence had taken his departure, she intimated to him that it would be, under the circumstances of the case, much better for him to leave off his visits to her house, as she really dreaded the scandal that would ensue if he persisted in coming. She thought, perhaps, that this avowal on her part would bring on the proposal; but Mr. Dowling, the courteous solicitor, did not at once respond in the way that a more sanguine and demonstrative admirer would have responded, and shortly after her having made this speech of his departure, having, however, adduced many expressions of sorrow at finding that his visits had, unconsciously to himself, become the means of causing her uneasiness. He then went on his homeward, to Reading; but, only three days after he had taken his departure, a long and very interesting letter reached Mrs. Wilson's house. She was closeted with it for a long time, perusing its contents, before she called her daughter, and told her what the import of it was, and also half asking her advice, and half imparting her own decided opinions, imparted to her her thoughts upon the subject, which Mr. Dowling had brought so urgently before her. He had made her, in short, an offer of his hand. There were good many preambles, and a great deal of flattery, of protest, and of apology; but the main import of the epistle was unmistakable. Of course, Eliza could not but assent to all that her mother said; she knew that the frequent assertion that she would never marry him unless he promised to treat her daughter as his own did not go for much, that when her mother went the length of telling Mr. Dowling that she agreed to his proposal, it was equivalent to her resigning every thought, every wish,

appertaining to her own prospects, into his hand, and that a man with a mind like his could fashion and contrive all things to suit his own purposes. So she did not venture even to hint her objections, or offer the slightest mention of any obstacle to what she well knew was her mother's fixed determination. But with the native tact and prescience which womankind are generally found to possess, she saw that it was certain that her mother would accept this offer by Mr. Dowling, and accordingly felt that it would only go to alienate her affections from her were she to show herself opposed to her wishes.

Not long after the receipt of the letter, Mrs. Wilson wrote in answer, and then Mr. Dowling, who rightly knew that he who loves a widow must not coy and feign, and flatter too much, found himself an accepted suitor, and solicited the favour of being allowed to pay a visit two days after the date that he sent his answer. When a match is in any way a marriage of convenience, it ceases to be interesting. The Court fashion, which decrees alliances only conformable to rank, and the foreign fashion, which ignores the choice resting with those most especially concerned in the union, are, however politic and refined they may be, hateful to the healthful sentiment of the English mind. So also the man who allies himself with a lady for the purpose of bettering his connection, his fortune, or his position, however prudently he may act, or however he may be congratulated by hosts of applauding worldlings, is not the being to whom one would willingly accord respect, or be inclined to admire. If not altogether a match which was made for pecuniary considerations, Mr. Dowling's was one in which connection was wholly looked to. He was a man of low birth, and Mrs. Wilson had been educated as became her birth, in the most careful manner, and her connections were the highest in rank. Her husband, also, though not wealthy, was a man of good family, and though he had not, being a clergyman, at his death left her more than a small sum together with the thousand pounds for which he had insured his life, yet she had still managed to bring up her daughter well and to live quietly and respectably in the small cottage near the town of Woodville. It was the management of the money, which naturally came strange to her, that had first brought on her acquaintance with Mr. Dowling, as by his aid she was enabled to invest her small capital favourably, and secure an income of about two hundred pounds a year for the maintenance herself and her daughter. He had been at odd times employed by her late husband, and when Mr. Wilson's sudden death plunged her, in grief and perplexity, she first turned to him for advice in the pecuniary way, as to settling her affairs, and his ready help on that occasion had made her look upon him with regard.

offer any barrier to their union, as Mrs. Wilson was anxious for a steady protector than a young gallant.

Poor Eliza was very sad. She was wholly forced to her feelings. She dared not say what she thought of her conduct in thus wedding this man; neither dared she account, acknowledge her own predilections in favour of who had just sailed for Calcutta. When she went into room she indulged in secret grief, but when she was mother she wholly concealed her emotions. But a few days over, and the thoughts of the wedding, its preparations, its anxieties, and all about its management—matters of most absorbing importance—engaged her and her mother that she could only in secret even give a thought to prospects.

The wedding was a private one, and took place in the month of August; so, soon after, the bride and bridegroom to the seaside, to Bournemouth, and Eliza, who had really but her mother's to look to, of course, accompanied them.

William Sharman had only once had an opportunity of seeing Miss Wilson and her mother, and that was in a transient way. Shortly after his arrival at home, he saw her coming out of a village church along with her mother, when she appeared an angel of loveliness; he felt no thought as to what position in life, who were her friends, what her father, a creature of such transcendent beauty must surely be for a prince. Both his father and mother had but a slight acquaintance with these two ladies, and on this occasion

however, how blessed would be his lot if he could promise himself the prospect of having such a being, as the girl he had seen, to cheer his lonely home on his return to India, or, to make his tent life there endurable. In talking to his sisters, he dwelt upon the miseries of the lonely life there, and he could not even conceal from them the impression which the appearance of this beautiful creature had left upon him.

In that country, to a bachelor, there is an "*embarras de richesse*." In fact, all the appliances and means of wealth and luxury, which are accumulated there in such abundance, make you feel the want of a help-meet the more, and the native proverb, which says, "What is a gala day to one without a lover?" expresses fully the sense of want which celibacy in the abstract is conscious of. But he was rallied about it, his sisters continually talked to him about it. His parents began to get used to it; and, considering all things, though they felt that he might have looked higher, yet, from his being so independent of fortune, they were not much inclined to oppose it. But then it was only in as yet an embryo state of existence; so that they thought there was plenty of time to think about it.

William's time, however, was not destined to be very long in England, as his sick leave only was for a year. At his departure from India, in place of his going to the Cape, he said he would go on to England, although this, in the way that voyages to India were carried on in those days, only gave him about four months at home. Then, again, the regulations were strict, and, unless he abided by them to the letter, he was liable to lose his very lucrative appointment.

When two months of the short time that he was allowed to remain at home had expired, Mr. and Mrs. Dowling and Eliza returned to their cottage, and Mr. Dowling resumed his usual occupations, which necessitated his absence every day at Reading. So Eliza was left very much to her mother's society. Most of the gentry in the neighbourhood came to visit them, and the Sharmans also came soon after the family returned from Eastbourne. The Misses Sharman, who were very anxious to know more intimately the person who had made such an instantaneous impression upon their brother, were not long in becoming better acquainted with her; and, after a few visits had passed between them, and the young ladies had managed to enter into an understanding together in the unaccountably short space of time that female friendships spring up, they prevailed upon her mother to allow her to visit their house for a few days. Mrs. Dowling was not in the least disposed to oppose this. She had heard a rumour of her daughter's having been very much admired by the young civilian

from India, and she said to herself that if it were to turn out match, it would be the best thing she could do, and an opening such as this might be rarely expected, considering all the circumstances of the case, as she had no money and not many friends, and then, "as to Mr. Dowling's friends, they are certainly not the amongst whom I should like her to find a husband." Elizabeth beautiful as she was, was not in the least vain, or ambitious, or upon conquest. She considered nothing but the wish to gratify her mother's desires, and to please her few friends who she loved with the girlish feeling of affection which makes young people like her cling fondly to any female to whom they concede their confidence, and in conversing with whom they can soothe their minds.

Previous to her arrival there, of course, nothing further than the mere incidental conversation of every-day import had taken place between William Sharman and herself, and, indeed, he had met her scarcely more than two or three times. His admiration for her had, however, increased extremely, and though she was perfectly indifferent in her regards to him, he put it down to timidity, and was determined to wait until a favourable opportunity of urging his suit should present itself. She arrived at Millwood, his father's residence, two days after his sisters had been last at her mother's house, and on the day appointed for her visit. Before this time William's days had been completely taken up with either fishing excursions, or journeys in the country, visits to racetracks, or any of the other numerous pursuits of a summer country life in England, which an Indian enters upon with such zest and energy; but from the time that his sisters had told him that the lovely girl was to arrive, until the actual period of her arrival, he had been incessantly thoughtful, and her image had never left him by day. By night he had been sleepless, and he found it in vain to take to any settled pursuit, so occupied had his thoughts been with the anxiety of mind which he felt regarding the hope of the success of his projected proposal to her, and the doubts as to her reception of it. The frank openness of manner and unembarrassed candour, which used to mark all his former proceedings, were quite gone, so much so that his friends rallied him upon his being so much out of spirits.

To Eliza it was quite a relief to find herself away from home. She had not begun yet to be reconciled to Mr. Dowling. All the course of the proceedings; the wooing, the wedding, the honeymoon, the journey, and the sea had been without a charm for her. She found it all weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The return of the keen-eyed lawyer to his home every evening, and his worldly and hard conversation she found irksome. She felt a gaiety and exhilaration of spirit when she found herself in company with two young

persons of her own sex. She entered fully into their plans of amusement; she enjoyed with much life and animation all that was going on, and, in fact, was so wholly a child, that it seemed absurd for any man to commence addressing her with any serious proposal of the kind which was uppermost in William Sharman's thoughts. They rode out together, and drove also to different places, both in making visits and in sight-seeing; but several days had elapsed before he found it possible to speak to her unobserved. He was a young man about thirty at this time, but, certainly, the residence in a tropical climate had made him look much older; he was tall and thin, and his eyes bespoke energy of character, his features did not come under the denomination of good looks, and he was red-haired. His sisters were both younger than him, and either of them might pass for pretty. They had also red hair, and the soft mildness that usually belongs to the face of those having it. Their features were not regular, but the laughing expression which they both had, and their extreme good humour and amiability, made their society delightful. The name of the oldest was Jane, and her sister's was Mary.

One of the days that they had been out riding in the country along with their brother and Miss Wilson, they arrived at a very extensive common, and Jane proposed to Mary to gallop her horse against hers. The offer was accepted, and they agreed to start and return to where they were then standing, and their brother and Miss Wilson could remain there until their return. When the two lively girls had galloped till they were well out of sight, William Sharman began to speak to Miss Wilson about the subject of their rides, of his sisters, of their horses, of the pleasure of keeping nice horses, of the resource that he found it in India to have good horses, and he asked her if she would like the idea of living in India. She said that she had never given the subject a thought. He said that in a very short time he would have to return there. She said that she was sure his sisters would miss his society very much. Then he said that there was one thing alone that could reconcile him to returning there, but it depended upon another person to decide whether he should be gratified or not.

"Then," said Eliza, "who is the person upon whom this depends?"

"Then," he said, "I must tell you at once, Miss Wilson. It is yourself. If you consent to go with me, and make me the happiest of men, I shall, indeed, return there with the greatest joy. I know that you are aware that my time is short; but, believe me, I am not the less earnest because our acquaintance is of short continuance."

He, however, continued to plead for himself, and in the most earnest manner, in varied phrases of imploring, and endeavored to let her hear him ; and the different ways in which he made his case before her were really such, as he urged them from time to time, as to make her feel much chagrined, and almost to overcome herself in having strength of mind sufficient to oppose his error ; but his arguments were nearly exhausted, and her nerves were tried to the utmost, when his sisters returned, and, much to her relief, the conversation turned upon another topic.

It was then the middle of September, and the evening was fast falling into dusk, so they rode home to dinner ; and, though his sisters could not see that something remarkable had occurred, they had no opportunity of asking their brother about it. After dinner, when soon after the young ladies had gone up to the drawing-room, Eliza told them that she had a message sent her by her brother, and that the messenger had taken back a note from her to her cottage to say that she was obliged to return the next day as soon as possible.

Both of them exclaimed loudly against this, and said that they were exceedingly sorry ; but, after a great number of questions and many evasions, as well as excuses, Eliza was forced to confess that she had received a proposal from their brother, and that she was afraid she could not listen to it ; and she thought, perhaps it was better, under all the circumstances, to go away as soon as possible. To this, of course, they could not but agree, and all three formed that night a rather doleful assemblage ; and

Sharman and William had neither of them a very lively downstairs while this was passing in the drawing-room, older one very soon saw that something was very much to his son, but he did not press him with any questions that was weighing upon his mind. Before they returned to the drawing-room, Eliza pleaded indisposition as the cause for her retire to her own room; and, he who almost dreaded her, when he entered with his father, was, in a measure, very finding that she was not there.

Next day, soon after breakfast was over, where William made his appearance, the sisters drove with Eliza to her cottage, and left her there. When Eliza told her mother of how young Mr. Sharman had made her a proposal, he had straightway rejected him, she was both surprised and silent. She wondered at the circumstance of the young man; so readily caught by her charms, but she was also very of the reflection that her daughter had thrown away such a opportunity of bettering her fortune; of being, in fact, a life, and of possessing an ample income. She and her father had often gone over the matter together, and settled in their minds that nothing could be more favourable than the case of matters, and that their darling wish—which was to see her well married—was most likely to be gratified, from what they had judged of the way in which young Mr. Sharman had behaved for her. Mr. Dowling had imparted a good deal of of a cold and self-interested character to his new spouse. But it appeared to them both that the prospect of Eliza's happiness was very likely to be marred.

Long before his return home, Mrs. Dowling was very loud in her denunciation of Eliza's conduct. She saw the real reason and was mortified to find that the hope she had entertained of her predilection of her daughter for the young cadet who was going to India was more than a mere childish fancy. But for her mother's expostulations, tempered as they were by the measure of affection, which can never wholly cease, were as nothing to the grating and hard censures, afterwards, she heard from her step-father, a man whom she began actually to detest for his selfish and covetous disposition.

Her mother joined him in urging her to recall her refusal, which, they said, coming as they did from one so so untaught in the world's ways, could not be thought of and that it would be easy for her to unsay what she had said to come again to an understanding with the young man who had made her such a splendid offer. She was very averse to this. She dreaded her parent but, most especially

Mr. Dowling. She did not see her way to escape from their continual persecution, for such it was, seeing that the mental torture which this reiterated series of injunctions imposed upon her was worse almost than an actual bodily pain. At last, after a world of entreaty, of chiding, of even threatening her with complete estrangement from her home if she persisted, her mother prevailed upon her to give her consent that she should call at Millwood herself, and explain matters to Mrs. Sharman, and say that she had in haste said more than she wished, when she was last in conversation with young Mr. Sharman. She went so far as to give her reluctant assent to this proposition for very peace's sake, for she dreaded to be domiciled as she was with those who were so determined to make her what they thought sensible of the good fortune which lay before her if she would only accept it.

Two day's after her return home, Mrs. Dowling went to Millwood, and finding Mrs. Sharman at home, began soon to open the subject to her; and as Mrs. Sharman was a most indulgent mother, and really wished for her son's happiness, she found her very ready to listen to her. She said that she fully believed her daughter had only spoken hastily, and that after a little time she might be induced to agree to Mr. Sharman's most kind and truly generous proposal. Mrs. Sharman feared very much that her son, despairing of his suit being quite hopeless, would accept an invitation, which he had just received, to go to Scotland, and have some shooting there; and that he would stay there till near the time that was settled for his departure from England. But as he had not as yet gone away or, indeed, sent a decisive answer to the invitation, she first told Mrs. Dowling that she certainly would let her son know as soon as possible what she had told her, and that she hoped that the young people would settle matters together amongst themselves. Then, Mrs. Dowling soon afterwards took her departure, and, previous to her going, Mrs. Sharman made her promise that she should come with her daughter to see them the next day early, and stay for luncheon, and that she could easily manage to send them home in the evening. She, however, on her return home, found some difficulty in prevailing on her daughter to accompany her the next day to Millwood, and it was not without many reflections that she would be acting totally in opposition to her mother's will if she refused her that, and Eliza at last consented to go with her. With regard to her retraction, the sum-total of it amounted to this,—that she said she was sorry that she had refused Mr. Sharman's offer so abruptly, but with all the urgency and all the expostulation which was brought to bear upon her, she did not say distinctly that she would change her determination altogether, and her delicacy was in a great measure shocked at

finding that she should be obliged to go to the house again. Both her mother and Mr. Dowling over-calculated the power which they thought they might exercise over her youth, and her supposed instability of purpose.

Eliza found herself very unhappy when she drove with her mother the next morning to Millwood. It was a relief, in a great measure, getting into the companionship of the two young and pleasant girls. What she had been brought to say to her mother, and what her mother was authorised to say to Mrs. Sharman, had very soon found its way to William Sharman's ears, as, of course, his mother very soon told it to her husband, and he told it, as paternally, to his son; but Mrs. Sharman had also some conversation with him, and advised him not to broach again the subject to Eliza, but to wait until some little time had passed, "and then," she said, "she may be inclined to hear you more favourably; you have nearly spoiled all by being so precipitate." So the day passed away favourably enough, and there was no further explanation or aught but a general sort of conversation between the young people. William thought it was certainly the best thing that he could do to follow his mother's advice, and Eliza being but too glad to escape the subject.

After all, there is no manner of use in forcing people's inclinations—in egging them on—whether they be men or women.

The comparison may sound coarse when treating of such ethereal creatures as girls, but it is certainly a true saying that "it is easy to take a horse to the water, but beyond the power of man to make him drink."

After this several visits took place, and the time drew near for William Sharman to return and resume his duties in India. He hated to think of the place, of the hosts of black natives, of the heat, of the toilsome day, of his Cutcherry, of the lone home to return to, and no creature to cheer it, though many to administer to his wants. These subjects came often before him, and in a short space of time he even found an opportunity of mentioning his very disconsolate reflections to Eliza, and going so far as to hope that her opinion with regard to what he had before spoken to her of was not wholly unalterable. Out of very pity, he said that she was far too little versed in experience of life to be able to decide yet upon what she would do, but that she certainly could not consent, for the present, to leave her home, and he felt that she was scarcely competent to judge for herself, so young as she was. She really dreaded offending her parents, if she gave him another abrupt answer, and she allowed herself to promise them that they might correspond together, and, at the end of some time, they might agree together, perhaps. This was, as it were,

run from her; but her mother would have been contented had she agreed to be united to him forthwith and to accompany him to Calcutta. He, also, was obliged to give up this promise, but would have been much better off if it had been settled at once. When the actual time for his departure from England arrived, previous to his travelling to the port from which he was to embark, he went to her mother's house, and in an earnest manner, pleaded his suit to her daughter. He had been talking to her the night before in the most urgent manner, urging her to consent to his proposals; and at last the girl (who, though she never ceased to think of you, yet she could not see her way either to promise or to refuse a hope of meeting him, or to escape the storm which was brewing over her, if she ventured to oppose Mr. Sharman) came out and saw him in India in the course of less than two months. She said that she could not possibly agree to the arrangement at that time had elapsed. So he was forced to accept of her refusal, and, having taken a very mournful farewell of her and of his friends, he proceeded to Falmouth, and from there he sailed in one of the company's ships to the City of Palaces, which is called by its inhabitants.

After a voyage of about four months, Clarence landed at Calcutta. His shipmates on board had been soldiers, and there were also some civilians, and two or three officers with their wives were also on board, about to begin a dreary exile to a country in which they had nearly spent their youth and best years, and which they would gladly have left for ever.

Soon after the arrival of the ship at the sandhead harbour, the civilians took their departure at Calcutta. Some of the *grandees* of their acquaintance housed them in the most desirable residence in Calcutta, and in the west-end of that town; and there they made a stay of some days, to depart, to proceed in princely state in the company of hosts of attendants, to resume official state in the offices they presided over, and where they might be called upon. The officers had each of them to report himself at the barracks, and received his orders for joining the regiment to which he was to go up the country. They did not delay to compare their new situation, as a residence in Calcutta, to a family residence in England, expensive, besides being most irksome, but they were not on the river. None of the fellow passengers remained at Calcutta many days, with the exception of the young cadets, who proceeded to the barracks. William, decidedly the most inconvenient

nable part of that Fort; but, as a sort of make-shift, this place was the general resort of the cadets when they dined in the country, or were going home on sick leave. But the cadets which had at that time come to occupy the south side, the youths which were assembled were like most youths of the same age, only that the circumstance of their education rendered them more reckless, more profane, more dissolute, and less attentive to the salutary precepts of restriction than the generality of youths who have just finished their course in the private or public schools of England. In fact, the principles which regulated the conduct of the East India Company and its directors were, more generally diffused through all the departments under its management; and that government which had for its object the conquest of the Indies, the prejudices of the natives of India, for the purpose of converting themselves into their favour, and compromising with their superstition and absurd superstition of the country, for the sake of gaining ground in it, was not likely to encourage a rigid adherence to the precepts of true religion, and wholly ignored its utility in the management of secular affairs. Accordingly, for their talent, a lawless spirit of unbelief was very prevalent, indeed, virtually the reason of their abandoned and dissolute habits.



The above questions were propounded by Mrs. Purcell, who entered the drawing-room of the Burtons, and were addressed to Dr. Burton's two daughters—ladies now verging on the age of thirty. Mrs. Purcell, a middle-aged woman now, and vapid as she was fifteen years ago. The Misses Burton saved answering the questions put to them by the entranced mother, who exchanged very fervent and lovable embraces with her friend. Mrs. Burton does not grow old with dignity; towards of sixty, she apes all the airs of a young girl, and particularly juvenile in her dress.

"So charmed to see you again, my dear!" said Mrs. Burton, when the first greetings were over "but oh, everything in this horrid country seems *bête*, and so too Paris, a delicious town, and yet—would you believe it!—I was always grumbling and wanting to come back."

"The horrid creature!" said Mrs. Purcell, in a languid tone. "men are always so tiresome—they won't let you enjoy life. I counted up how much of their nasty money is being quite determined, when Purcell died, that I would not go myself a second time to the chance of a nasty, tiresome man grumbling about the price of a little lace, or a few trinkets."

"How do you like my dress and the girls?" All, Paris said Mrs. Burton, as she rose and exhibited herself to the eyes of her friend. A dress most unbecoming her age and appearance it was. Her face already bearing the marks of age, contrasted most unfavourably with the delicate tint of the Italian. Her dress was made of sky-blue satin, while a mountain of

ne, looking at herself admiringly in the little mirror placed
lid of her ivory snuff-box.

"Like it vastly," replied Mrs. Purcell; "it gives a blue cast
hair, which is uncommon. I am sure one gets quite tired of
and brown."

"The grey powder gives a blue shade to dark hair, and it sets
complexion so much," chimed in Miss Sophia.

"Have you seen Basil Metham, yet?" asked Mrs. Purcell, when
ies at last found time to talk about something else than

o, I have not; and I must own his neglect has both hurt and
me," answered Mrs. Burton. "We have no secrets from
dear. You know, I always considered Basil Metham as one
ine's admirers—indeed, he has paid her very pointed atten-

am sure you are mistaken, mamma," replied Miss Caroline,
artly, "he has eyes for no one but that little silly chit, Rose
on. However, I have plenty of admirers, besides Mr.
."

1, Lud! as for that," said Mrs. Purcell, "I have so many
ositively dread to stir abroad. I declare they surround my
en I go out to take an airing, like bees swarming about a

two young ladies exchanged incredulous glances at this
ement and pursed up their lips.

at you don't really mean to say that Mr. Metham is Rose
on's lover," continued Mrs. Purcell; "she is a very
ant-looking person, and I don't suppose that brother
an leave her much—he is so wonderfully charitable, by all

A remarkably bearish man, I think him. Those good
re always saying rude things; and because he has a hump,
; it is no reason why he should be disagreeable."

, certainly not," exclaimed Basil Metham, as he entered the
a Dr. Burton. "What a pity it is," he added, in a jocular
hat it isn't the fashion for you, ladies, to wear that kind of
at on your shoulders, instead of your heads!—it would keep
mphrey's hump company. I see you have raised the
cture of your head-dresses a yard high since you were in

ll, but really, Mr. Metham, I know you are a man of taste:
ou not admire Caroline's pompon?" and Mrs. Burton made
her daughter to turn her head a little more, that their
ght have a better view of the elegant edifice.

s reply was stayed by a crash of broken china, and an
on of anger and dismay from Mrs. Burton.

"Doctor, how could you be so careless? There is my chocolate service of Dresden china spoilt! it cost five and twenty guineas."

"I don't see what business homely people like us have with chocolate services of such value," exclaimed the Doctor; and he added very wrathfully, "How am I to stir without breaking something, when you will crowd your rooms with porcelain men and beasts, porcelain trees and birds, cross-legged mandarins and Brahmins, and I know not what other hideous specimens of Chinese taste!"

"The set is not spoilt, my dear Mrs. Burton," said Mrs. Purcell, in a soothing tone, "you know each piece is always of a different pattern, so you can get an odd one."

When Mrs. Burton had done lamenting over her broken cup, Basil stationed himself a few paces distant from Miss Caroline, and assuming an air of exaggerated admiration and rapture, he clasped his hands together, as if in ecstasy, and exclaimed, as he gazed on the towering structure of velvet, ribbon, feathers, and false stones, placed all awry at the back of Miss Caroline's head, "Oh, fascinating, ravishing, divine pompon! I salute thee! such a stupendous effort of art is truly sublime! But Miss Caroline, how to preserve its beauty intact, at any rate, for a season! It would be too mighty an undertaking to lay it bare to its foundations and rebuild it each day. There is a man, Miss Caroline, a *friseur*, mighty in his art, to whom all womankind should join to erect a statue—he dresses ladies' hair to keep in form for six weeks!"

"Where does he live?" exclaimed all the ladies in a breath.

"He is some rascally French fellow, or I am very much mistaken," growled the Doctor. "I don't thank you, Mr. Basil," he added pettishly, as the latter came and threw himself into a seat beside him, "for telling my womankind about this *friseur*. They have gone mad after everything French, I think."

"Oh, but he's English!" replied Basil laughing: "his name is Johnson."

"But where can we hear of him?" reiterated the ladies.

"Why, Mrs. Burton!" exclaimed the Doctor, raising himself in his chair, with a look of unqualified indignation, and amazement; "is it possible that you are thinking of having your hair dressed, and never brushed out again for six weeks?"

"And, pray, why should I not?" asked Mrs. Burton sharply.

"Lord, help us!" responded the Doctor, raising up his hands and eyes in horror. "I appeal to you," he added turning to Basil: "did you ever hear before of so nasty or filthy a practice?"

"Oh, I assure you, it's not altogether new," replied Basil, who was choked with laughter. "Hair dressed to remain a week or a fortnight, I have often heard of. My dear Doctor, you are shockingly old-fashioned and behind the times."

"Long may I remain so," ejaculated the poor Doctor, routinely.

"My dear ladies," said Basil, addressing the female portion of the audience, and producing a slip of paper from his pocket-book, this is Johnson's advertisement—

"A CARD TO THE LADIES.—Johnson, hair-cutter and dresser from Bath—dresses in the highest taste, after the English or French fashion. Likewise he makes and sells ladies' *têtes*, not distinguishable from the natural hair, whereby any lady may dress herself in five minutes, as completely as the best dresser in London can in two hours. He dresses ladies' hair to keep in form for six weeks, and is to be heard of at Mr. Binyon's, in Sugar Street, Winchester."

A groan from the Doctor, and a chorus of exclamations and admiration from the ladies, saluted the reading of the last paragraph in the advertisement.

"I will certainly have a *tête* from Johnson's," said Miss Sophia; "it would save having a *friseur* so often."

"I shall not be surprised," remarked the Doctor, in a tone of solemnity, "if three-fourths of the females of Great Britain succumb to paralysis of the brain, should they continue thus to increase the weight and size of those mountains they put upon their heads."

"Height! my dear sir, we must have height!" said Basil.—"By no way, ladies," he added, "have you heard the tale that has been about, concerning Lady Bab Montagu's hairdresser?"

"No!" answered the ladies eagerly, and all in a breath; "pray, tell us about it."

"Some more nastiness, I suppose," ejaculated the Doctor.

"Well, you see," began Basil, stretching himself in his chair, and looking sideways at the Doctor, "Lady Bab, who is a most distinguished fine dame, and lives near Berkeley Square, was being ordered to go to a grand drum.* She had made the *friseur* take away in several times parts of the edifice he was forming at the back of her head, which had taken him no small time to construct. He had used the last of a pack of wool, weighing three pounds, to increase the size of the superstructure, when——"

"Three pounds!" exclaimed the Doctor in horror; "it's a right suicide!——"

"When," continued Basil, unheeding the interruption, "finding himself suddenly at a loss what to fill up with, he spied a shoe lying on a table near him, which he immediately whipped up and wound round among the rest, and, as it was only bulk that was wanting, it answered his desire!"

"Oh, Lud!" exclaimed Mrs. Purcell; "and is this true? Well, it's a vastly amusing story, I declare!"

*A drum, was a fashionable rout or assembly, where there was much card playing.

"It is quite true, I assure you," continued Basil. "Lady Bab's head-dress excited a perfect *furor*; it was the subject of universal envy and admiration. Nay, they say bribes were offered to the *friseur* for the secret. However that may be, Lady Bab divulged the secret herself. She kept her pompon undisturbed for a week, wore it by day and slept in it by night, when, taking a fancy to pull it to pieces herself, lo! there fell out the slipper, after which her tire-woman had had so long and unavailing a search."

"The story is mighty entertaining," said Miss Sophia, laughing; "but I rather doubt the truth of it."

"I see no occasion to be sceptical on the subject," exclaimed the Doctor. "There is no fashion, however absurd or outrageous, which the females of the present day will not adopt. Oh, Mr. Metham," he added, drawing a long sigh, "my wife and daughters were fashionable enough before they went to Paris, but since that vile trip, into which I was inveigled, they have become ten times worse."

"La, papa!" exclaimed the two young ladies; "pray, don't tease Mr. Metham with an account of our travels. You know, we were all, excepting yourself, vastly entertained."

"A fine entertainment!" growled the Doctor; "when the first course was a storm, which was a foretaste of a shipwreck, and the second, the loss of half our things, carried off by a parcel of rascally custom-house officers."

"This tale promises, I vow, to be as entertaining as the story of Lady Bab's shoe," said Mrs. Purcell.

"I declare I have had no rest with the Doctor since we came from Paris!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, in some anger; "and I expected he would have derived amusement, and even improvement, as well as myself and the girls, from this little jaunt."

"Rest! amusement! improvement!" ejaculated the poor old Doctor. "Good heavens! do I look as if I had enjoyed any of these! Was it rest, when from Calais to Paris our shattered old chaise broke down with us, at least every ten miles, and overturned us twice? Egad," he added with a savage attempt at pleasantry, "if those are your ideas of rest, Sally, they have the merit of being original!"

"Poor Doctor, how I pity you," said Basil; "but, pray, tell us how you failed to derive amusement and improvement from your trip. Your daughters have succeeded in the last particular; witness those ravishing pompons."

"I will tell you what my amusements were, Mr. Metham, and then you shall be judge whether they were likely to prove amusements to an old man of seventy-five."

"You know, Doctor, you will not be candid," said Mrs. Burton, shaking her head; "you will exaggerate."

"My dear, I will simply state facts," replied the Doctor; "they speak for themselves. In the first place, Mr. Basil, should you consider it amusing to be lodged in very dirty rooms, after having lived in your own country very clean ones?"

"Well," answered Basil doubtfully, and with a provoking air, "dirt is comparative; what would make you miserable would not, perhaps, damp in the least the enjoyment of others."

"I stand corrected," replied the Doctor, gravely. "What, indeed, would be misery to me would be no bar to the pleasure, for instance, of a lady who can wear her hair in form for six weeks!"

giving up the question of the dirty lodgings, and passing to other points, would you, in my place, have been amused when your banker brought you 5000 livres, and told you that that would only be sufficient to start you, and that you would have to spend six times as much before you left? Why, Mr. Basil, I did not intend spending more than 5000 livres on the whole trip. And then I overheard that hussey of a wife of his using Mrs. Burton of a most compendious method of spending five times that sum! Mighty amusing for me, indeed!"

"Well, Dr. Burton, it was a little your own fault that you were not amused," said Mrs. Purcell. "What was the use of using yourself over that nasty horrid money? You would not have had your wife and daughters appear like scrubs, sure?"

"But the ladies—how did they amuse themselves," asked Mrs. Purcell, "in the midst of your desolation?"

"Oh! mighty well, I can promise ye," answered the Doctor, facetiously. "In a few days the mechanics, who had undertaken to disguise my wife and daughters, brought home the respective results of the transformation; and while they were all morning shut up with their mantua-makers and their frippery, I was kept waiting for my dinner till five; and when they did come down, I vowed I protest I didn't know them."

"You never had any taste, my dear," observed Mrs. Burton; "at least, no correct taste."

"I wish devoutly your assertions were correct;" groaned the Doctor, "then should my eyes not be distressed by the sight of your slatternly, dirty French maid, and the red paint, and scraps of dirty gauze, and flimsy satins, and black calicoes of my daughters. I have now given you a sketch of my amusements, Mr. Basil, added, turning to the latter. "As for improvement, I can see how we have derived from our trip—my food so disguised and added that I don't know what I am eating; my wife and girls; talking a language composed of affected broken English and

"If you have derived no advantage from the daughters have," remarked Mrs. Burton, severely; "and tation, Doctor, ought to counterbalance your own discomfortion."

"If I could see the advantage?" replied the Doctor fully.

"You are a stubborn creature!" observed Mrs. "Caroline and Sophia have gained such an air, and graces that they are fit to become the wives of men of quality."

"That the two fair ladies were before," said Basil, as he rose to take his leave. "I think," he added, "father and mother intend shortly begging the favour of your company to one of their banquets, in the shape of a dinner will merely say *au revoir*.—Come, Doctor, I know you for your usual morning walk along the walls, let me join you and we will have some more of the Paris tour."

"I don't think Basil Metham improves," said Mrs. soon as the door closed. "I declare he begins to look like a Frenchman."

"I think Rose Berrington will not have much of a chance," observed Miss Caroline, rather spitefully.

"Oh! he may sow his wild-oats, you know, and reform his father, and then it would be a fine thing for Rose," Miss Sophia, who, as Basil had been allotted by her mother's elder sister, could afford to be magnanimous, and predicted success to her friend.

"He may, but it's not likely," replied Miss Caroline, "Mamma," she added, "shall we have to go to this dinner?"

also, I suppose ; and he will give us, worldlings, some sage and edifying discourse, I doubt not."

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLED WATERS.

THE Great House, as it was usually called, had been built as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, and had been inhabited by successive generations of Methams, down to the period when Basil's father entered into possession of the home of his ancestors. In former times the family had owned a large extent of land about their old ancestral home, but from many causes their landed property had diminished until it comprised but a few acres, extending round the quaint red-brick house, with its latticed windows, its gable ends covered with ivy, and the rambling stacks of oddly-built chimnies, peeping out from amongst the bower of foliage that surrounded it. Fines and confiscations, in the times of the penal laws against the Catholics, had tended to help this diminution. Then, the Methams had been heavy losers during the Commonwealth, as they were active Royalists ; and, later on, Basil's father, in his early years, had himself cut off a large slice from his patrimony. Then the Bank, originally started by a younger branch of the house, but which had lapsed to the elder, became the mainstay and prop of the family.

It was a clear frosty morning, early in December, some two or three weeks after Basil's visit to Humphrey Berrington.

The breakfast-table of the Great House was laid in a large, quaint-looking room, called the Oak Parlour, from its dusky wainscoting, polished floor, and raftered ceiling, all formed of that fine old wood. A pleasant room it was, facing the east, and the bright, red sunshine streamed through the long, narrow casements, and fell in chequered rays on the dusky oil paintings, the great cumbersome chairs covered with tapestry, and on the breakfast-table, set out with curious old china, and some massive pieces of plate, heirlooms in the family.

Mrs. Metham, a small thin, dejected-looking woman, seated in a large, roomy arm-chair, bent over the huge fire of logs, which hissed and crackled on the ample hearth, and spread out her thin hands towards the blaze, shivering the while, though almost enveloped in a species of cloak made of furs. Basil stood at one of the windows, from which there was a pleasant view of fields and meadows, white with hoar frost, and giant oaks and beeches, their naked boughs standing out in bold relief against the deep intense blue of a cloudless sky.

Mr. Metham, an aged man, with a grave, thoughtful-looking face, sat poring over his letters, just received, before commencing his breakfast.

"A glorious morning this for hunting," said Basil, as he left his post by the window, and came and seated himself near to his mother.

"Yes, but it so very cold," sighed Mrs. Metham.

"You feel the cold more from taking no exercise, and sitting nearly all day over the fire," remarked Basil.

"Well, you know, child, I am not able to take exercise," answered Mrs. Metham, reproachfully; "but oh, Basil," she added, "I have heard of a real treasure!"

"A marvellous recipe, I suppose?" said Basil, as he drew a chair to the table, and took a cup of chocolate.

"No; but a physician who gives prescriptions gratis—at least, he writes them in the 'London Magazine,' and any one can use them, you know."

"Provided they are applicable to his or her case," observed Basil, laughing.

"Well, of course everybody knows their own complaints," replied Mrs. Metham, hastily. "But I am sure this Dr. Cook is a very clever man. His last article was on rheumatism, and, to be sure, he described exactly how it affects the nerves, and the different degrees of pain and inflammation, that I feel almost as if I was going to have an attack. He recommends very strongly a cataplasm made of——"

Here Mrs. Metham was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation of anger from her husband, as he tossed an open letter across the table to Basil. "I think this is your concern, sir," exclaimed the old man angrily.

"I am afraid not," answered Basil carelessly, as he glanced at the letter, "inasmuch as it seems to me to be a bill; and as I have an empty purse, I must request you, honoured sir, to make it your concern."

"This is your usual line of conduct, Basil Metham!" exclaimed the banker, his voice trembling with anger, while he pushed away the untasted cup of chocolate from before him. "I am worried and annoyed by your creditors, and then insulted by you! Had I the wealth of Croesus, you would bring me to beggary. Now, it is a debt of honour, then heavy losses on the race-course, and finally, a tailor's bill of enormous length, and full of large and extravagant items!"

"My dear sir, I must protest against your last observation," said Basil, as he took up the bill; "there is no particular extravagance in any of the items. Jenkins may have overcharged a little

account of the long credit ; but, sir, if you will not help me to clear his bills sooner, I can't help that. You would not, surely, see your only son cut a sorry appearance in the world? Be content, sir; I keep up the reputation of a man of fashion at a lower rate than many do."

"Be the figure high or low," exclaimed the incensed father sternly, "henceforth, you shall look to yourself, and I will and must cease all communication with you, unless I would see myself, nearly four-score years, turned a beggar from house and home. Whenever I either see or hear of you, it is but the occasion of a drain on my already impoverished resources. It was but a month I gave you £500. Where has that gone?"

"To the dogs!" responded Basil shortly; "for which honoured company I am also bound."

"Shameless spendthrift!" ejaculated the old man. "Any reasonable questions you only answer with ribald insolence! Leave the house, and do not darken my doors again."

"I should not have intruded on the sunlight of your threshold on this occasion," answered Basil, bitterly, as he flung himself on his seat, "had I not been invited to assist, during this month, at the celebration of the anniversary of my birth, an event which, as things have turned out, had better never have taken place."

"Mercy on us!" sobbed Mrs. Metham, as she rocked herself to and fro in her chair, "this is always the way! they never meet without quarrelling! Metham, you are too harsh, and Basil is headstrong and passionate. If my poor brother-in-law, Father Metham, had been alive now, things might have been different; of course," she added in a half-vexed tone, "he couldn't live ever."

"Basil!" thundered Mr. Metham, as his son abruptly left the room, "come back!"

But almost before the justly-incensed, but already relenting father had uttered those few words, he heard the loud slam of the front door, and from the window he saw his son crossing the lawn in rapid strides.

"His visits always end thus," sighed Mrs. Metham. "Oh, if he would only marry and settle down! Now there is dear Rose—nearly as fond of her, and she is not altogether indifferent to him! If he were to marry her, there might be a chance of his reformation."

"Poor Rose!" said the banker, "I wish her a better fate. I hope her happiness would soon be bankrupt in such an union. Wretched boy! and equally wretched father!" he added, sorrowfully.

"I hoped we might have spent his birthday happily together

—my life has been so long an one that I cannot expect to see prolonged for another year. It was injudicious of me, having invited him down, to make words with him about that bill; but after having given him £500 so recently, I never expected to be called upon again, in less than a month, to pay a heavy bill, or else hear of his being taken to jail.”

“Is there no way of stopping him in this frightfully ruinous course?” sighed Mrs. Metham. “I tremble to think what it will end in!”

“I fear Metham’s bank will stop payment some day,” replied the old banker, gloomily, “if this drain upon its resources continues. I have the worst and most dreadful forebodings with regard to Basil’s future; he is steeped to the lips in dissipation and mixed up with men of the worst description. He is one who may be easily led on to crime, and I tremble for what the end may be. If I erred in my way of bringing the boy up, I am tasting the bitter fruits of my fault now. I only hope that if shame and dishonour are to fall on my old, time-honoured name, through him, that death may release me before that sad consummation happens.”

“Oh dear! don’t talk so,” pleaded Mrs. Metham; “it is of no use looking forward to what may happen; our present misery is enough. However, I will send to the Bank, and ask Humphrey to come up to-night; most likely he will know where Basil is, and what his movements are, and I can let the poor unhappy boy know that you will look over this fresh matter—at least, Michael he shall spend his birthday with us.

CHAPTER X.

REFINEMENT *versus* BON-TON.

A SMALL, but cheerful little party, were assembled one stormy evening in December, round the hospitable dinner-table of old Mr. Metham.

The cloth had been removed, and the bright polished mahogany reflected the rare old cut glass, the decanters, glistening with Tokay, Frontiniac, and other choice wines. The dishes of the dessert-service of Dresden china were filled with exquisite fruit. Healths were drunk, and the laugh and the jest went round—the warmth, and light, and gaiety within, contrasting with the wild howling of the storm without.

Humphrey Berrington had once more enacted the part of peace-maker, a rôle he had so often played before—the father and

son were reconciled, and this pleasant little party was given to commemorate Basil's twenty-ninth birthday.

There were only a few old friends there,—Dr. Burton, his wife and daughters, Mrs. Purcell, and the cashier and his sister. The ladies were distinguishable by the stupendous height of their head-dresses; but the gentlemen's perukes were of a good altitude. Rose was unconsciously the belle of the evening, though her modest dress of lilac French lutestring, cut a very insignificant figure compared to the flowered satin robes of the Misses Burton, whose enormous hoops were flung over their shoulders, on one side, to make room for the person seated next them at table. Basil, in an elegant suit of blue velvet embroidered with silver, was seated next to Miss Caroline; but this lady was not very well pleased to observe, how often his eyes wandered to the other side of the table, where Rose sat, patiently listening to poor Mrs. Metham's oft-repeated account of her rheumatism, the remedies she was taking, or had taken, and the new recipes she had heard of. The conversation amongst the guests was very varied. The old gentlemen were talking of bye-gone times—of "*Le grand monarque*," whom they had both seen in his splendid palace of Versailles—of Marlborough's victories, and of blood-stained Culloden. Miss Caroline was questioning Basil as to the fashionable diversions of London; and Mrs. Metham's voice rose slightly above those of her guests, as she was somewhat deaf, and like all people, subject to that infirmity, talked rather loud.

"Now do! dear Mrs. Purcell, be advised by me, take this remedy—it is a sovereign cure for gout."

"But I haven't the gout," answered Mrs. Purcell, hastily.

"Oh, but you may have it," replied Mrs. Metham, promptly; "and who knows, but this remedy, taken in time, may not preserve you from an attack. Nothing more simple! wool from the belly of a fat sheep."

"Good lack!" exclaimed Mrs. Purcell, laughing; "there can't, sure, be much good in that recipe! Is that Dr. Cook's? I think he's only a quack."

"My dear, you make a great mistake," replied Mrs. Metham, half-offended; "he is a very learned physician. However, do you know Dr. Hill by name? Dr. Burton. I am sure you must have heard of him."

Dr. Burton replied that he was aware there was a gentleman of that name in practice, but he did not know much of him."

"Why, Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Metham, in amazement, "is it possible you have not heard of his Elixir of Bardana?"

The Doctor shook his head.

"It is a certain cure for rheumatism," observed Mrs. Metham emphatically—"it never returns."

"No," replied Basil, from the farther end of the table "because the dose kills the patient."

This sally a little vexed the good lady; but her thoughts were turned into another channel by her husband drinking Mrs. Purcell health; and according to the absurd custom then in vogue, he not only drank her health, but that of all her absent relatives:

"Mrs. Purcell, here is your health, and I drink to Mr. Isaac Fiddler, your respectable brother, and to Mrs. Fiddler, and all the little Fiddlers—Master Fiddler, and Hal, and Jackey, and Billy, and Bobby, and Numph, and Miss Fiddler, and Miss Babby, and Miss Fanny, and Miss Charle, and your mamma, Fiddler, and Mrs. Deborah Fiddler, your aunt, and all your cousins at Fiddler Hall in the North Riding." Here Mr. Metham passed on to Mrs. Burton; and after having drunk her health, he drank to her niece Miss Gawcum, and her best affections, and her brother, Sir Hawkum Gawcum, and his best affections, and then all her cousins, down to the twentieth remove.

"Mr. Metham, do you remember Barbara Heron, the famous toast, when we were youngsters?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, aye, to be sure! half the gentlemen in the country were drunk with toasting her."

"Was she a great beauty?" asked Humphrey.

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "but poor Barbara, for all her beauty, was very unfortunate. The one of her admirers, whom she loved the most, was a worthless scapegrace; he was killed in a duel, and Barbara died of that disease called a broken heart."

Miss Sophia, who was seated next to Rose, caught the faint echo of a suppressed sigh, and exchanged a meaning look with her sister, across the table, as she glanced first at Rose and then at Basil.

"I think we will go to the drawing-room and have some coffee," said Mrs. Metham, rising.

And the whole of the little party accordingly adjourned to the above-named apartment, where they grouped themselves round the fire and sipped fragrant coffee from tiny Dresden china cups.

"Rose Berrington alters very much for the worse," said Miss Caroline, to her sister; "how thin, and pale, and pinched-up she looks to-night!"

"Well, you know," replied Miss Sophia, who required something rather to soften, than heighten, the vivid red of her complexion "she was always wretchedly wanting in colour."

"And her brother," said Mrs. Purcell, in the same undertone

the conversation, and directing a glance at Humphrey, a thoughtful face was bent over a portfolio of engravings, "shocking! the sight of that hump makes me feel quite sometimes. But as for Rose, I don't agree with you; she looks very well to-night. Some people think her pretty, and she is really an obliging creature."

Sensitive for this change in Mrs. Purcell's sentiments towards Misses Burton were not slow in arriving at. Though declaimed against second marriages, these two young ladies secretly suspected, that if a good offer were made her they would not refuse it, and imagined she might fear that their conduct would distract, perchance, a matrimonial offer from either of them; whereas she would feel no such alarm as to Rose, whose affections, it was pretty well known, were irrevocably fixed upon Basil Metham.

It is not surprising to have a vastly different opinion of Rose Berrington from what Mrs. Purcell expressed.

"Opinions are not as irrevocable as the Medes and Persians," said Mrs. Purcell; "and I vow that I positively begin to like her very much. I shall make quite a companion of her, if she

will," said Miss Sophia, "that is very kind of you; for Rose, young and pretty, as you say, may attract some of your admirers, and draw them from you!"

"As to the matter of that, I shall be quite glad to get rid of these stupid creatures!" answered Mrs. Purcell, fluttering "and then, I really promise myself some pleasure, in introducing a simple country girl into the fashionable world, where it must be so novel to her. Of course, she knows nothing

of it," said Mrs. Purcell, "it is possible that it is Mrs. Purcell whom I heard use that expression, *bon-ton*?" inquired Basil, as, with Humphrey, he drew near the little group of ladies, Rose being engaged in conversation with his mother.

"Perhaps, you will tell me by what other word I am to replace a state to be defunct?" said Mrs. Purcell, smiling. "I believe in its demise on any other authority than yours." "Nonsense," replied Basil, placing himself in an attitude. "I think I have heard another version of the word, than that will give the ladies, Basil," remarked Humphrey, shaking

his head. "Refinement means *bon-ton*, I suppose," observed Mrs. Purcell, "and we all of us understand that."

"The plain people call it *vice*," answered Humphrey.

"That is a matter-of-fact fellow you are!" said Basil, jogging

his friend with his elbow, "and the idea of using such word in genteel company! Now I will give the 1 version, as you call it. Suppose, for instance, Lady Bet is detected throwing a *main* with loaded dice; why, who said? it is a *refinement*! If Colonel B—— whips through the lungs with his rapier, in an *honourable way*, *refinement*, nothing more! If a man of fashion is asked runs in everybody's debt, pays nobody, stares everybody in yet cares for nobody, he answers, with an air of *sang froid* *refinement*!"

"A dark picture you are giving us of the world of said Humphrey; "but it is not overdrawn."

"It is a charming world for those who will leave the and tiresome appendages, truth, modesty, and so forth threshold," replied Basil, with a gay laugh.

"It is a vortex that swallows up all that is noble, and pure, in those who come within the reach of its deadly answered Humphrey, energetically.

"I am afraid you will not feel grateful to Mrs. remarked Miss Caroline, with a sneer; "she was, but just telling us how delighted she should be to *chaperone* Miss the fashionable world."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Humphrey; "may I know more of the world of fashion than she knows votaries are cold and hollow-hearted, its flowers are like the bud, its fruit is more bitter than that of the Dead Sea cup it offers to your lips contains the bitterness of death me, dear madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Purcell warmth with which I have spoken; I do not count you the ladies present, as belonging to the world of fashion speaking of: but my feelings carry me away, and I tears of blood, when I think of the noble-hearted and generous impulse and good aspirations, who have body and soul, who have lost their temporal goods eternal inheritance, led away by the teachings of the vicious world of fashion."

The ladies seemed affected by what Humphrey had said; he was silent for a few moments; then, suddenly breaking into a laugh, he took Miss Caroline by the hand, and the spinet, said:—"Oblige me by playing that Beggar's Opera, which I sang, the other day, at your

Miss Caroline did as she was requested, and Basil, in a deep, bass voice, the following snatch of a song favourite opera:

"When you censure the age
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be.
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—'That was levelled at me.'"

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THE short winter day had already drawn to a close, as the "Flying coach," from Winchester to London, which had started very early in the morning from the former place, dashed into the yard of the "Blossoms," an old and much-frequented inn, situated in Lawrence Lane.

The first of the passengers to descend was our old friend, Humphrey Berrington. He had come to London, partly on business, but chiefly with a view of relieving Basil from some of his difficulties, by the aid of a sum of money which he had borrowed, for himself, from Mr. Metham, and also with the hope that he might be able to arrange matters with his friends and editors, and, perhaps, withdraw him from the vortex of vice into which he was plunged. Basil had appointed to meet Humphrey at the "Blossoms," but, in answer to the inquiries of the latter, the landlady informed him that Mr. Metham had only just called, and that word that Mr. Berrington was to go to his lodgings, where he could find him. Humphrey accordingly ordered a chair, and desired to be conveyed to Craven Street.

A small fine rain was falling, and the ill-paved streets were slippery with mud, looking black and greasy in the dull glare of the oil-lamps, which only partially lit up the thoroughfares in the eighteenth century. However, the streets were thronged enough, though the business traffic of the day was over. Here was a party of gentlemen making for some favourite tavern—there, a noisy group just issuing from one, heated with wine, and planning revels for the night. Chairs jostled against each other, containing masqueraders, visitors to the different theatres, ladies going to dinners, balls, and other diversions, and gentlemen to their clubs; whilst other chairs came often into violent collision with the foot passengers, and the "by your leave" of the chairmen following thrust in the back from the poles of the chair, served only to aggravate the wrath of the injured party. The chair which contained Humphrey soon turned into Craven Street. At the far end, a dim, shapeless mass revealed where the waters of the Thames crept on, dark and turgid, lit up here and there with

patches of light, streaming through the casements of some tavern on its banks, or reflecting the glare of the lamps on the bridges, and the scattered lights from the vessels, which lined the shores on either side.

Humphrey was doomed to disappointment, for Basil's landlady informed him, as soon as he alighted, that Mr. Metham was not at home; that he had been obliged to go out, but that he had left word he should be back again in the course of the evening, and that he had given orders to prepare dinner for Mr. Berrington, when he should arrive. Humphrey was cold and weary, and tired, and he enjoyed the brightness and genial warmth of the sea-coal fire, as he lay stretched out in a large easy chair, after he had dined off a devilled turkey's leg, and had got rid of a small bowl of fine punch, concocted by the landlady.

Humphrey felt so like falling asleep from the effects of all these creature comforts, that he got up and took a turn about the room with the view of arousing himself.

A pretty clear insight into the tastes and mode of life of its occupant that room offered. Suspended over the mantelshelf was an engraving of some favourite racer; opposite, a picture of two game cocks, finely executed in every point, down to the deadly steel spurs fastened to their heels, often two inches long. In one corner stood a rapier; and, on a small table beside it, a brace of pistols, a pack of cards, and a dice-box. Humphrey looked in vain for any trace or sign of more innocent objects of diversion. One of Voltaire's foul works seemed almost the only book in the room. A copy of the "*Winchester Courier*" lay upon a chair. Humphrey took it up—here were more game cocks. A woodcut of two attacking each other, and an advertisement, headed "*Cocking*," and running as follows:—"To be fought, at the Blackmoor's Head," at Alton, in the County of Hampshire, the great main of cocks, betwixt the gentlemen of Hampshire and the gentlemen of Wiltshire, to show 41 cocks on each side, for ten guineas a battle; two hundred guineas the main, and ten on each side for 'bye-battles' for two guineas a battle. To weigh the 15th of April, and fight the three following days."

With an expression of sorrow and disgust Humphrey threw himself into his seat again, and remained buried in his own sad reflections, till the sound of loud voices beneath the window roused him from his painful reverie. A clamorous knocking at the door then ensued, which was speedily opened, and Humphrey heard footsteps on the staircase, and a cracked discordant voice, singing the following snatch of a popular Bacchanalian song,—

"When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,

He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead."

Here the singer ceased, and the deep, rich, bass voice of Basil ended the song, just as Humphrey opened the door to meet him—

"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon replied,
'You may have forgot you were drunk when you died.'

"Ah! my prince of good fellows!" exclaimed Basil, saluting his friend, with an exuberance of spirits which made the latter conjecture he was not quite sober. "I cry your pardon, for not meeting you at the trysting-place, and for leaving you here in solitude in my poor lodgings; but Fortune has smiled on me to-night, Humphrey, as my good friend, Tommy Tomkins, here, can testify."

The person thus addressed advanced into the room, and, without taking any notice of Humphrey, took from his pocket a small hand-mirror, and began to survey himself therein, somewhat to the amazement of the cashier.

He was a young man of about twenty-two years of age, richly dressed, but with miserably bad taste: a plum-coloured coat, with innumerable large gilt buttons; cuffs cut in the shape of a sea officer's uniform, which, together with the pockets, boasted no less than twenty-four buttons; the skirts remarkably long; a carlet waistcoat, double-lapelled, bordered with narrow gold lace; a pair of doeskin breeches, that came half-way down his legs, and were almost met by a pair of shoes, that reached above three inches above his ankles; his three-cornered hat, decorated with a gold button and loop; his hair very short behind, and thinned above the neck, to show a jewelled stock buckle of no ordinary dimensions; an immense long rapier dangling at his side; and, to complete the picture, he carried a little rattan cane in his hand, and by an apparent prominence in his left cheek, made a merit of chewing tobacco.

"How now, Sirrah?" cried Basil; "art so lost in the contemplation of thine own fascinating countenance that thou dost not see my friend?"

"See him? oh, aye! Is't the king's jester? Methinks, with that prominence, he wants but the cap and bell."

"Silence, thou addle-pated wretch!" thundered Basil, sobered by this insolent reflection upon his friend; "or I'll make thee eat thy words on the point of my rapier."

"A challenge!" ejaculated the vulgar fop, trying to steady himself on his feet, and attempting to draw his sword.

"For Heaven's sake, Basil!" exclaimed Humphrey, placing

himself between the two men; "do not let this trifling ins which I am, besides, perfectly indifferent, be the cause of broiling you in a quarrel."

"No offence! 'pon honour! meant no offence," ejaculated Mr. Tomkins, whose sword seemed very reluctant to quit its scabbard.

Basil laughed derisively, and then said to the cashier, "need not fear embroiling me in a quarrel with him; his rapier is only for ornament, and he would not have had the courage to make a pretence of drawing it, had he been sober; but that of claret he has been imbibing at the tavern have given him a temporary appearance of bravery."

"He likes his joke," drawled the fop, as he leant against the chimney-piece; "he's always at the head of the club at the tavern. What club would you like to be a member of?" Basil added, addressing Humphrey, with tipsy gravity. "The Fat Club; the Duelling Club—that's a club I'm not vain of myself; and the Ugly Club. I'll warrant I could get admitted to that one."

"Get you gone, you chattering monkey!" exclaimed Basil, who understood the fresh shaft directed at Humphrey. "Did I know you had left what little sense you have at the bottom of your last pint of wine, I would cane you first, and kick you down afterwards. However, go your way while your skin is sound."

"You are in a mighty bad temper, to-night," said Mr. Tomkins, hastily preparing to leave the room, "and you have been over civil; but I am generous and forgiving. I shall say all about it before to-morrow—I'll not call you out."

"Children and drunkards speak the truth," said Humphrey with a sad smile; "those who are not used to see my unbecoming form must be shocked, though they have the good feeling to conceal their real sentiments. But, never mind, Basil, I have that little of me which enables me to bear any little reflection cast upon my poor deformed body, without being much affected thereat."

"You say right, Humphrey Berrington," replied Basil earnestly, "for never did any form enshrine a more pure and noble soul; however," he added, relapsing into his usual tone of conversation, "let us to other more lively topics. I arose this morning a beggar, and to-night I am the possessor of two thousand pounds honestly won, man," he added, laughing at the look of astonishment and wonderment on the cashier's face—not even by an extraordinary run of luck at cards; for I know you don't consider gambling dishonest. No! it has been a simple gift from Dame Fortune that has been, hitherto, very niggardly with me; it was time she should make amends. In short, I have won in a lottery! I

one paltry guinea, and have won two thousand pounds, which I have in my pocket, in good bank notes!"

"I rejoice at your success, Basil; but I wish it had come to you in any other way," replied Humphrey, in a grave, warning voice. "You know my opinion of lotteries—where one man draws a prize, a thousand draw blanks to the end. Many are totally ruined: they go on staking their money, time after time, in hopes of retrieving what is already lost—and it is only throwing away good money after bad."

"Oh!" interrupted Basil, hastily, "I am not the only winner of Sharman's lottery. They paid a thousand pounds last month to a gentleman at Basingstoke, in our own county, and all he had laid down was half-a-guinea."

"And of what avail are these temporary successes, Basil?" said the cashier; "they do but encourage men to make fresh trials and speculations, and they quickly lose all they have won, and more too. These lotteries are only another species of gambling. I have a horror of them, for I know well they have caused the ruin and downfall of many."

"Well, I shall speak up for them," answered Basil; "they have stood me in good stead. I dare say you have brought that two hundred pounds I wanted, Humphrey, for I know you would not abandon me in my need; but, however, I don't require it. I can pay my debts myself; so, you see, that here the lottery has brought a positive good."

Humphrey shook his head. "But not a lasting one, Basil. On the contrary, I fear it will do you harm rather than good. I need not ask you if you mean to pay off your debts with this money, and then come and live quietly at Winchester?"

"No," replied Basil, hastily. "I am in for a run of good luck now. You wouldn't have me turn back just as the tide is setting in my favour? Why man, with this two thousand pounds I can go to the gaming-table——"

"And lose it," interrupted Humphrey.

"And win a fortune with it, rather," answered Basil pettishly. "I tell you I shall have some good luck now, and I'll venture a small stake or two—no more—while Fortune smiles on me. I'll go to Field's, in the Strand, to-morrow night."

"Basil, how I wish I could save you!" exclaimed the cashier, in a tone of anguish—"save you from the ruin which I foresee with painful distinctness—save you from the detestable company into which you have fallen, the gamesters and profligates who are bringing you on to destruction! I would sacrifice all I have, the most precious in the world, to do this. I would make myself a slave if by doing so I could release you from your bonds. You are never

me, let me do something for you. Leave London with me, save you from those associates, whose companionship is your destruction. Let me work for you; I will toil night and day in your service. These men, such as he you parted with, would pull down your fortunes—I, your poor deformed friend, will build them up. I do not want you to court my society, but to turn your back upon these, your worst enemies."

The cashier paused, overcome by the violence of his feelings, and Basil paced up and down the room with rapid stride. Then the cashier came and placed himself before Humphrey, and clasping his hands said—

"My friend, every word you have spoken has been to my heart. I acknowledge the truth of all you say. My companions are my bane, they will not let me reform—what will they make of me in the end I know not, nor do I care to know. One thing is certain—I cannot change my mode of life, I cannot renounce my friends, as I call them. I am like the opium addict, I know my danger, but still I love and court it. There are moments, when I think with scorn of the wretches I live with, but such impulses are fleeting and transitory. It is useless, I cannot change."

"Oh, Basil, Basil!" groaned the cashier, "is this the descendant of those men who bled and suffered for duty and loyalty in bye-gone days? Think of the dauntless Sir John was drawn to Tyburn on a hurdle, and slaughtered in the arms of the pitiless Elizabeth; or the brave loyal soldier, who was bleached over the gates of Temple Bar for his devotedness to his country."

old man, who now rests in the little sanctuary of St. Peter's at Winchester, would have worked my reformation."

"Heaven grant those prayers may not have been offered in vain," said Humphrey, fervently, "and that some chord in your heart may be touched, before the hour comes in which no man can work!"

DISENCHANTMENT.

THE morning was joyous and bright,
A morning of balmy spring,
When I rose with the early light,
As the birds began to sing,
The lark above me was cleaving
The air as he rose on high ;
But the earth that he was leaving,
Seemed fairer to me than the sky.

For light and free was my heart,
In the joyous morning of life ;
I had yet to bear my part,
In its turmoil and its strife.
There had come no sombre warning
To sadden my soul as yet ;
I only wished on that morning,
That the sun would never set.

But ere half of that day had sped,
The dark clouds hid the sky ;
The thunder crashed o'er head,
And the storm swept fiercely by.
I bowed my head to the blast,
But I knew on its icy wing
It had borne a blight, as it passed,
To the hopes and the promise of spring.

Disenchantment

And I thought of the lark I had seen
Rising up in the morning light,
And I saw how wise he had been
To take so early his flight.
I wished! oh, I wished, in my heart,
That, like him, I could heavenwards soar :
From this earth I would soon depart,
And never return to it more.

And the evening came at last,
But it brought no soothing rest ;
For the sky was overcast,
And lowering clouds in the west,
Which seemed to promise a morrow
No fairer than to-day—
No hope that my load of sorrow
Would pass with the night away

As I laid my throbbing head,
So wearily down at night,
And counted the hours that had sped,
Since I rose with the morning light ;
I had bitterly learnt to pray—
As I never had prayed before—
“ If to-morrow be like to-day,
God grant that I wake no more.”

F. MALCOLM

ANIMAL DISGUISES.

MOST people are aware, as a piece of common-place knowledge, that many animals, before arriving at their mature or adult state, undergo a series of changes in form, of a more or less complete character. To such a series of changes the naturalist applies the term "metamorphosis;" and the study of the disguises which an animal may in this way successively assume, forms one of the most interesting and fascinating subjects that can attract the notice of the general reader.

The great insect-class presents us with the most familiar examples of these changes, and the butterflies and moths exemplify metamorphosis in its most typical aspect. Thus we know that from the egg of the butterfly, deposited by the short-lived parent upon the leaves of plants, a crawling grub-like creature is first developed. This form we name the "larva" or "caterpillar;" and if we might fail to recognise its relationship to the bright denizen of the air, so far as outward appearance is concerned, we might also be at a loss to reconcile its internal structure with that of the perfect butterfly. Thus the latter is winged; possesses a mouth and digestive system, adapted for the reception and assimilation of flower juices; and wholly differs in structure and habits from its worm-like progeny. The caterpillar is provided with a mouth furnished with jaws, and adapted for biting or mastication; its digestive system presents a type differing widely from that of the perfect form; and its crawling, terrestrial habits appear in strong contrast to the ethereal movements of its parent.

The life of this larva may be accurately described as one devoted to its nourishment. Its entire existence, whilst in the caterpillar state, is one long process of continuous eating and devouring. By means of its jaws it nips and destroys the young leaves of plants, much to the gardener's annoyance; and so rapidly does its body increase in size, that the first skin with which its body is provided cracks and bursts, and a process of moulting ensues. From this process the larva emerges, clad in a new skin, adapted to the increased size of its body; and this second skin may similarly become too small to accommodate its ever-increasing growth, and a second process of moulting produces in turn a new investment. In this way the caterpillar may change its coat many times, and on arriving at the close of its larval stage of

existence, may present a very great increase in size, as compare with its dimensions at the beginning of its life.

But, sooner or later, the caterpillar appears to sicken, and become quiescent. Its former state of activity is exchanged for one of lethargy, from which it awakes to begin an operation of a novel and different nature from those in which it has been previously engaged. It begins to spin—by means of a special apparatus, consisting of glands and an organ, named the “spinneret”—a delicate silky thread, with which it invests its body. Within the silken case or “cocoon” which it thus constructs, the caterpillar body is soon enclosed; the first stage of its existence comes to an end; and the second or cocoon stage, marked by outward quiescence and apparent rest, is known to us as that of the “pupa,” “chrysalis,” or “nymph.”

Although outwardly still, and although all the former activity appears to have been exchanged for an inactive repose, changes of a passive kind, but of marvellous extent, are meanwhile proceeding within the cocoon or pupa-case. The elements of the caterpillar's form are being gradually disintegrated, and are being built up anew in the form and image of the adult butterfly. Old textures are being exchanged for new ones; particle by particle the outward and inward structures of the larva are being replaced by others proper to the mature being; and in due course, and after a longer or shorter period, the cocoon is ruptured, and the perfect form emerges,—a bright and beautiful creature, furnished with wings and active senses, and rejoicing in the exercise of its new-born functions amid the sunlight and flowers.

Such is an outline of the familiar process by which the larva or caterpillar of the butterfly becomes transformed or developed, to form the “imago” or perfect and adult form. And if we review the stages exemplified in the process, we shall be able to detect in each an obvious harmony and correspondence with the preceding and successive stage. Thus we find that the life of the perfect and mature insect is at the best of a comparatively short and transient nature, and its energies are directed chiefly and in greater part to reproduction—to the deposition of eggs, from which new individuals will, in due course, be produced. The larval stage, on the contrary, is devoted to nutrition—to the laying up, as it were, of a store of nourishment, sufficient to last throughout the lifetime of the being, and to sustain it whilst its adult functions are being performed.

Indeed, the entire lifetime of the higher insect may be divided into, or comprised within, two distinct periods. The first of these latter is the *nutritive* period, represented by the caterpillar state when the nutrition of the body is mainly provided for: and the

cond period, no less defined than the first, is included in the life of the perfect form, devoted to *reproducing* the species. This we might therefore term the *reproductive* period of insect-

All insects, however, do not exemplify metamorphosis in so perfect a manner, as does the butterfly. The beetles, flies, bees, and many other insects, undergo a process of metamorphosis essentially resembling that of the butterfly; the main feature of the form of development being that whilst the caterpillar stage is busied in activity, the pupa or chrysalis is quiescent; and from this resting-pupa the active, winged insect comes forth. The dragon-flies, crickets, grasshoppers, bugs, and their allies, undergo, on the other hand, a less perfect series of changes than the foregoing insects. The young grasshopper, on leaving the egg, bears firstly little resemblance to the perfect insect. It is not of worm-like formation, and in these two points differs from the larva of the other forms. Then, secondly, it never encloses itself in a cocoon-like stage, but passes its chrysalis stage in a free and active condition. In this respect it again differs from the butterfly pupa; and its perfect form is attained simply by the development of the wings. That, in reality, the chief difference between the larva, and the perfect form of the grasshopper, consists in the non-development of the former of the wings, which are thus characteristic of the latter form.

The Dragon-flies illustrate an essentially similar kind of metamorphosis, but also exemplify differences in the details of their development. The Dragon-fly larvæ are active creatures, inhabiting the water of pools; they are of brownish colour, and possess six jointed legs, and a peculiar apparatus of jaws, consisting of a pair of mandibles attached to a movable, rod-like stem. This apparatus can be folded upon the head, when it gives to the larva the appearance of being masked, and hence the name of "mask" which has been applied to this structure. Or, on the approach of some wary insect, the jaws can be rapidly extended to seize the fortunate victim, and convey its to the mouth of its captor.

Having arrived at its pupa-condition, differing from that of the larva, simply in its greater size, and in the meanwhile development of the wings and perfect body within the larval and pupa-skin, the insect at length fixes its body to some water-plant, the pupa-skin splits along the back, and the mature winged insect slowly emerges therefrom. The crumpled wings soon dry harder, and acquire their normal consistency; and the dragon-fly, freed from the trammels of a mundane existence, mounts into the air, and revels in the freedom of luxury and light." Tennyson has aptly described this change in his lines:—

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.
 An inner impulse rent the veil
 Of his old husk : from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
 He dried his wings : like gauze they grew :
 Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew."

In these latter instances, as in the case of the butterfly, the nutrition of the form has been proceeding during the earlier stages of its life, and has been fitting it for entering upon the ultimate part of its existence, which may extend to a longer or shorter period, but which is usually devoted to the continuation of the species in time.

In the crabs and other members of the great Crustacean class examples of metamorphosis occur. The young crab leaves the egg under a disguise of very curious kind. It possesses a somewhat rounded body, the upper part of which supports an elongated spine, somewhat like the pointed appendage of a helmet. The feet most prominently developed at this shape are the two hinder pairs, and by means of these appendages the little *Zoea*, as this young form is named, swims swiftly through the water. It possesses, unlike the perfect crab, a long-jointed tail; and a pair of very large lantern-shaped eyes, and a beaked process in front of the head, complete the category of the crab-larva's furnishings.

In the next stage, in which it becomes known as the *Megalopa*, the body enlarges and resembles that of the perfect crab. The tail becomes flattened, and develops little feet on its surface. The eyes, formerly flat and unsupported, now become stalked like those of the mature form, and the limbs and great claws are also developed.

The final stage is attained after moultings, in which the tail shrivels away, to become the small rudiment familiar to us in the "purse" of the adult crab, and which is tucked up under the great broadened head and chest of the fully-grown animal. And with rapid growth, and the formation of the shelly armour in which the crab even to his eyes and toes is encased, the metamorphosis is completed and the crab attains his majority.

In the frogs, toads, newts, and their allies, as representing the higher vertebrate animals, we find well-known and interesting examples of changes in development. The larval frog appears before us as the familiar tadpole, which breathes at first by outside gills, and then by internal gills. Its form and breathing are thus at first fish-like, and it swims by aid of its elongated tail. The hind limbs next appear as little buds from the posterior portion of the body, and the fore limbs soon follow. Then the tail begins to shrivel and to become rudimentary; lungs are meanwhile being developed; the

appear, and, finally, the frog leaves the water, and becomes
remainder of its life, an air-breathing and terrestrial animal.
are a few examples of the "disguises" which animal
assume during their development from the egg; and we
briefly inquire, by way of conclusion, as to the nature or
any may be found or suggested, for the occurrence of such
na. Broadly speaking, the young of the insect, undergoes
er part of its development *without* the egg, and outside
t-body; and it thus differs only in the mode and place of
pment, from the progeny of other and of higher forma. It
ago held, that the most perfect examples of metamorphosis
in these animals, the eggs of which contained little or no
ent for the sustenance of the developing young.

explanations, however, deal rather with the results, than
origin of metamorphosis. And why, in one case it should
l marked, and, in other cases not occur at all, form con-
is which have long presented puzzles to the naturalist.
een maintained by certain zoologists that the changes
y animal may in the course of its development undergo,
its relationship with other animals, from which it may
ended, or with which it may possess relations of a genea-
nd. Metamorphosis has thus been pressed into the service
ories of evolution, which, as our readers are aware, hold
animals have descended from previously existing animals,
n or evolved from their predecessors, by or through various

Thus we find Mr. Darwin maintaining, that "the em-
(or young) state of each species reproduces more or less
ly the form and structure of its less modified-progenitors;"
ding to this view, we would, therefore, see in the young
h its larval tail, a transient representation of the lobster-
mitor from which the crab-race was in past times developed
red. And this school of zoologists, therefore, holds that
or outside forces and conditions, acting upon the young
state, have had much to do, in the past, as well
e present, with the differences between insect and other
orms. Whether or not these conclusions are true and
e, time and the progress of research alone can tell;
importance and interest of such a study as that which
e subject of these remarks, cannot be lessened by any
al considerations which become interwoven with it. To
nt it may not matter if—

"That mass man sprang from was a jelly lump
Once on a time; he kept an after course
Through fish and insect, reptile, bird, and beast,
Till he attained to be an ape at last,
Or last but one."
(*Browning.*)

ANDREW WILSON.

II H

MANTJE ! MANTJE !

PART I.

GROUPS of listeners and tellers of stories have been from immemorial grateful to an artist's eye. Something there is enthusiasm of the speaker, something in the wrapt attention of the interested, something, too, in the negligent gaze of the discerned, which flatters his senses, and supplies a pleasant material for pictorial illustration. And yet how often does it happen where a beautiful living picture is, a tableau which person and scenic charms combine to render perfect, the artist's eye and artist's brush is absent, and it passes away, upon the moving characters, unfelt, unappreciated, and unremembered! A picture might have been seen upon a sultry August eve in the garden of a cottage *ornée*. Beneath a spreading tree, an elegant and stately woman, a dark-eyed Scheherazade with bands of black hair plaited like a coronet above her broad forehead, upon her lap was a fair-haired little girl, her pretty upturned face absorbed in listening wonder; and behind, leaning against the trunk of the tree, was a man, comely and young, his powerful built figure, and broad, good-tempered face, forming a remarkable contrast to the finely-chiseled features of the woman and the like form of the child. He was listening, half-amused and contemptuously, as the well-known legend of the Dutch fisherman and his wife flowed slowly from the story-teller's lips. Still how the big flounder was caught and then thrown back into the sea upon its declaration that it was an enchanted prince; how the fisherman returned to his hovel and related his wonderful adventure to his wife, she upbraided him for having let a golden opportunity slip, and sent him to the shore again to ask a valuable cottage of the flounder. Then she told how calm the fish appeared, and how its colour was green and yellow, as the man stood upon its verge and spoke timidly to an unseen sea. In soft dulcet accents she repeated the words he employed. In child's eyes fixed wonderingly upon her as she listened.

"Mantje ! Mantje ! Timpe Te !

Butje ! Butje in der See !

Myne Fru de Ilsebill

Will nich so as ik wol will."

Leonard Dallocourt, from his leaning-post behind, looked upon the gentle narrator, and thought that the oft-told tale

been so interesting before. He felt enthralled by a pleasing tale as she related how the big flounder came splashing to the shore, and incontinently granted the request; and how the fisherman, returning as he thought to his hovel, beheld his wife in the ill-ordered cottage surrounded by unaccustomed comforts.

"Ach!" cried he, "so schall't blywen, Fru; nu wähl wy ook vergnöögt lewen!" Thus did he declare his opinion that they should now remain contented for the future. But the wife refused, and pronounced it a subject for further consideration. Afterwards she despatched her reluctant spouse to the sea, grown old and dark blue now, to ask that the modest hut might be exchanged for a handsome castle.

Again the flounder was propitious; a handsomely-appointed mansion stood on the site of the former hovel.

Not contented with this the ambitious wife of the fisherman desired next to possess a regal palace. Her weaker-minded half was astounded at the bare idea.

"Ach, Fru!" he exclaimed, "ik mag nich König sym!" "Don't trouble yourself about that," replied she; "I am going fishing; not you." And she forced him to prefer her request:

"Mantje ! Mantje ! Timpe Te !
Butje ! Butje in der See !
Myne Fru de Ilsebill
Will nich so as ik wol will."

For the third time he repeated this unvarying address; and more his presumption was rewarded with success. But the young woman, crowned with a royal diadem, desired imperial power, and insisted upon another petition. The fisherman noted with a foreboding heart the altered aspect of the waves. Dark and menacing as they had looked upon his last visit, their blackness was nothing to their blackness now, and his courage all but failed him as he revealed his errand. When, however, he heard that the arrogant request was granted his wife prevailed upon him, with little trouble, to beg in her behalf for the triple crown, the spiritual and temporal dominions of a pope.

"A pope she is," answered the flounder, splashing in the midst of roaring and tempestuous waves which struck the applicant with terror.

The next day the fisherman, perturbed and trembling, stood upon the verge of the deep. His heart was heavy within him, for he was the bearer of a petition unparelled in its presumption and extravagance, a petition that his wife might become Lord of the world, and regulate the movements of the celestial bodies. The black, towering billows, the hurricane that was roaring upon every side, seemed ill for the success of his mission. Five times had he

repeated the changeless exordium, "Mantje! Mantje! Timpes Te!" and at each repetition his hopes had grown fainter and fainter, his cheeks more pale, and his voice more feeble. Upon the present occasion his lips, trembling with fear, could scarcely utter the words. But pronounce them he did; and the flounder responded to the summons.

Short was the parley that ensued.

"What will she now?" cried the enchanted prince; and the suppliant stammered forth his message.

"Your wife sits in her hovel," cried the flounder as he disappeared for ever from the fisherman's eyes.

And in their hovel, the story informs us, dwell the aspiring couple still.

Such is the brief outline of the tale related fully and circumstantially to little Elsie Dallocourt beneath the shadow of the ancient oak, the tale to which Elsie's brother had listened with unexpected attention.

If anybody thinks that that attention had been in any degree distracted from the story by the grace or the beauty of the narrator the sooner such an impression is got rid of the better, for it is wholly erroneous and unsupportable by any evidence whatever. That it should be so is certainly rather to be regretted when we consider what a pretty story it would have made, and how the interest attaching to the group would have been enhanced, had Leonard Dallocourt then and there fallen desperately in love with the dark-eyed lady, and declared his passion in graceful attitude and ornate language while the shades of evening fell becomingly around and the dew rose unpleasantly; but the broad light of truth, shining with all its boasted lustre, reveals a fact damaging beyond measure to this romantic idea. The dark-eyed lady, the clever story-teller, was Leonard Dallocourt's aunt, a relative whom from his earliest childhood he had always known familiarly. Now we are all aware that the charms of maiden aunts, however influential they may be upon other folks, are apt to appear impotent and uninteresting when their powers are tried upon their possessors' nephews, more especially upon those nephews who have been favoured with frequent contemplation of them. Therefore it will readily be believed that the legend of the fisherman and the flounder had been listened to by Elsie's brother with a mind as undistracted by sentimental admiration of the narrator as by little Elsie herself. What there was in it to enchain his attention as it did is, perhaps, difficult to tell. Possibly something was owing to the grace of manner and grace of diction alike employed in its relation. Possibly the young man was philosophical, and wisely resolved to be amused by the only amusement offered. However,

This may be, it is doubtful upon which of the two auditors the fascination of the story most powerfully operated. Elsie, singing as she slept that night, warbled forth the fisherman's invocation, and mingling with Leonard's waking thoughts came that uncouth exordium, "Mantje! Mantje! Timpe Te!"

"I can't get rid of it," he said to his aunt, as later in the morning he handed her from a modest pony-carriage into the waiting-room at the nearest station. "It haunts me like my own shadow. If I were a superstitious fellow I should get seriously frightened at it."

She gave him a laughing answer; and a very few minutes afterwards was seated in a railway carriage.

"Farewell," cried Leonard as the train was moving off. And when he returned to the cottage *ornée* and to the humdrum of his every-day existence.

A remarkably humdrum life it was that Leonard Dallocourt led. He had no business or profession of any description, he had no independent fortune, and no reasonable prospect of ever making one; he had nothing in the world to do, and his time hung upon his hands with a dreary and unutterable heaviness. He looked upon it as his natural foe, and in the utter lack of more profitable occupations was ceaselessly endeavouring to kill it. But time took its own course; and the rolling hours died away not one whit the sooner for his angry objurgations of their slowness.

"I'll turn counter-jumper," he said, sometimes; "I'll go into the haberdashery line. There is a deal of money made by selling ribbons and buttons; and I have as much right to it as the cads."

Then Mrs. Dallocourt, his mother, would turn up her nose skyhigh, and enumerate his distinguished ancestors. Upon one occasion she substituted for the usual lengthy dissertation a speech of unaccustomed brevity.

"There never was a Dallocourt yet," cried she, "whose hands have been soiled by trade."

"More fools they," responded Leonard. "If there had been they'd have been better off, and so should we; and that beggarly pony of ours might have been a stableful of horses."

"It seems to me, my dear Leonard, that that sentence is grammatically incorrect; for although we might have had horses instead of our pony, the pony itself could never under any circumstances have become a stable full of horses."

"Oh, well, what does it matter?" said Leonard. "You know I don't profess to be fit for an examination."

Examinations had been for many years the bugbear of young Dallocourt's existence. Mrs. Dallocourt, who had been left a

widow, with five children, while Leonard, the eldest, was still a schoolboy, had always impressed upon him and upon his brothers that it behoved them, as poor gentlemen, to work for their living, and, as gentlemen of the blood of Dallocourt, to be dainty concerning the manner of doing it. There were a few select callings and professions, amongst which she desired them to choose. Leonard, amiable and accommodating as heart of woman could be, had ever declared his willingness to make any one of them his. The wig, the pulpit, the epaulettes, the Government Office, possessed equal charms for this young man, and had all been easily obtainable, the sole difficulty would have lain in an *embarras de choix*. Unfortunately there was another and more stupendous obstacle,—

“una figura infame,
Che porta scritto sulla fronte Esame.”—

That formidable word signified to Leonard's ears nothing but a slough of despond, through which there was no passing; and the hardworking coaches who had been employed upon his education had at length given up in despair, and resigned him to his fate and the cottage *ornée*. Being easy-tempered and unambitious, he had not taken his failure to heart; and, for a little while after his final relinquishment of study, had thoroughly enjoyed idleness and played with cordial goodwill the rôle of a nice young man at croquet party, and an ever-available beau at a dance. Mr. Dallocourt's cottage was situated in a retired village, as remote from the busy haunts of men as a village well could be, but society was not wholly unattainable, and the despised little pony he trotted miles and miles upon its master's journeys of pleasure. These, however, were few and far between, and Leonard, as the degrees, grew weary and dissatisfied, and found his time pass heavily upon his hands.

“I shall go to the backwoods,” he would say, after his haberdashery talk had been disposed of. “I shall go to the backwoods, and farm. A strong young fellow like me can make a mint of money in no time by farming in the backwoods.”

Then his mother would speak of the savages that infested those regions, and allude to horrible tales she had read of the fate of imprudent settlers; but Leonard laughed such arguments to scorn, and talked hard and fast about purchasing land from the Government. One day his aunt almost offended him.

“You will never do it,” said she. “You are a great deal particular about your dinner to go into a savage country.”

“Dinner!” cried Leonard, in accents of the utmost disdain. “I should shoot wild beasts and eat them, and leave the people at home to talk about their dinners.”

So perseveringly did he pursue this theme, which appeared to him on the whole preferable to haberdashery, that Mrs. Dallocourt began to feel rather alarmed. She spoke upon the subject to a friend of the family, and anxiously requested advice.

"If only he could have an occupation," she said, "it would be such a blessing to him and to all of us! The very mention of that odious Far West sends a shudder through my whole frame."

"There are many other things to be done in this world," replied the friend of the family, "besides farming in the Far West."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dallocourt, "but then there are so many amongst them which it would not be fitting for Leonard to do. And yet he is so unsettled and so anxious to be doing something. He actually talks of going into some horrid business; and that, you know, is quite absurd."

"I don't see the absurdity of it," observed the friend of the family. "It strikes me that it is about the best thing he could possibly do. And in the choice of a business I should recommend drugs. Drugs, properly managed, pay uncommonly well, and so does grease; but, of the two, I should recommend drugs."

After that, Mrs. Dallocourt's nose went up to an immeasurable height, and she asked no more advice of the friends of the family.

It was not long subsequent to this notable dialogue, that Leonard drove his aunt to the railway station: and then his time, which, during her brief visit, he had killed with comparative ease, grew as heavy, and as tiresome, and as obstinately tenacious of life as ever.

One morning, having nothing else wherewith to occupy himself, he went on an errand for his mother's cook. That estimable woman wanted currants, and Leonard volunteered to walk a mile-and-a-half to order them.

"I shall be back by one o'clock," he said to his mother, just before starting; but one o'clock came, and two, and three, and four, and still no Leonard appeared.

Mrs. Dallocourt grew a little fidgety.

"What can possibly have detained him?" thought she; and her eyes wandered down the road much oftener than was their wont in the direction from which the currants had already come.

At half-past four Leonard walked into the cottage, safe and sound, and proceeded to satisfy her curiosity.

"I have been lunching with Squire Dobson," said he. "He overtook me on the road home; at least, his hat did; and then I turned round and met him."

Mrs. Dallocourt, with a look of excessive mystification, requested to be further enlightened.

"I was walking along," said Leonard, "thinking nothing in particular, and I had just got as far as the top of the hill. The wind was blowing like Old Nick, and——"

"Like what?" asked Mrs. Dallocourt, who never could understand any vulgar or diabolical allusions. "How say the wind was blowing, Leonard?"

"The wind was blowing like anything you please, a walking along, thinking about nothing, when, all of a sudden, I felt something knock against my heels; and, at the same time, I heard a fellow shouting out behind me, 'Hallo, there! Your hat, will you?' So I looked round, and saw a hat on the ground, and before I could catch hold of it, off bolted the thing in front of me; at least, it was behind me then, because, you see, I turned; and Mr. Dobson was in front of me, puffing and puffing up the hill like a panting hippopotamus. 'Confound you, Mr. Dobson; why don't you catch my hat?' Well, I thought that was remarkably uncivil in his way of talking, but it is an awkward thing to have one's hat blown off in that way. I had a little fellow-feeling for him, because mine had played me just the same trick a little time before, and a fine chase I had had! I saw, Mr. Dobson is so fat, and it is so difficult for him to turn round, and there was no one but I to help him. So, round I went again, and set off full tilt after the hat. It was going down the hill by that time, and was running along at a good rate. There is a pond thereabouts, you know, at the end of the road, and the Squire was in an awful fright lest he should fall in. 'I know it will be in before you can catch it,' he kept shouting out. 'I am quite positive it will!'

"'No fear,' cried I. 'I am not going to be outwitted by a hat.' And I caught the thing before it got to the pond, and I gave it to him as dry as a bone."

"Well done!" said Mrs. Dallocourt. "You did that nicely, Leonard. And what did Mr. Dobson say?"

"He began to abuse the hat first, and the man that made it, and the place it was made at, and everything connected with it, and then he grumbled away at the wind; and after that it was his turn to say, 'Thank you!' to me."

"I think," observed Mrs. Dallocourt, "that that ought to have occurred to him before. And, pray, did he apologise for his uncereceremonious mode of address?"

"Not he; I believe he had forgotten all about it. But I made up for it by asking me to lunch; and a very good lunch it was, and some first-rate wine. And Mrs. Dobson inquired for you, and desired to be kindly remembered to you."

Mrs. Dallocourt smiled sneeringly—so sneeringly that it might be said she sneered—and shrugged her shoulders *à la Française*.

"Really," said she "that is a very unwonted piece of attention from Mrs. Dobson's part, and I must say altogether superfluous. Being that for more than a twelvemonth she has declined to pay the common civility of a call, those kind remembrances of hers ought more consistently have remained unsent."

"But, mother, she spoke about that; she made a regular little speech about it, she laid all the blame upon her health, and I am sure she looks poorly enough. She says that she is so delicate, and so troubled with nerves and so forth, that she is not fit to go out anywhere, and that the pleasure of her friends' society is too much for her to bear."

A mocking and meaning laugh broke from Mrs. Dallocourt's lips.

"I am quite sure it is true," said Leonard, chivalrously speaking up for the Squire's lady. But there was no pause in his mother's laughter.

"Well," continued he, "I don't know what on earth you are laughing at. All I can tell you, is that she did not even sit at a luncheon-table like other folks, but was obliged to lie upon a sofa all the time; and the tiny little bit of chicken she ate was quite distressing to look at."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mrs. Dallocourt, "that was only because she had breakfasted so late. And as for being obliged to lie on the sofa, nothing obliges her but her own hypochondriacal ideas. If Hufferton Hall were to catch fire you'd see she would very soon jump up, and be no more an invalid than anyone else."

"Well, I am sure I hope it won't catch fire," observed Leonard. "It would be a very bad job, you know; and if it were only for the sake of getting Mrs. Dobson off her sofa, I hardly think it would be worth while. You don't want it to catch fire, do you?"

"Of course, I don't," answered Mrs. Dallocourt with a snap; "only I have no patience with such lackadaisical nonsense. But go on. What did you do after luncheon?"

"Oh, we walked about the garden and the park, and so-forth. I would have gone sooner, but the Squire seemed to have a mind to show me about; and then we went indoors again and drank some tea and looked at some green lizards."

Mrs. Dallocourt's eyes opened to their widest extent, and she sat bolt upright in her chair.

"Green lizards!" cried she; "they are great curiosities."

"They are very ugly ones," said Leonard. "They were poked away into a corner of a room in a glass case, and I asked what they were; and so Mr. Dobson pulled the case out for me to look at, and asked me whether I didn't think them beauties."

"I hope you said that you did," remarked Mrs. Dall
"You would have shown very bad taste had you said an
else."

"Then I must have shown abominably bad taste," re
Leonard, "and so must Mr. and Mrs. Dobson; for we all
that they were the ugliest creatures breathing. I said it fir
sort of half-expressed fashion, and then he burst out laughin
said it plainly; and Mrs. Dobson said that she had put them
corner, on purpose that she might not see so much of them, s
told me that she should be thankful if they were to cease to
but that she hoped they wouldn't die in her possession, f
that it would be bad for her nerves, and then she asked
knew anybody who would like to have them. I said not."

"Oh, Leonard!" cried Mrs. Dallocourt, in accents
utmost vexation, "if those swine don't appreciate their pea
might have known that your mother would."

"What's this about pigs and pearls?" asked Leonard, :
at his mother's sudden vehemence. "These things that v
speaking of were green lizards."

"They were pearls before swine," cried Mrs. Dallocoo
speaking with unusual energy. "I beg, Leonard, that y
take the earliest opportunity of mentioning to Mr. Dobson
should very much like to have them. I only wonder that
not say so to-day."

"I wish to goodness you had mentioned it before," as
Leonard. "How was I to know, that you would like the
things? Don't you think, you had better drive over yours
ask for them?"

"I should not think of doing such a thing," returne
Dallocourt, with immense dignity. "It is Mrs. Dobson's
call, and I should be the last person in the world to transg
rules of etiquette for the sake of a few paltry lizards."

"You called them pearls just now," observed Leonard.

"I spoke figuratively," explained Mrs. Dallocourt with i
ing majesty; "but had they been indeed pearls the case wo
have been different. It would ill become the daughte
distinguished house, the wife and mother of a Dalloo
beg for pearls in the drawing-room of any gentleman in E
and least of all in the drawing-room of a Dobson, whose ar
is so immeasurably inferior to our own, although adve
advantages of money and lands may cloth him with a su
superiority."

Leonard laughed. The sense of the overwhelming di
his family weighed less heavily upon him than upon his mo

"But as far as you are concerned," pursued Mrs. Dal

"it is quite another thing. You have just been hospitably entertained, and I must say very properly treated at Hufferton Hall, and here is no reason whatever why you should not call there to-morrow, or the next day, and just let Mr. and Mrs. Dobson know that your mother has a finer appreciation than they have of the curiosities of which they happen to be in possession."

Leonard demurred a good deal, for the task was a somewhat tasteful one; but his natural amiability overcame every scruple, and the coveted lizards were transferred to the cottage *ornée* before the week was over.

"And now, mother," cried he when the case containing them had been installed in its appointed place, "Squire Dobson has paid very well for that race after the hat, and I think we may consider the debt cancelled."

Mrs. Dallocourt said, "What an idea!" and furthermore, pressed her opinion that there had been no debt contracted, and that the catching of Mr. Dobson's hat was a piece of ordinary civility that required no recompense but thanks. "But still," continued she, "that is no reason why Mr. Dobson should not be civil to you in return."

"He has been civil to me," returned Leonard; "and he has forgiven you these green abominations. What more can you possibly expect from him?"

"He might let you have the shooting over Koughborough farm," said Mrs. Dallocourt; "and unless you are very foolish indeed you will ask him for it."

"Free?" demanded Leonard, apparently too much taken by surprise to frame even a moderately-sized phrase. Whereupon his mother curtly inquired whether he thought she could afford to pay for it.

Leonard spared himself the trouble of saying, "Of course not," and cogitated for a while upon the new idea.

"He reserves that shooting for himself," he said at length.

"He reserves it for his son," retorted Mrs. Dallocourt; "and knowing that Mr. Peter Dobson is away from Hufferton, and not likely to return for many months, I don't see what pleasure it can possibly afford him. Meantime, there are plenty of partridges ranging wild at Koughborough; and reason and common-sense make point you out as the proper man to shoot them."

Now, Leonard was very fond of shooting, and his mother's position squared uncommonly well with his own inclinations; he was a modest young man, and his modesty suggested difficulties.

"I suppose Mr. Dobson understands reason and common-sense, well as we do," replied he; "and perhaps he has other views.

He never said a word about the farm at Koughborough, alth he told me that he should ask me to some shooting parties a Hall."

"He told you that he should ask you," repeated Mrs. D court. "That was as much as to say that you were not t unless you were asked. It would have been more civil of Dobson if he had said, 'Come over and shoot whenever you ple However, as he did not choose to say that, the next best t would have been, 'Koughborough Grange is not far from your b I hope you will shoot there whenever you feel inclined.'"

"It *would* have been a pretty speech," returned Leonard; "I should have listened to it with great pleasure. But, you Squire Dobson did not think proper to make it."

"Very likely he forgot," returned Mrs. Dallocourt; "and t would be no harm in your jogging his memory."

So Leonard, urged on by his mother, did jog Squire Dob memory, and obtained leave to make havoc amongst the Ko borough birds whenever the idea occurred to him, an instan liberality on Mr. Dobson's part that was hardly appreciated should have been by the haughty mistress of the cottage.

"He could not have done otherwise," said she, which obviously not the case. But Leonard, engrossed with his amusement, thought it needless to argue the matter. His passed more pleasantly, and more quickly than before; and allu to haberdashery and the Far West fell less and less frequently his lips.

Mrs. Dallocourt, pleased with the cessation of these hated t and with the employment that her son had found, felt her an decrease, and her hopes and ambition rise; and while Leu blazed away at Squire Dobson's game, and the green lizards th and prospered satisfactorily, she sat working at her pretty w table, and built delightful castles in Spain. Sometimes they for Elsie, the frolicsome child at her feet—sometimes for her you son, a midshipman in the Royal Navy—sometimes for her elder daughters, who were finishing their education at a fo school; but the loftiest, the pleasantest, the completest chât the edifices whose realisation she most ardently desired, upon w construction the riches of her imagination were lavished, all for Leonard, her first born. It was for him she plotted planned while she guided her needle mechanically through appointed course, and set off the Royal Arms with a backgr of sea-green wool. For the generality of pedestrians, Koughbor Grange was within walking distance of the cottage *ornée*, bet which and Hufferton Hall were three good miles at least, an two places were situated on opposite sides of the cottage.

Dallocourt, looking up from the lion and the unicorn, from the crown, the *heri soit* and the rest, would cast her eyes sometimes through the north window in the direction of Hufferton, sometimes through the south window in the direction of Koughborough, and the magic wand of fancy would be more active than the needle of reality. In spite of that adventure with the hat, and the subsequent present of lizards, in spite too, of Leonard's occasional presence at shooting parties at Hufferton, there had been of late, no neighbourly intercourse betwixt Mrs. Dobson and herself. "Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Dobson," she had said to her son when he went upon that errand concerning the Koughborough partridges, "and thank her for her pretty gift. I do not consider it necessary to tender her my thanks in person. They were only cast-off treasures, and it is her turn to call."

"I am so glad that she did not think it incumbent upon her to drive over," observed Mrs. Dobson to her husband after the message had been delivered. "And, indeed, if she had I don't think I could possibly have seen her. Mrs. Dallocourt is a very admirable woman, I have no doubt, and a lady of good family; but in the delicate state of my nerves she is really more than I can stand." And so the valetudinarianism of the lady at the Hall and the pride of the lady at the cottage combined to place a gulf between them which neither attempted to cross. But none the less uniformly on that account did Mrs. Dallocourt choose Hufferton Hall for the foundation of her castles in Spain.

In the meanwhile the autumn passed away. The winter snows arrived, and with them came the Christmas festivities.

The Christmas festivities at Hufferton Hall were not, however, much to speak of, and what there were were entirely confined to the kitchen. There the crackling yule-log might be surrounded by a band of merry-makers, and the festive viands consumed with honours; but the Squire snored before the roaring fire as indifferently as before the fire of another season, and Mrs. Dobson professed herself tired of turkeys, and declared her utter inability to try the plum-pudding. No fresh and joyous faces enlivened the spacious rooms, no merry voices, no peals of laughter, were heard upon the frozen lake; the Squire caught a bad cold, the lady's-maid caught another, thereby greatly irritating her mistress, and the latter end of the old year and the opening weeks of the new saw Hufferton at its dullest and worst. At the cottage *ornée* things were a trifle better; but it was at the houses of the neighbours, the houses to which friends and relatives were flocking, to which sons and daughters were returning, that the festive season was most fully celebrated. Leonard Dallocourt was in great request. He was a good dancer, and a pleasant talker, and a favourite at every social

gathering. The children liked him, and no juvenile party was considered complete unless Elsie's brother were present. Grown-up people liked him too; and matronly ladies, with entertainments upon their minds, would accost him in a confidential manner and commence a consultation upon the choice of the evening. And nobody enjoyed these entertainments more than did Leonard himself.

"Oh, you musn't stop at home to-night," he said, on his mother as they sat talking after a late breakfast. "The Hawclaves' parties are always jolly, and this one is to be a real one. They have engaged capital musicians, I know, and there are to be plenty of nice people. You will hear no end of good fun, and feel as merry as a cricket!"

"It is all very well to feel as merry as a cricket," replied Mrs. Dallocourt, "but when one has to ride seven miles in a pony-carriage for that purpose, and seven miles back again, the pleasure of the thing is rather overshadowed. I cannot undertake it, Leonard. I have done four dances at Christmas, besides three juvenile parties, and a couple of meetings, and, indeed, I can do no more. You must go to the Hawclaves' by yourself."

So Leonard, though dutifully sorry that his mother should be deprived of what he esteemed an enviable pleasure, resigned to the anticipation of a solitary drive.

"It is lucky that you were not inclined to go," he observed, when the little family assembled at their meal. "Dobbin has had so much work to do lately that he is fallen quite lame, and is not fit to be used."

Dobbin was the unpretentious title that Leonard had bestowed upon the pony, but to Mrs. Dallocourt's ears this name was peculiarly objectionable. She was desirous that all her surroundings should be as elegant and as pretty as possible; and if now owing to the crabbedness of fortune, some few things would not come into her possession which could not be said to answer the description, then it was her custom to give them pretentious and elegant names, and thus in some sort to varnish over their defects. Now, her pony was a particularly ugly one; she knew it was ugly, and Leonard knew it, and, in fact, its ugliness was apparent and obtrusive a nature as to admit of no dispute; and the more strenuously on that account did Mrs. Dallocourt insist upon an euphonious appellation. She called the animal *Alfred*, not from any supposed resemblance to that illustrious general, but simply because the sound pleased her, and she requested he should call it so too; but Leonard, yielding and accommodating in general, never could educate his lips or his inclination

the exceeding elegance of that title. "Why won't Dobbin do?" said he, "the creature looks exactly like a Dobbin." And Dobbin he called it perpetually, in spite of all remonstrance. The pony was steady and strong, and Mrs. Dallocourt's appreciation of its merits was too high to allow her to part with it; so she retained it in her possession in spite of its ugliness and its name continued, a subject of variance between mother and son.

"Dobbin has fallen lame," announced Leonard, "and is not fit to be used."

"If you mean the pony," returned Mrs. Dallocourt, "I am extremely sorry to hear it." And then she proceeded to put divers questions respecting the mode of its cure, and the probable duration of its incapacity.

"And, pray," she asked, when these queries had been satisfied, "how do you propose to go to the Hawclaves' dance this evening?"

"I am going with the Melburns," said Leonard. "I met Frank Melburn this morning, and told him about Dobbin, and he agreed to pick me up on the road. He is going in a dog-cart with his brothers, and I am to have the fourth seat."

Mr. Melburn was the rector of the parish, and his three sons, clever, stolid young men, the envy of all papas and mammas who had sons destined for professions, were at home for brief holidays. They took their pleasure in a serious, business-like manner, conscientiously endeavouring to acquit themselves satisfactorily at all dances and other entertainments to which they might be invited by their father's friends. Notwithstanding these efforts, they were less popular in the neighbourhood than Leonard Dallocourt. Mrs. Dallocourt gave her shoulders a contemptuous shrug as she listened to her son's reply.

"Lively company!" she remarked, "You might almost as well have been alone with Alighieri."

But Leonard did not like to hear his friends so slightingly spoken of.

"You are quite mistaken, mother. Frank Melburn is not at all a bad fellow, and no more are the others; they can talk very entertainingly, when they please, and be much more worth listening to than others who talk faster. I assure you they are much better company than you take them for!"

"They might easily be that," said Mrs. Dallocourt, and gave a sarcastic little laugh. She was in the habit of scattering her ridicule broadcast amongst all her acquaintance, and these highly meritorious young men invariably had their full share.

"Well," said Leonard, who saw neither pleasure nor profit in pursuing the subject further, "I have a piece of news to tell you;"

and his mother looked up in expectation. "Miss Dobson came home unexpectedly last week, and is going to be at the Hawclaves' to-night!"

At this announcement a remarkable change came over Mrs. Dallocourt's countenance. Her eyes opened wider than was their wont, unaccustomed wrinkles appeared upon her forehead, her lips were parted, and her cheeks were flushed; there was not a feature of the handsome and haughty face uninfluenced by the general commotion.

"Leonard," she said, after a short interval of consideration, "I must go to that party, too. I have a mind to see Miss Dobson!"

It was Leonard's turn to be surprised then; and he stared in blank astonishment.

"How on earth are you going to get there?" he inquired; "and why are you so specially anxious to see Miss Dobson? She is not such a very interesting young person."

"She is, I think as interesting as most young people," retorted Mrs. Dallocourt, "and certainly more interesting than a good many. She is Mr. Dobson's only daughter; and he has but one son."

Leonard was silent; marvelling within himself why his mother should have thought it necessary to make the last two statements. That Miss Dobson and her brother were the only children of the squire of that name, was a well-known and acknowledged fact that no one ever dreamed of disputing, and its formal proclamation upon the present occasion appeared to him an incomprehensible work of supererogation.

"Yes," said he, after a little while, "she certainly is Mr. Dobson's only daughter; and she is very much like him in the face. I can't say what she is like in other respects, because she hardly ever speaks. She doesn't dance very well; the Squire don't dance at all."

"As for the Squire's dancing," cried Mrs. Dallocourt a little impatiently, "that is quite irrelevant to the question. I wish, Leonard, you would learn to talk relevantly."

"If I knew what the question was," replied Leonard with placidity, "I would endeavour to talk relevantly to it. What is the question?"

Mrs. Dallocourt looked rather puzzled.

"I don't know that there is any particular question," she said at length. "But I tell you, Leonard, I must go to the Hawclaves' to-night. I am quite determined about it. It is a long while since I have seen Miss Dobson to speak to, and I should like to renew our acquaintance; and as these Christmas entertainments must be

very nearly over by this time, seeing that Christmas day fell something like a month ago, I may not find another such good chance for some time. I must go to-night. If Alighieri can't take me I must go somehow else." And Mrs. Dallocourt gave her head an energetic toss to denote the firmness of her resolution.

"It is very easy to say somehow else," observed Leonard, "but it is not easy to settle how somehow else is to be. This is a busy day with the people, and there is no animal in the place that I know of, either to be borrowed or hired. Of course, if we had known beforehand what a fix we should be in, we might have hired a fly from Gurton; but it is too late for that now."

Gurton was the nearest town to the cottage *ornée*, and was about eight miles off.

"It would have been quite unnecessary," replied Mrs. Dallocourt; "and there is no occasion to be under any anxiety about the matter whatever. There will, probably, be a spare seat in the Hufferton carriage, and I am quite sure that I shall be welcome to occupy it. It will be obliged, on the way to the Hawclaves', to pass within a few yards of our gate, and it may as well stop and take me in."

"You don't mean to say," said Leonard, "that you will stand at the gate and hail the coachman?"

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Dallocourt. "But I don't see why you should not just walk over and speak about it beforehand."

Leonard laid down his knife and fork and looked solemnly into his mother's face.

"Mother," he began, "I don't object to the walk. Pray, don't think such a thing for a minute. But——"

"Oh, for goodness sake don't look so grave about it!" interrupted Mrs. Dallocourt. "If there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is to see people discuss the most trivial things in the world with an air of ponderous wisdom."

Leonard laughed, and took up his knife and fork. His mother was evidently "put out" just then, a malady to which she was subject at intervals, and he was willing to do his utmost to soothe her; but he held his own views upon the subject under discussion, and did not keep them to himself.

"I won't look wiser than I can help," said he; "and it certainly is a trivial matter; but I think that we are inclined to scornach too much upon the Dobsons. It seems to me that I am constantly walking over to Hufferton to ask favours. Besides, how do you know that there will be a spare seat in the carriage? They may have friends staying with them who will take up all the room!"

"They may have, and they may not have," returned Mrs. Dallocourt; "and the chances are that they have not. As for these constant favours that you speak of, I don't know anything at all about them."

"There were the lizards," explained Leonard, "and there is the shooting."

But Mrs. Dallocourt, however, would listen to no talk of lizards or shooting. She laughed to scorn all the delicate scruples of her son, declared that Squire Dobson must be a Goth and a snob if he declined to accede to her request, and waxed so earnestly and so eloquently impressive that Leonard yielded, as he generally did, and set out to do her bidding.

"Caroline," said Squire Dobson to his wife, as he stood, poker in hand, before the fire that evening, "what do you think young Dallocourt came for to-day?"

"Really, Charles," replied Mrs. Dobson from the sofa, "I have not even the beginning of an idea, and feel far too languid to make a suggestion. If it was about anything of importance I beg that you will tell me without further preface; and if it was unimportant, pray let me know it at once, in order that I may not be left in suspense. In the delicate state of my health suspense is the worst thing possible."

"It was his mother that sent him," pursued the Squire, poking manfully away at the coals. "I hate that woman!"

Mrs. Dobson closed her eyes. She always did close her eyes when anything approaching to strong language issued from her husband's lips.

"I hate that woman!" repeated Mr. Dobson, as he settled himself in his arm-chair. "She is a woman who would swallow you from head to heels, if you gave her but the tip of your finger. I wonder what she'll be up to next! She has taken to ordering our carriage about already!"

"Ordering our carriage about!" echoed Mrs. Dobson in accents of unaffected astonishment. And then the Squire enlightened her concerning the errand on which Leonard had come.

"Mrs. Dobson saw nothing to be displeased at."

"I am sure," said she, "as far as I am concerned Mrs. Dallocourt is exceedingly welcome to the seat. I hope, Charles, you did not refuse her."

Mr. Dobson replied that he had had a great mind to do so; from which Mrs. Dobson understood that he had not done it; and she languidly expressed her gratification.

"It is one of my principles," continued she, "never to refuse to do a kindness to anyone, provided it can be done without the slightest inconvenience to myself. Now, the present occasion is

just such a one as I like. If I had been going myself this evening I should have made a point of fabricating some excuse, whereby the honour of Mrs. Dallocourt's company in the carriage might have been avoided, even had there been room for her, for she is so verpowering and energetic a talker that her society is more than I can bear; but, considering that I never had the slightest intention of going, and that her presence in the carriage will make no manner of difference to me, I feel thankful that I am able to render her assistance!"

"You talk exactly like a woman," replied Mr. Dobson; "you talk exactly like a woman!"

"I have no doubt I do," replied Mrs. Dobson, "and I consider it a fact to be proud of. It is one great consolation to me in the midst of my nervous affections, that at least no one can accuse me of that departure from feminine characteristics so prevalent amongst some members of my sex."

"Don't you see," pursued the Squire, without paying much attention to this complacent comment on his reproach, "don't you see that the oftener we accede to these cool requests of hers, the tamer she will prefer them? She is like the horseleech that cries give, give! I don't care twopence for the seat; but it shows the spirit of the woman. And, pray, how did she know that it would be wanted. I tell you there will be no end to it. It is not the first time that she has served us so, nor yet the second. I have not forgotten about those lizards!"

"I offered her those," remarked Mrs. Dobson. "And you know, Charles, you were always railing at their ugliness."

This was true; but it is one thing to grumble at one's possessions, and another to wish to part with them. The Squire growled easily, and vented his spleen upon the unoffending coals. The ten lizards had been brought to him by a friend after distant travels, and though he had always derided and railed at them, as his wife observed, he had viewed them with a secret complacency, and had seen them conveyed to the cottage *ornée* with feelings the reverse of amiable. It was from the summary pouncing upon those sign reptiles that arose the dislike of Mrs. Dallocourt that led him to regard her simplest action with an angry distrust, the decided expression of which had necessitated the closing of Mr. Dobson's eyes.

brought on by a severe cold, and Sir Arthur Helps for many great and benevolent men whom he had called for whom England had learnt to love with a love that will get cold.

Arthur Helps belonged to an order of writers extremely numerous at the present day, but rare in earlier times whose hearts overflowed with love for their fellow-men, full of compassion for the poor and lowly, who yearned to make the world better than they found it. These men did not write up a reputation or to earn money; though both money fell abundantly to their lot. They were without party; they did not resort to sarcasm, slander, and abuse; they set forth their thoughts on the condition of the people of the world, thinking only of doing good. They made ample provision for the weaknesses of human nature, and while freely exposing spots in the economy of modern society, never ridiculed those who were responsible for these evils, never blamed the man for faults of which he was guilty, and which they considered blotches on his character rather than essential parts of it. They frankly acknowledged how poor and sinful is the human condition, how often its best resolutions end in empty prayers for aid, how peculiarly man is the creature of circumstances, the product of education and habit; and, knowing all this, they held themselves blameless, though they were not blind to the fault.

[.] Immensurably superior to the masses of their country, holding the broadest and noblest views about religion and

Thackeray, Stanley, Dickens, and many others in its ranks, and among whom he took so high a place.

The most superficial examination at once shows the difference between Helps and these generous co-workers of his and the great writers of the last century. The latter, as far as ability, wit, learning and literary excellence went, were not in any respect inferior to their successors; but, partly in consequence of the lives they led, partly in consequence of the views then entertained about what was allowable in literature, they gave the world books, essays, poems which, with few exceptions, could not have come from the pen of Kingsley or of Helps. The group of distinguished men who assisted Addison in the preparation of the "Spectator," and who were a great improvement on their predecessors, had not that sympathy for man, that tender compassion for the weak and sinful, which, thank Heaven, are the characteristics of the present school of writers. A hundred years ago many of the leading writers led lives far from spotless; their morals were bad; their habits dissolute. Here and there an exception occurs, but the exceptions were very few. And then, worse than all, the withering sarcasm, the ill-natured invective, the wilful misrepresentation, the degrading of literature from its high place to be the tool of party leaders, and a terrible instrument in the hands of malice and impiety, gave a tone to the writings of that day which I trust will never again be possible.

Now and then some of the weekly reviews of the present day publish articles calculated to foment ill-feeling, to loosen the bands holding society together, and to bitterly wound those unfortunates against whom the writer discharges his poisoned arrows. But these are quite exceptions. The great authors of our generation, who were the friends of rich and poor, were not cast in the mould of Fielding and Smollett, and had higher aims than poor John Wilson Croker.

Arthur Helps was one of the brightest lights in the modern order I have just been describing. What his politics were I do not know, nor would it be easy to tell whether he had any enemies. There is not an ill-natured expression in any of his many works. All he wrote breathes the spirit of that great commandment, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;" and when he lay on his death-bed, looking back over a life passed in doing good to his countrymen and to all mankind, it is hard to believe that he could have called to mind any sentence which he would have wished unwritten. He wrote with such a sense of responsibility that, had he written with the shadow of death over him, he could not have been more guarded in his expressions, more considerate in the censure he bestowed.

Against him no one had a word to say. He was benevolent and forgiving to a fault. The many great men whom for thirty years past he had seen so much of, all appeared to have regarded him as a friend of that stamp not everyday met with. His life is said to have been absolutely spotless, a pattern to his friends, an example to the world. His Queen, who saw much of him, and who had many opportunities, of course, of finding among the crowds of scholars, divines, and statesmen, who surround her throne, the best and noblest men of the day, found in him a friend, a counsellor, a comforter whose place even she will not easily fill. Knowing as we do the reserve generally exercised in these matters, and the grudging hand with which royal favour is meted out to loyal subjects, that notice which, a few days after Sir Arthur's death, appeared in the papers, in which the Queen simply and touchingly records her sense of his great virtues and high abilities, is the most remarkable tribute to his worth which he could have received. He was the friend of the foremost men in the state, the leaders of parties, the rulers of the Church and of the great professions, and, last but not least, the faithful friend and wise counsellor of his Sovereign, who always knew that from him she could get advice on which she could implicitly rely.

Some of the short papers which, from time to time have appeared of late years in the leading magazines, signed, in his simple, unobtrusive way, so characteristic of the man, A. H., are most interesting, and give as good an insight into his heart as any of the more important works that have come from his busy pen. There are several papers in which he has beautifully recorded his impressions of some of the great men whom he had known, and who had preceded him by a little space to the grave. One on Lord Clarendon, another on Dickens, and a third on Charles Kingsley, the last published two months ago in "*Macmillan*," are among the best of the kind. There is such a generous appreciation of the talents of his friends, such sympathy with and for them, such sorrow at the loss he, in common with all England, had sustained, that no one could refuse to admit that he was indeed a great and good man.

What will be his position in English literature? What is the value of the work he did? What are his books remarkable for? These are somewhat difficult questions to answer, though they are being asked on all hands. And, perhaps, in his case there will be, both now and for years to come, more diversity of opinion than usual. It must be remembered that his position was a most peculiar one, and calculated to make it almost impossible for him to form and to express those clear, well-defined, unmistakable opinions, which other writers, more fortunately circumstanced,

could hold and give to the world. His natural turn of mind may have to some extent influenced the tone of his writings, and the delicate offices he, at various times, held must still more have made him cautious. He was not a Member of Parliament, a clergyman, a Queen's Counsel, a successful court physician. He was not connected with any party in Church or State, nor had he anything to do with any great social or national organisation. In early life he was the private secretary of one distinguished public man after another; first of Lord Monteagle, Lord Melbourne's Chancellor of the Exchequer, next of Lord Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; then he held several delicate and responsible posts; and finally, sixteen years ago, he became Clerk to the Privy Council, a delicate, though honourable office, bringing him into constant contact with the ablest and most influential public men of the day.

Caution was impressed upon him, and caution marks all he wrote. He had opportunities of seeing and knowing statesmen representing all colours and parties, and thus he got to see how much goodness of heart and greatness of intellect there was in men holding radically different opinions. Then, again, I presume he would have laid himself open to the severest censure, both from the Government and from the periodical press, had he, in any of his works, criticised the motives and actions of the ministers, whom he knew so well, and of whose conduct, perhaps, few could judge better. No man ever seemed more closed in, on every hand, with difficulties which would render success as a writer impossible, no man more cautiously and wisely avoided those difficulties. In all estimates of his abilities the peculiar nature of the posts he held must never be forgotten. To me it seems that in it we must seek the key to much that would otherwise seem inexplicable in his style.

An opinion, sometimes expressed, is that he was capable of something greater than anything he ever accomplished. No one means by this to hint that Arthur Helps was not a great and original writer, still the impression left on the mind is that, valuable as are his works, full of wisdom, of knowledge of mankind, something more—greater and more original—might have come from his pen. Perhaps, had he retired from public life at forty-five, and shaken himself altogether free from the restraints of a delicate official position, he might have formed opinions more decided, and written something more capable of rousing the enthusiasm of the nation, and of forcing those who had read what he had written to bestir themselves and to do something.

Like Kingsley and Thackeray, he did not allow himself to be influenced by national prejudices and habits. The good in other

nations he generously admired and warmly praised. For example, how kindly he speaks of the German people, of their habits, their out-door life, their innocent amusements, their sobriety! Again, how passionately he loved nature in all her wild, luxuriant beauty! There is that well-known passage in "Friends in Council," in which this love of the country comes strongly out. He had been staying in a continental city near which, according to the guide books, there was nothing to interest the tourist. But Sir Arthur thought differently. He left his carriage at the post-house, and walked into the great pine forest, and there he was delighted. "There was that almost indescribably soothing sound (the Romans would have used the word *susurrus*)—the aggregate of many gentle movements of gentle creatures. The birds hopped but a few paces off as I approached them; the brilliant butterflies wavered hither and thither before me; there was a soft breeze that day, and the tall trees swayed to and fro politely to each other. I found many delightful resting-places."

Sir Arthur did not confine himself to one walk of literature. In this, too, he resembled many of the leading writers of the present day, nor did he only take a lively interest in those subjects about which he wrote. He was an enlightened advocate of sanitary reform, and of a national and comprehensive system of education. He was certain to approve of anything which could in any way make the lives of his fellow-men happier and more prosperous, and raise them socially and morally.

As a historian he can never rank high. Not but what he had thoroughly mastered his subject, and had a perfect knowledge of the language and manners of the people whose exploits he was describing; but his humane heart sank within him at the long strings of bloody deeds, fierce raids, treacherous reprisals, which form the chief events in the history of the conquest of America by the Spaniards. Then Sir Arthur weighed everything so calmly and judiciously, was, in short, so afraid of saying anything which was not absolutely and in its minutest particulars true, that his historical works are deficient in that power of description, that admiration for the personages whose lives he is recording, which have made Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" so deservedly popular, and such a splendid specimen of a semi-military history.

In another walk—the drama, he obtained as much fame as the majority of writers who have of late years written for the stage. One of his dramatic pieces, "Oulita," a tragedy, published in 1858, is exceedingly beautiful. There is something so graceful and dignified in the characters described; all have some merit; all are perfectly natural, and though this play has probably never been acted, and might not be a success, were it acted, it greatly

as the student who carefully studies it. Two songs are used in the play, one of which, "The End of the Rebel Rezin's Love," is a charming lyric, and shows how great were Sir Arthur's gifts.

"Oulita" was something more than a tragedy intended just to be acted, and then laid aside. Were anyone to take up Sir Arthur's works, and to fall into the error of thinking that they should be hurriedly read and at once forgotten, he would do the injustice and lose the point of his works. Sir Arthur's works are intended to teach great moral lessons, to expose the evils creeping into modern society, and substituting fresh and new evils for those which advancing civilisation has swept away.

As a mere narrative, "Oulita" is remarkable for the very characters introduced. "Oulita," herself, the "Count," the "Duchess," and the "Small Wise Man," cannot fail to delight the reader. But the tragedy had other objects; it exposes the evils of slavery, and shows the horrors of an irresponsible, despotic government, with its machinery of secret police, and its cruel punishments.

We have already referred to Sir Arthur's success in a third field of his work—kindly biographical notices of eminent men whom he personally knew. There remains a fourth and last branch of his work, the one in which his success was still greater, and with which his reputation will always be associated. It is difficult to name to this kind of literary work. Anyone who has read "Isis in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," "Conversion War and General Culture," will know their peculiarities. They are not merely a succession of moral essays—they are not sermons; but they really consist of essays followed by dialogues. The dialogue is not all; the parties in these wonderful conversations are real, living persons; each well-defined and natural, and distinguished by little peculiarities which are unmistakeable. The persons who there converse are all scholars and well-bred gentlemen, kind, liberal, benevolent men, full of high principle, and of a noble feeling.

It may be taken to be the first of a series, now extending to eight or ten little volumes, was a work published in 1841, and containing sixteen essays, one of some length, the remainder very short. To this book he gave the name of "Essays in the Intervals of Business." The fifteen short essays are all written, and deal with a variety of subjects, such as Secrecy, Party-spirit. They are full of kind wisdom and thoughtful reflections. The last essay is on "Organisation of Life," and is followed by an interesting conversation

on the essay itself. That conversation is in every respect admirable, and showed the peculiar bent of the author's mind.

In 1847 Sir Arthur published a work called "*Friends in Council*," the plan of which is singular. The writer is supposed to be an aged clergyman, named Dunsford, who meets to pass summer evenings with two old college pupils—Ellesmere, a barrister; and Milverton. The last reads some essays of his own composition, dealing with important questions, such as War, Hatred, Education, Slavery, Population, and then the writer, his friend, and his old tutor proceed to discuss the essays. There is nothing surely more touching than the sweet, mild temper of old Dunsford; more curious than the clear, vigorous intellect of Ellesmere; more pleasing than the benevolence and wisdom of Milverton.

In 1850, appeared "*Companions of My Solitude*," in which Sir Arthur, this time under the form of Milverton, discusses some great social problems. Conversations are here and there introduced between Dunsford, Ellesmere, and Milverton; but the most striking part of this charming work is the touching account of a poor German maiden, given by the sarcastic Sir John Ellesmere. There is something so full of pathos in what the great barrister says that the object of the writer, in introducing this incident, is more than accomplished. I know few things more beautiful than this little sketch of Gretchen, the kindly, thoughtful, refined German girl.

Nine years later Sir Arthur published two more volumes of "*Friends in Council*." It had been said that he could not possibly allow each personage to write essays, which should at once be seen to be in keeping with the character assigned to the writer. Sir Arthur, who no doubt had seen the challenge thrown down, went over the same ground again, and ran the tremendous risk of being his own rival, of pushing his efforts too far. But such was the force of his genius that he more than triumphed. The second series of "*Friends in Council*" is far superior in every respect to the first.

But Mr. Midhurst, a slow diplomatist, is added to the group of friends who re-appear in the second series; and two young girls are introduced—Blanche and Mildred, the cousins of Milverton. The essays are still finer, the conversations still more animated than anything that had before come from Sir Arthur's pen. Midhurst, Dunsford, Ellesmere, each writes an essay perfectly in keeping with the man, and Sir Arthur silenced his critics at once and for ever.

The second series of "*Friends in Council*" is also supposed to be written by Dunsford, who acts as the chronicler of what is

read, said, and done, and in this series has more to do than in the former, for he has to relate the incidents of a continental tour, which the whole party went, as well as to recount his own love story, and very beautiful the latter is. The old clergyman goes a walk with Mildred, and tells her how long, long years before, when he had just taken the highest honours at the University, his own heart was nearly broken by a love disappointment. He, who seems to have so little romance in him, had entertained a tender, reverent admiration for a beautiful girl, whom he hoped to make his; but she, though he did not know it, had set her heart elsewhere, and not knowing of—perhaps, not even suspecting his love for her—told him that she was going to marry her cousin Henry, Mildred's father.

And since then one work after another has come from his pen; one essay after another; and he has again and again introduced long, wise conversations by an ever-increasing circle of friends in council. Here and there, in all his works, are touching incidents. In almost every page some wise remark, so full of truth and justice, delights the cultured reader. A novel, too—"Realmah," has come from his untiring pen. And a few years ago he published in "Good Words," a "Conversation and a Story," fully equal to anything he had ever written. And quite lately, before that busy hand ceased from its labour of love, a book, "Social Pressure," has been given to the world, as remarkable as any of its many predecessors.

Sir Arthur is undoubtedly discursive, and, as I have hinted, there is not that fierce energy in any of his works which rouses the reader into instant action. As a master of the suggestive form of essay he ranks deservedly high. I mean that his works abound in sentences containing great truths, suggesting all manner of subjects for reflection, and the reader every moment feels tempted to pause and think out for himself what has only been hinted at.

Perhaps it will be objected that Sir Arthur's characters may be rather wanting in energy and earnestness: perhaps the conversations are a little too well balanced, the conflict of opinion not decided enough; but, after all, this may be one of the greatest claims he has to the admiration of posterity. Everyone can take up any one of his essays and read it with deep interest and great profit. There he will find everything that can be said *pro* and *con*. He cannot fail to get good, though he seems to be at liberty to form his own opinion; for Sir Arthur, though writing calmly and judiciously, wrote always so truthfully, was so free from prejudice, that in all his works the truth comes prominently out, and

cannot fail to impress and influence the reader almost in spite of himself.

There are passages in this great man's works in which he hints, and with truth, that many of the persons whose sole object in life is to get a seat in Parliament might with advantage be replaced by other and abler men from the world of letters. Many will wonder whether he, who knew so much of politics, and was so generous, would have succeeded there. Here, in England, the laurels which adorn the great writer's name, are much coveted, and are worth much; but they do not take the form of great Parliamentary honours, as in France and the United States. The illustrious English author may obtain a baronetcy, or still more rarely a peerage, but he cannot hope for a seat in the Cabinet, unless, like Gladstone, Disraeli, Lytton, and Macaulay, he has done enough in public life to entitle him to such an honour irrespectively of literary fame. Whether Helps would have made a good and energetic Secretary of State is doubtful, though he would have succeeded quite as well as many of those who have held the office. But he *would* have been an acquisition to either House of Parliament, and he, to whose wisdom and ripe scholarship England owes "Friends in Council," would, in the councils of the nation, have played an useful and honourable part, and been guided by a feeling of responsibility many members of Parliament know nothing of.



THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c

CHAPTER LV.

"Tis but thy name that is my enemy."

Romeo and Juliet, act ii.

Mrs. NORRIS and her children were assembled in the dining-room of the house in Georges-square, one bleak snowy morning in January. Breakfast was laid, and they waited only the appearance of the head of the family to commence their meal. But as was often the case, Norris was late, and so each individual was whiling away the time in his or her own fashion.

Mrs. Norris was forwarding preparations, by putting the sugar into the cups, whilst she consulted the timepiece every minute, and at length made the remark, "I shall begin breakfast without your father, if he does not come soon."

Five years have elapsed since Teresa Ayleworth came from Fanner's Close with her cousin to his house in Georges-square. Even then, Mrs. Norris had begun to look faded and worn out, but now she has aged still more, and very quickly. Her face is saggard and her eyes sunken; she is very thin, and has all the appearance of a person in rapidly-failing health, her temper, too, has become querulous and peevish. From being a very strong and active woman, she had fallen, or was rapidly falling into, a state of great weakness and debility; a consummation probably brought about by more causes than one: successive losses of her children, except Mark, added to her voluntary severe labours in the cause of science, when travelling about the wildest and remotest spots with her husband, and continued exposure to wind and weather, at all times and seasons of the year, were at length working fatal effects on her constitution, though Norris himself was, as usual, the last to perceive it.

Flora, now a fine tall girl of two and twenty, was scanning the nautical intelligence in the pages of the *Scotsman*, which always possessed the greatest interest for her.

Oliver was exhibiting a pair of skates to Mark, and announcing his intention of going to Duddingston Loch that afternoon; and the two youngest members of the family, Peter and Thomas, were gazing with delight at the white snow-drifts in the square, and promising themselves a fine game of snowball when they came from the High School.

At length Norris made his appearance, little changed in the five years that had gone by, only that he looked more weather-beaten, and perhaps a trifle more slovenly in his attire. Under his left arm he carried two or three books, which he still retained in the same place, after he had taken his seat at the table; silently took the cup of tea which his wife had passed to him, with his right hand, gazing straight before him with a pre-occupied look, and seeming absorbed in meditation of a not very pleasing kind.

Mark and Oliver exchanged glances and smiled, as they watched Norris pressing the volumes under his arm, and apparently heedless of everything that was passing around him. To Flora's demand for a slice of ham, he replied in an abstracted manner, "Yes, Yes," though he continued gazing fixedly on vacancy. Her second demand for ham met with the same response; at the third, with the hand that was at liberty, he took up a knife in a helpless sort of fashion, and transferring his gaze to the ham, seemed at length to have a faint idea that he had been asked for some, and to be wondering, at the same time, why he could not cut it.

The boys laughed, and Flora could not help smiling. But Mrs. Norris looked cross, and spoke as though she were.

"My dear, what are you doing with those books under your arm? Do, for goodness sake, put them away, and give Flora a little ham; she has asked you three times, and you have only said "Yes, yes." You really get more absent every day."

To this accusation Norris made no direct reply; probably because he knew he could not refute it; for in truth, he was conscious of being often very abstracted, and oblivious of what was passing around him. On one occasion, having paid a visit to a barber, the gentleman, who next consigned himself to that functionary could not, when he rose up shaved, find his stock anywhere. Small wonder; for, a little later, Dr. Norris was discovered wearing, in addition to his own stock, the missing one buckled over it. In the streets his sons spoke to him sometimes, by way of joke, and he would answer them in an absent fashion, quite unconscious of the person to whom he was speaking. It was continually that he was so completely absorbed in his reflections, and when he was roused from them, and became aware of his abstraction, he usually showed some little vexation of spirit; so on the present occasion, he deposited the

ooks rather hastily on the table, made some unintelligible remark, the purport of which seemed to be, that when a parcel of boys talked continually at table it was impossible to hear anything, and then proceeded to cut some ham for Flora.

Mark and Oliver only smiled at this accusation, levelled, as they well knew, at themselves. They were too much accustomed to the ready facility with which Norris could shift blame from his own to any other shoulders. The ease, indeed, was marvellous with which he at all times transferred this commodity from himself to his relatives or friends.

"I suppose," said Mark, who was mischievous enough, to try sometimes to nullify these efforts on the part of his step-father, that Dr. Norris was down deep in the lowest primary stratified rocks, or else in the brown coal formation. Poor Flora!—his children asked him for bread, and he gave them a stone."

Norris laughed at first at this sally of Mark's, and then, after he had pondered over it for a minute or two, looked vexed, and proceeded to bring a counter accusation, which involved all his children. "When you are my age, Mr. Mark Unsworth, and perhaps grown grey-headed, like me, in the lapse of years spent in toil of mind and body for the benefit of children not too grateful, and now not how to meet the expenses their extravagance entails upon you, you may sometimes be guilty of the unpardonable offence of absence of mind."

"Fortunately for me, my dear sir," replied Mark smiling, "I shall never suffer from ungrateful children. The owner of these stumps intends to live and die a bachelor."

Norris received this answer in contemptuous silence, and then picking up a letter, evidently written on long, business-looking blue blotting paper, from the table beside him, said, as he examined it, "The Chester post-mark. Oh! this will be my lawyer's bill, and a swinging one I'll be bound. Well, that may wait till breakfast is over."

And he laid the letter down on the table, with looks expressive of much mental disturbance; and recurring to his former theme, he observed, addressing Mrs. Norris, "Our expenses increase to such a frightful extent, and will continue to do so, so far as I can perceive, that I really see no other resource than to break up house-keeping, and thus render myself homeless in my old age, for the sake of my children."

"Will the next step, Doctor Norris, in the scale of retrenchment be to go abroad?" asked Mark, in a jocular tone.

"Probably I shall find it necessary to do so," replied Norris, lightly, "both for economy and our health's sake."

"I quite agree with you, my dear," chimed in Mrs. Norris;

...of you.

Having thus expressed his own opinion, by pretending Oliver's thoughts, Mark plied his spoon with his two before described, and very quietly went on with his which his mother had cut into small pieces for him, disturbed by the angry looks of both Norris and herself.

A pause now ensued in the conversation, and Norris on with his breakfast; but his countenance lost none of indeed, this forlorn expression deepened, as Flora unluckily that she had seen mention in the *Scotsman* of two or three during the late stormy weather.

"I sometimes think myself like Job," observed in a lugubrious tone of voice, "I am tried in so many ways. Flora has just said brought painfully and vividly to my recollection of my poor lad Donald. His bones have long been at the bottom of the sea. Five years now since to Australia in that ill-fated vessel, which has never been heard of. My friends, by their mismanagement and care have been about as useful to me as Job's were to him."

"Are you alluding to Cousin Teresa?" asked Oliver drily, "I know, at the time, you considered yourself very in the offer of her services, and were thankful for the trouble she took in seeking Donald out, and seeing him."

"I should be the last to say a word against Teresa of heart, and the benevolence of her intentions," replied rather testily; "but the best of people may make mistakes. I consider that it was a fatal error in which I know (

the Sindbad in reserve, whose shoulders he may oppress with his
athens."

"Poor Donald!" ejaculated Norris, "he would have stayed at
me, but for Walter Ayleworth encouraging him to go to sea."

"Excuse me, father," said Oliver, "but I think you are not
correct in what you say. To speak the truth, you were
yourself the main cause of Donald going to sea. You wished to
bring him up to the profession he disliked, and he ran away to
avoid it; and then, after Cousin Teresa and Okey got him again,
I know they acted quite with your approval and consent, when
they put him on board a ship bound for Australia; they had tried
but could not meet with a place for him in an Indiaman."

"I think, papa," exclaimed Flora, with tears in her eyes, and
a blush on her cheek, you are unjust about Walter; but I know it
only because you are vexed that you speak so. You said, at the
time, you were quite satisfied, from Donald's letter, that Walter
knew nothing of his wanting to go to sea, or of his intention to run
away from home."

"Have you, or Oliver, any more reflections to make on your
father's conduct?" asked Norris, in a tone of lofty severity, con-
fiding his remark by observing, in French, that he was sorry they
could not set so bad an example to those two boys, indicating Peter
Tommy as he spoke.

Those two boys, however, were evidently too busily engaged in
their eager discussion on the interesting subject of snowballs to pay
attention to the conversation of their elders.

Flora and Oliver both said, that they had not intended to say
anything disrespectful, and Norris dismissed the unpleasant topic,
with a wave of his hand and the remark, "Well, well, we will
no more about it."

Then having finished his breakfast, he took up the blue letter
in, and wondered, as he opened it, how much those confounded
letters were charging him.

"My dear, what is the matter? you look very queer,"
exclaimed Mrs. Norris, from the end of the table.

"Bless my soul, is it a writ?" ejaculated Mark.

"Dear papa, shall I get a smelling bottle?" cried Flora, in real
alarm at her father's sudden paleness, and evident agitation.

"It is nothing, pray, don't be alarmed, any of you," said Norris,
with a faint smile; "but I was so astonished, so bewildered, and,
I may say, overpowered for a moment.—My dear," he added,
addressing his wife, "Anne Tinker is dead."

"And who is Anne Tinker?" asked Mrs. Norris, in some
surprise

"My cousin," replied Norris. "You must have heard me

have been very deep and earnest on her part, for she not though the possessor of a large fortune."

"Which, at her death," observed the astute Mark smile, "she has bequeathed to the son of the man whom Dr. Norris, I congratulate you!"

"Well really, Mark, you have guessed right," answered laughing.

"And really, papa, has Miss Tinker left you all her money?" asked Flora, half incredulously.

"She really has," replied Norris, "and this letter extract from her will sent by the executor. It runs as follows: 'You will observe that the testatrix has devised all her Hall estate to you for your life, with remainder to your other sons successively in tail.'"

Here Norris rather abruptly ceased reading, and was distracted for a moment.

"Very pleasant news, my dear," observed Mrs. Norris, "to have come in that blue letter which you thought was only a lawyer's horrid long bill. Well this will be a most memorable day."

"And what will be the amount of your fresh income?" asked Oliver.

"About two thousand a year," answered Norris. "I have added, with a smile, addressing his daughter. "I must go and see cousin Teresa to-day, and tell her the good news. I can afford to make you happy now, child, so the soon

"In all earthly good there must be some alloy," observed Norris, in a tone of slight chagrin, as he again took up the lawyer's letter, and looked at its contents. "You see this property is bequeathed to me upon two conditions; the first, that I shall make Buckhurst Hall my principal place of residence, and live there at least six months every year."

"Well, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Norris, "I am sure there is nothing to object to in that."

"Tarry a little, there is something else," exclaimed Mark, with a theatrical air, and a wave of his stumps; "there is a second condition."

"*Tis but thy name that is my enemy*," observed Norris, with a lurking smile. "You see," he added, jerking out the words at last very abruptly, "I shall have to take the name and arms of Tinker, and Tinker is a confoundedly ugly name."

"What's in a name?" said Mark laughing. "I should not object to taking any name under the sun that brought two thousand a year with it. How do you like it, Oliver?"

"I can't say I admire the name at present," replied Oliver; "but I shall get used to it, I daresay."

"I remember enough of my law," said Norris, "to be able to tell you this much, Oliver, that you will not be obliged to take the name of Tinker, when you come into the property, unless you choose, for you may cut off the entail. This will was made in 1804, before I was married and had any children, and, I suppose Miss Tinker disliked the trouble of making another, or else never thought of it; had she done so, she would probably have so tied up the estate that none of my sons could have cut off the entail."

"May I ask," said Mark, with assumed gravity, "what are the arms of the Tinkers?"

"They are an old and good family," replied Norris, "and their arms," he added, much to the edification of Peter and Tommy, who listened with open mouths, to the grand heraldic terms he gave utterance to, "*are argent a chevron between three attires of a stag, sable*."

"Really," said Mark; "are those the arms? Well, no one could be so rash, I should imagine, as to impugn the ancient origin of this family, seeing that the earliest Tinker, we have on record is that mighty man, Tubalcain, who was a renowned hammerer and artificer in every work of brass and iron; but as for their arms, in my ignorance, I should have guessed them to be, for instance, *argent a kettle proper*, and for crest, *a hand grasping a hammer proper*."

The allusion to the kettle, being so much more suited to the comprehensions of Peter and Tommy than the, to them, mystic words, chevron and attires of a stag, was received by these two

youngsters with rapturous laughter, in which their elders could not help joining, though Norris looked a little vexed.

"Well," he observed, rising up from table. "I must make arrangements for going to England at once, and we will all spend the summer at Buckhurst Hall."

CHAPTER LVI.

OUR LADY'S PORT OF GRACE.

A LITTLE to the west of Leith is an ancient village, dating ages back. In the cemetery there, there are yet traces of the chapel which stood on that spot in the fifteenth century, rude, but with massive walls, raised to form a temple for divine worship, in the far-away days when Newhaven bore the name of Our Lady's Port of Grace.

The village itself is so old and antiquated that it requires but a slight effort of the imagination to picture it as it was in times long gone by, when the Fourth James had a dockyard at Newhaven wherein the *Michael* was built, "ane very monstrous grate shippe!" These old, low-roofed houses, in the principal, and, indeed, almost only street in Newhaven, are probably little changed; they seem like relics of an age long past, with their dark, old red tiles and gable ends, and narrow, steep flights of stone steps, or staircases, built outside the houses. The very fish-women, grouped about in the street, have retained the same mode of dress, unchanged for many and many a long year. They look pleasing enough in appearance, so clean, so fresh, so ruddy and comely-looking, with creels on their backs, their fair hair gathered up under their lofty white caps, little inferior in height to those worn by the Normandy peasant-women, jackets of rough pilot cloth, short blue, or blue-striped, petticoats, blue stockings, and thick shoes. This quiet little fishing village seems to have stood still for centuries, whilst all around is unchanging, dreamy and quiet, with none of the hum and stir and bustle of the old city, whose smoke darkens the sky in the distance.

A lovely summer evening was just closing in, and a bright and glowing sunset lighted up into warmth and radiance every nook and corner of the old village. The brown nets hanging over the rails, the newly-tarred fishing boats drawn up on the beach, with bare-footed children playing in and around them, and down a steep descent, the small beach covered with loose stones and shingle, lost their rough and rude outlines, and seemed mellowed into beauty, as they reflected the magic colouring of that glorious sunset. Inchekeith rose clear and distinct in the distance, and the shores of Fife were all bright and radiant, and every wave rippling in from

that broad, clear expanse of water, where the sea lay like some vast mirror, was edged with lines of golden light. On a gentle ascent to the south of the village, there was a pretty cottage, a pleasant little suburban retreat, with low thatched roof and casement windows, a porch almost hidden under a screen of woodbine and honeysuckle, the broad leaves of a vine clustering over the walls, even to the roof-top, and a large rambling garden, full of fruit-trees and grass-plots, and quaint-cut flower-beds.

Walter Ayleworth, Flora, and Teresa, were the occupants of this cottage. Flora was the bride of a few short months; months of pure, undisturbed joy they would have been, but for the sudden death of her early friend, Mrs. Thorold, followed closely by that of her step-mother, Mrs. Norris. Walter had returned home early in spring, soon after Norris came into his new estate, and then it was settled that the marriage should take place at once. So Flora became Mrs. Ayleworth instead of going to spend the summer at Buckhurst Hall. The newly-married pair spent some few weeks in the Highlands, and were just preparing to return to Edinburgh, when they received a few hurried, almost unintelligible lines from Teresa, telling them of the sudden death of her dear benefactress, Mrs. Thorold.

If Flora's grief was great, who shall tell what Teresa felt?—the more, perhaps, because her sorrow lay deep in her inmost heart—a sorrow that time only would soften—that at present seemed too bitter to admit of any solace. She had lost her earliest, her dearest friend. Other friends she had, but none like the one she had lost, who had known and loved her from her childhood. She was herself a middle-aged woman now; she would soon be going down the hill of life, and the familiar road-marks were dropping away, one by one, and she began to feel a sense of loneliness as the friends of her youth disappeared. Still, with her usual fortitude, and quiet and cheerful resignation under the cross, in whatever form and shape it came, Walter and his bride found Teresa, on their return, the same loving, unselfish creature as ever, veiling her own sorrow that she might try and cheer them. Yet, waking or sleeping, for many a month there would come the recollection of that sunny April morning, when she stole softly into the room of her dear old friend, thinking how long she was sleeping, and found her with her cheek resting on her hand, and a look of indescribable peace and repose on her face, sleeping the last long sleep of death.

Piers Thorold at the time was in Vienna; for of late years, a restless spirit seemed to have taken possession of him, and he was ever moving about from place to place, seeking that repose which, as he had once told Norris in one of his letters, he seemed destined never to find.

Those were not the days when the telegraph wires flashed news from one country to another with lightning rapidity, nor was England or the Continent traversed and intersected, as now, by railroads in all directions; so the last remains of Monica Thorold had been conveyed from Edinburgh, and laid with those of her husband in the vault of the Thorolds, in the parish church of Brewood, before her son had even heard of her death.

Robert Norris, or Tinker, as we should now call him, in the absence of Piers, arranged everything himself, having come from England for that purpose. Many were the conjectures on the part of Norris and his wife, as to what course Teresa would have pursued, had Thorold been in England: would she have seen him when he came to Edinburgh? Possibly, they thought; and they agreed that perhaps that meeting might have changed the lives of each; that the barrier between them might have been broken down, and the two, so long separated, united at last. So judged Norris and his wife, who did not see beneath the surface, and who knew not Teresa's hidden thoughts, as did the dear old friend, who had just passed away.

Only a few weeks had elapsed since Norris had seen the remains of his old friend laid in their last resting-place, when the shadow of death fell on his own homestead, and plunged him in the deepest grief; he became once more a widower. Mrs. Norris, as we have already observed, had been long in failing health, a fact visible to every eye except that of her husband. Was it that he would not foresee what would be to him a most severe affliction? At last, however, she was attacked by a low fever, which terminated fatally in two or three weeks.

Mrs. Thorold, by her will, had left a legacy of two thousand pounds to Teresa, so that her worldly position was now one of ease and comfort. The old lady's house in Lyndoch Place was given up, and then Walter and his bride affectionately urged Teresa to come and live with them. "I will come and stay on a visit with you," she said, "on a long visit, if you will; but perhaps it is as well we should not be always together; dear Flora might even grow tired of me, though I know she does not think that possible, and I should be very sorry to wear out my welcome. As a visitor, then, I shall come. And whenever I am not with you, and if you should be ill or in trouble, send for me, and wherever I may be, I will come to you."

Walter and Flora gave in to Teresa's wishes, and called her their visitor when she came to them in their pretty cottage home at Newhaven; and here she stayed during the bright sunny days of spring, and through the summer, till the flowers began to wear the dark gorgeous tints of autumn; and then Teresa, smilingly, told

the young couple that she should bid them good-bye for awhile, and began, spite of all solicitations, to prepare for her departure.

But before this took place, Walter was appointed to the command of a sloop of war, which was to cruise off the coast of Africa; and under the shadow of the vine-covered porch of the cottage, one still, warm evening, when the stars were out, and the white moonbeams silvering the broad deep waters of the Firth of Forth, Flora, with mingled tears and smiles, whispered out her secret, as she rested her head lovingly on Teresa's shoulder:

"In a few months I shall be a mother; do not leave me alone."

And Teresa, smilingly answered, as she folded Flora in her arms, "Of course, Teresa will stay."

CHAPTER LVII.

NORRIS IN DANGER.

A SMALL group of spectators stood watching the antics of a wretched little monkey clad in a red coat and wearing a cocked hat, who was performing at the corner of Dover Street, Piccadilly, one bright cold afternoon in May. Amongst the crowd stood Mark Unsworth, who watched the poor animal for a few moments, and as he noticed the almost human expression of sadness and weariness on its face, whilst going through its monotonous performance, he said, turning to a youth, standing just behind him, "William, the little wretch can do nearly as much as I can with my stumps, but he looks very pitiful."

"He does, sir, to be sure," replied William, Mark's young valet, as he followed his master down Dover Street; "and I don't like to see the poor thing; if he were only a bit bigger he would look just like some old chap, whose skin had got tanned in foreign parts."

By this time they had arrived at their destination, a handsome house in the centre of Dover Street, in which Mark occupied lodgings with Oliver Norris, who was now studying engineering—more, indeed, as a pastime than with the object of ultimately making it his profession. It was an occupation for him, and his father was pleased to see him take it up, as it prevented him passing his time idly, and, moreover, the practical knowledge it gave him might be very useful to enable him to manage his property.

If Norris had suffered grief and anxiety on the score of his second son, he had nothing to complain of where Oliver was concerned. The latter had never given him much trouble; he had

always been persevering and painstaking in his studies, well conducted at home, and steady and regular in his life, when he went out into the world and became his own master.

Mark was so much attached to Oliver, and for years they had been such inseparable companions, that when the latter resolved to study for a time in London, Mark made up his mind to go with him; and so they took apartments in Dover Street, paid visits to Buckhurst Hall at Christmas, and when the London season was on entered into town amusements with moderation, and led, in short, a very pleasant and happy life.

Mark had a valet, as there were many things which the privation of his forearms prevented him from doing, or which he could do only with great difficulty, and with the aid of other organs of the body: hence, to compensate for the loss he suffered, he would make use of his mouth and teeth, and sometimes, though rarely, of his toes, for the little prolongations at the end of each stump, being slightly bent inwards, were very good organs of prehension, and being gifted with great sensibility and accuracy of touch, nearly superseded the necessity of using the toes instead of hands. His greatest difficulty was in dressing, for with his short stumps he could not reach his feet to draw on his socks or his boots; but what puzzled him most was to button his clothes, and, therefore, as he stood in the hall, his valet unbuttoned his over-coat for him.

On entering their common sitting-room, in which they smoked, read the papers, and so forth, and which Mark had distinguished by the name of "the study," he found Oliver, much to his surprise, strapping up a portmanteau, and apparently much agitated.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" exclaimed Mark.

"My father is very ill, I am afraid," replied Oliver, in a tone which showed the strength and earnestness of his affection; "He has had one of his attacks of bronchitis, a bad one, I fear. Some female has written, I suppose a nurse; I wonder Peter did not write, or Tom. I shall take a postchaise; will you come with me?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Mark, throwing himself into a chair. "William shall put my things together at once; but I hope there is nothing serious in this attack; summer is coming, and with the warm weather, I daresay, he will soon be all right again. William," he said, addressing his valet, "before you start about my packing, pull my boots off and put on my slippers. My *ossi humeri*, as Dr. Norris calls them," added Mark, stretching out his stumps towards Oliver, "are very useful, but it is a pity they are not an inch or two longer, for then I could dress my feet myself."

"Will you read the letter, Mark?" asked Oliver, placing it, as

he spoke, on a small table beside his friend's chair. "I have not read it properly; in fact, directly I saw that my father was ill, and wished me to come down to Chester, I set about my packing at once."

Mark read the letter through very carefully to himself, whilst William was busy pulling off his boots; then he said to the latter, in a trembling tone, which filled Oliver with consternation, for he feared that Mark was now alarmed about his father, "Go to my room, and put my things together. I suppose we shall leave London this evening?"

When the valet had disappeared, Mark threw himself back in his chair, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

At first Oliver looked angry and surprised, but after reflecting for a moment he said, "Mark, your mirth, from whatever cause it arises, is a great relief to me; for I am sure you would not laugh if you thought my father in any danger."

"My dear Noll," answered Mark, when he could speak, "your father has never been in any danger, I imagine—at least, not of the kind you suppose," he added, laying an ironical stress on the last few words; "and if his illness has been serious, he is recovering rapidly now, as you would have discovered, had you read to the end of this letter:—but there, I don't blame you; six crossed pages, in a lady's angular hand, is enough to distract any man! However, I have got the pith of it, and I'll communicate the same to you in a moment, as soon as I have tied this bow. You see," added Mark, with a slight accent of pride in his tone, "I like to let William see that I am not quite dependent, and really can help myself."

In less time than it takes to write it, Mark had seized hold of one end of his silk neckerchief with his teeth, had formed the bow with his tongue in lieu of a finger, and then holding the other end between his two stumps, and moving his head in an opposite direction, he pulled the bow tight, and accomplished his self-imposed task with equal celerity and adroitness.

Oliver had desisted from his hasty packing, feeling considerably relieved by what his friend had said, but still looking rather puzzled.

"What made you laugh, Mark?" he asked.

"The letter, my dear fellow," replied Mark, "and the reflections it suggested to me. Jane Fairfax is no nurse, but a lady, and is evidently a strong-minded female, and has taken Dr. Norris under the protection of her wing.

"But who is Jane Fairfax?" asked Oliver.

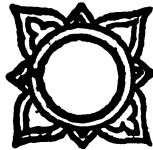
"I can't tell you," answered Mark, "who she is now; but I can tell you who she soon will be. She'll be Mrs. Norris—Mrs. Tinker, I should say."

"Mark, you are joking," exclaimed Oliver, looking rather aghast.

"Not a bit of it," replied Unsworth; "your father is going to marry again."

"Why, Mark," said Oliver, looking incredulous, "it is barely two years since your mother died, and he then protested that all his happiness in this world was wrecked for ever."

"My dear fellow, all that says nothing," answered Mark. "I believe that Dr. Norris had the greatest affection for my mother, and that he was a most tender and loving husband; but he can't live without a wife—he'll go on marrying till the end of his days. If he outlives a third wife he'll take a fourth, and so on: it's meat and drink to him. But I can't understand it myself: if I ever had had a wife, living or dead, no other image would have shut hers out."



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALGERNON DARCY.

CHAPTER VII.

A MEETING of Darcy's legal friends took place in Playfair's chambers after the trial, and in his absence. There was considerable perplexity and difference of opinion. Brian, as an old Scotch lawyer and Calvinist, prone to take the worst view of human nature, was convinced that the whole scene had been arranged beforehand between Darcy and Sir Philip. "It did great credit to our talented client," he said; "I have not seen anything so good as the ejaculation, on our friend's part, that Sir Philip's evidence was untrue. It was due to us to say as much, and it was absolutely necessary to preclude the idea of concert; and then the fainting was a masterpiece. I would have liked a medical examination had I been Mr. Attorney and perceived it. Certainly the moment before no one seemed less likely to faint than our client. He was by far the coolest in the court, and I had made sure at least of one thing to our credit, that he would have behaved well at his final public appearance; and believing him to be thoroughly innocent, I confess to have been more affected during the trial than I ever was during the course of my life. Bah! I shall never again believe in ingenuous youth."

"I differ entirely," said Playfair. "I have no doubt Sir Philip's evidence was as much a surprise to Darcy as to us, and his faint was genuine. I wish I could say the same thing as to my impression of his innocence. I confess it has been shaken by the evidence, which of course is utterly unaffected by the monstrous perjury of Sir Philip. But on the whole I adhere to my original opinion, and expect one day or other Darcy's innocence will be cleared up."

The junior said that on the whole he concurred with Mr. Playfair.—VOL. VII., NO. XL.

L L

a sceptic, and neither a believer nor an infidel.

Sir James Brown summed up judicially. "It is quite said he, "we cannot found on Sir Philip's evidence; and, far as it goes it creates in my mind a bias against my client, but it cannot absolutely exclude the theory of connivance. I was therefore the individual last seen with the deceased, and therefore the missing witness, and therefore the deed. This I admit was not my impression before the trial, before Sir Philip's appearance. I believed, on the contrary, in his innocence. Had I not really felt he was innocent, I would not have said so in the emphatic way I did. Now, like you, I do not know what the fact is, the case is a greater puzzle to me than to you. I happened to know Sir Philip, at one time I knew him intimately; and I would as soon have supposed my client guilty of perjury as him. He is a proud man—the proud man—and hitherto strictly, punctiliously honourable. I am calling on him to-day, and will tell you to-morrow, if the favour to meet me here, at this hour, the result of my view."

The interview with Sir Philip did not take place. James called at the hotel, where the Baronet had lodged of the trial, he was told he and all his establishment that morning by the South-Eastern Railway. On his return to the hotel Sir James met Lord Grahame Falconer, and together they gathered the following particulars.

the trial, next day, nearly all came to the conclusion that the accusation against Darcy was founded on a very extraordinary instance of mistaken identity, as it was impossible not to believe Sir Philip's narrative.

But of course those who were privy to Darcy's own account of the case could come to no such conclusion. It was impossible to suppose that his minute narrative, of all that had occurred that evening and morning, was altogether or in part hallucination, especially since it tallied with the evidence of all the other witnesses, except that of Sir Philip and his servant. They could come to no other conclusion, therefore, than that Sir Philip had been guilty of deliberate perjury; and the only difference of opinion among them was as to the motive by which he was actuated, Sir James Brown thought that it was simply an instance of self-devotion to save the life of his ward; and he accounted for the almost incredible fact of such a self-sacrifice by the theory that Darcy was more intimately connected to Sir Philip than the world supposed—in fact, that Darcy was Sir Philip's own son. Brian said that after sleeping over the matter he had changed his mind, and come back to his original conviction that Darcy was innocent. As to how that might be, for the present, he kept to himself. He remarked that had Sir Philip delivered his evidence at an earlier period it would have been possible to contradict it; but brought on by surprise, at the very conclusion of the trial, it could not but be successful; for it was too violent an hypothesis, that the distinguished statesman, the man of undoubted position and wealth, was deliberately perjurying himself. Brian felt Sir Philip must have known that Darcy, and probably Darcy's counsel, knew that Sir Philip was perjurying himself, and he could not help admiring the daring sagacity which calculated on it being against the interest of Darcy's party to expose the stratagem.

But what to think of Darcy? Brian, as we have already said, had come back to his original opinion of his innocence. Not so, Sir James Brown, who, not knowing whether he ought to admire or denounce the sublime act of self-devotion which, in his eyes, Sir Philip had perpetrated, had no doubt that Darcy was guilty. His theory required he should come to such a conclusion; nor could he therefore doubt that Darcy was privy to the attempt which was to be made to save him; and the uncommon coolness and self-possession which had up to the decisive moment distinguished our hero, appeared to him in perfect keeping. However, Sir James, who had all along admired Sir Philip, determined to keep his opinion to himself, and he had not much difficulty in persuading his legal associates to promise a similar

The promise, however, was not kept, vague whispers and surmises were dropped in conversation, and found their way into the newspapers, which, joined with the general speculation on the case is one to the solution of which no clue whatever had as yet been got, served to keep public curiosity in a state of unusual and painful tension.

Meantime, what were the feelings of Darcy? The first thing he had done was to call on Sir Philip Warden; but Sir Philip, as we know, had left, and there was no explanation to be got meantime. It was clear to him that his own legal advisers, with the exception of Friauf, entertained very little doubt on the question. Indeed, Sir James Brown had spoken out, and denounced Darcy's conduct to his face as base and cowardly. He said, "I can tolerate a villain, I am sensational enough almost to admire a romantic murderer; but I can only regard with scorn one who secures his own safety at the cost of the ruin of another."

Darcy's indignation knew no bounds. He indignantly justified himself; but Sir James shook his grey head, and without even deigning to hear him out, turned on his heel and left him. And when Darcy considered his position he felt as he could not convince Sir James of his innocence, he could not blame him. With a justice of thinking, which is one of the attributes of a cool, collected nature, he reviewed his own case as if he were an uninterested third party, and he was free to admit that if the same things had happened to another, he could not have believed in the innocence of the victim of circumstances.

Those, of course, who had not heard Darcy's own story were not so incredulous as Sir James Brown; indeed, the general impression was that Darcy was innocent, and a feeling of interest and of pity was enlisted in his favour. He might, had he chosen, have been a hero for the season in London society; but he had the painful impression that if those who had been his own friends were appealed to, this friendly interest would have rapidly changed into suspicion and indignation. Hence, he avoided society, at least, the society of the clubs to which Sir Philip, prior to the memorable feast at the "Hyperion," had procured him admission. He could not endure being pointed to when he entered the public-room. He did not know whether the attention he could not help seeing he attracted arose from a belief that he had been unfortunate or guilty, and he disliked pity almost as much as that repulsion which was the only alternative feeling he could expect.

Unhappy in his own thoughts, he tried other society. He went to places of public resort, where he flattered himself his name would be unknown; but the curse of photographs was on him,

and his expressive and classical features ensured recognition. It was in vain he rebelled against his destiny. It clung to him a very Nessus shirt. Innocent, he suffered as if he was guilty. He had, moreover, become the property of the press. The illustrated papers gave his portrait and a sketch of his life, and other papers discussed his case as a psychological puzzle.

But the hardest of all Darcy's trials arose from the fixed impression Mrs. Legh had imbibed of his guilt. Since she came to London her opinion of Darcy had altogether altered. The murder of Count Grenville seemed to be ever present before her eyes. That he was a refugee had been always a claim on her sympathy, and none were more urgent than she had been in denunciation of the unknown murderer. Quite convinced of Darcy's innocence before the trial, she had always hoped that the real murderer would be discovered. She said she felt he would be; that such a crime could not go unpunished. It concerned the Divine justice, she said, that satisfaction for the life which had been sacrificed should be secured. And so intense was her indignation, that it seemed, if better could not be had, she would have been less dissatisfied if Darcy, innocent though she believed him, was the victim, than that no one should be punished. Brian could not understand the vehement way in which the mild widow spoke of the case. Her whole nature seemed altered, and there was no one more stern in the cry for retribution than she was; and when, after the trial, she read the account of it in the papers, she did not for a moment entertain a doubt of Darcy's guilt. To her astonished daughter she delivered herself of a vehement denunciation of that young gentleman, whom she designated as a prodigy of wickedness and falsehood. She declaimed, with a volubility it was impossible to check, on the various circumstances which tended to prove his guilt, pointing out the undeniable inconsistency between Darcy's story and Sir Philip's sworn deposition. She said there could be no doubt that Darcy had been deceiving them by falsehoods, only less infamous than the actions he had perpetrated. It was clearly the interest of the fugitive murderer to trump up the most plausible story he could; and the fact that he had induced them to believe him was just a part of his system of profound deception—and with the concerted perjury of Sir Philip it had answered, and the murderer had escaped.

Bella turned pale as her mother proceeded. At first her indignation was so great that she could not find utterance; but as her mother went on pointing out, step by step, the circumstances, which seemed to point nowhere but to Darcy's guilt, the poor girl became shaken in her faith. Could it be that her lover—her Darcy—who had seemed everything to her, was indeed the ruthless murderer and

profound dissembler which her mother seemed to think? If so, he, whom she thought superior to any other man was the worst of the human race. To think of him even was a horror and a profanation. There was no middle term in which she could repose. He was either still the hero of her imagination, or he took his place with those villains who had expiated their crimes on the scaffold, and he was even worse than they, for to an atrocious murder he had joined the most cruel deceit. She could not—she would not—believe it. She would trust her lover against her mother, against probability, against fact, against her own reason. Her heart told her he was innocent. But when it comes to this—when the heart and the head are at irreconcilable variance—madness is not far distant, and that possibly, had no one interfered, would have been the result with Bella. Darcy had called several times; but her mother had given imperative orders he was not to be admitted, and when he did not cease calling, she had written to him sternly forbidding him ever to darken her door. “You have caused,” said she, “misery enough. You have broken my daughter’s heart; that is nothing to you, cold, ruthless murderer, consummate hypocrite! but one thing I am determined on, you will not see the ruin you have worked. You shall see us no more, unless the time come when your crimes are exposed, and the murdered man is to be avenged; then, woman though I am, I shall see you when your time has come.”

It is difficult to conceive the effect this letter had on Darcy. It almost drove him frantic. He wished he had been sentenced and executed. He regarded the intervention of Sir Philip as the blight and curse of his life. What difference did it make that he was innocent? Did he suffer the less? Was his case one whit the less hopeless? But, after all, was he innocent? Might it not be that all he supposed he had seen on the bridge was an hallucination? might he not, after all, have murdered Grenville? and might it not be that the story he had told was a fiction from beginning to end—a fiction so much to his own interest, and which he had told so often, that he believed it to be true. Was he sound in his mind? Might it not be that insanity, then incipient, had now declared itself in a total perversion of memory and judgment.

Such were some of the confused thoughts which, like temptations of the devil, tormented him in his solitary chamber, on that long and sleepless night, passed after receipt of that cruel letter; and in after life, as he looked back on that night, he often said that he believed next morning he would have put a period to a life the conditions of which had become insupportable, had he not received by post a letter in the following terms from Sir Philip Warden.

DARCY,—When you get this I shall have left England. I hope never to see you again. You know well what I have sacrificed for you ; for you know that my evidence was false. It was, however, the only way which appeared to me open to save you, and I had to select between your death on the scaffold and my dishonour. I selected the latter because time may yet enable you otherwise to clear yourself of the crime laid to your charge, and the perjury of which I have been guilty may then be excused. As a consequence of the step I have taken, I withdraw into an incognito which no one will ever be able to break through. Meanwhile, I have to beg that you will maintain that courage of which you have shown yourself possessed. You have, I admit, a painful future before you ; but if you are conscious of innocence it cannot be altogether intolerable, nor can you lose hope of ultimate redress.

I have taken with me funds enough to satisfy my wants for years, and have left a writing, constituting you the manager of my property, with full permission to spend the rental on your own gratification. Thus, with your own income and mine you will at least have all the compensation for an equivocal position which wealth can give.

I am,

Yours truly,

PHILIP WARDEN.

Darcy showed this letter to Brian. The sagacious Writer to the Signet read the letter, and pondered over it carefully. It did not controvert his theory, but it did not make it more probable. He still kept his own opinion ; renewed his statement to Darcy that he fully believed in his innocence, and consoled him by expressing a confident expectation that in time the mystery would be cleared up. He also pledged himself to plead his cause with Bella, and at least to try what effect his own solemn assurance of conviction of Darcy's innocence would have. But he told Darcy frankly that while he hoped to be successful with the daughter, he had not the slightest hope of shaking the fixed conviction of the mother ; and so much was he convinced of the hopelessness of any attempt to do so that he declined to make it, as it would only lead to an irreconcilable quarrel between him and his client. Darcy must have patience.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Legh left London for Edinburgh with Mr. Brian, and Darcy was to some extent consoled by the following somewhat enigmatical letter which Brian sent him, enclosed in one from himself.

DEAR DARCY,—I almost think it is wrong in me to write you, for it is against the express command of my mother ; but Mr. Brian says I should write you, and he affirms your innocence. Darcy, it is on his affirmation, unsupported by any reason, that my belief in your innocence rests. Do not be angry with me for saying so, for you cannot imagine what I have suffered, and what I still suffer. I need not tell you, my mother—my otherwise gentle mother—is firmly convinced of your guilt, and of what guilt, if you are guilty ! nor can I help saying that her arguments have had weight with me. They have shaken my trust ; I would be untrue to myself and to my love—for I love you still—if I did not say so. O Darcy ! how can you get over that

frightful perjury of Sir Philip Warden which saved you ! Would he have risked it if you were innocent ? would it then have been necessary ? And is it credible, Darcy, he did so against your will without your permission. These are questions I am continually asking myself, and to which I can find no answer to satisfy my own mind. I have thought over them till I am nearly mad. I must let them rest unanswered ; surely the time will come when this dark and dreadful story will be cleared up. Mr. Brian says he is sure it will, and I rely on him. I know his blameless reputation. I see honesty in his face ; and, Darcy, I saw it also in yours, and with that let me conclude, I hope, I trust, that is all I can say ; but till this hope be realised, till the trust be redeemed, Darcy, we must not meet. If it be any consolation I will marry none other but you. Adieu,

BELLA.

Brian's letter was as follows :—

DEAR DARCY,—You will see by the enclosed I have redeemed my promise. We return to Edinburgh to-night. I will still watch over your case ; my sagacity is pledged for your innocence. Write me whenever anything turns up bearing in the least degree upon the mystery.

It is not to be wondered at that Darcy, after Brian's departure, found London intolerable. As he had anticipated, his refusal to be a hero had not conciliated opinion, and the seclusion in which he persisted in living excited suspicion. The only acquaintances who stuck to him were Lord Graham Falconer and Sir Hugh Grey ; but his lordship's friendship was based on the belief of the truth of Sir Philip's evidence, a creed which he held to annul every hint or suggestion of Darcy's guilt ; and Darcy knew that, to avail himself of his lordship's friendship, would be to sail under false colours, which were liable any day to be detected ; and, as for Sir Hugh, Darcy's position, allowed of so many openings to his tormenting inquiries, that he was quite an amusement for Sir Hugh's leisure hours. It was not very clear what Sir Hugh's theory was, if he had any, but alternately on the hypotheses of guilt and of innocence, he managed to say things which galled Darcy to the quick.

Darcy could stand it no longer. He determined to leave London and to go abroad, where he flattered himself he would be unknown, and where, in the consciousness of innocence, and in the possession of ample supplies of money, he began to think life would, after all, be bearable ; for our hero was young and his spirit elastic. Moreover, he determined to hunt up Sir Philip Warden, whose intervention in his favour, the more he reflected on the ruinous risk incurred to Sir Philip, and on the not very striking marks of regard which, prior to that interference, Sir Philip had exhibited towards him, appeared only the more extraordinary. Why should Sir Philip sacrifice everything for one, who, after all, was only a *protégé*, and not, so far as he had learned at first, at least a welcome one, and whose friendship, if he had

ured, he could not tell how or when! It seemed an extraordinary rapid growth, considering the little communication the aridian and ward had had together.

Indeed, Darcy would have gone ere this from London, but he remained in hopes that some light might be thrown on the order of Grenville through the exertions of the most expert actives in England, whose services he had secured. But, as yet, nothing had transpired, and the only result which these gentlemen seemed to express was "That it was improbable that the real orderers were in London"—an opinion which, although the one delivered to Darcy, was not unanimous among the detective faculty, for one, if not two, of them had arrived at a conviction that their employer was the murderer, and that Sir Philip not only had been guilty of perjury, but was in concert with Darcy. It would not, however, have been polite, and certainly it would not have been politic to have intimated this conclusion to their liberal employer.

Before leaving, Darcy wrote to Miss Legh:—

DEAREST BELLA,—I need not say your letter hurt and pained me, but I have been now so accustomed to similar constructions of my conduct that I cannot find fault with your thinking like all those who have first heard my statement of the case and then learned the testimony given by Sir Philip Warden in the witness-box. I confess, that were I a third party, nay, were myself and biased, while I would still hope in my favour, I would not be able to resist the inevitable conclusion. But Bella, there is one fact you must learn from me, and, alas! you must take it simply on trust; I did not know what evidence Sir Philip Warden was to give; I had no previous communication with him; and you will have heard that, when I did hear I repudiated it. It is true I did not repeat the denial; I believe I then acted like a girl, and did not recover till the trial was over; and I have been silent, because I think I see in Sir Philip's conduct a nobility of sacrifice, which, however mistaken, deserves not by me to be exposed. I believe the course he took was the only one to save my life; for, before my trial and since, every effort has been used which ingenuity could suggest, or they could carry out, to throw light on the crime of which I stood accused; and, as yet, nothing whatever has turned up which could have had the least effect in postponing execution of the sentence which, but for Sir Philip's evidence, would, I believe, have been pronounced. Thus I owe my life to Sir Philip, and it is not for me to expose him. I still believe that the truth will come to light; and, conscious of my innocence, I avail myself of your promise. It is my innocence as my only consolation. Trust in me, only a little longer, and all will be right.

Darcy went to Paris, and there, in a French hotel, and under a borrowed name, he passed a week not unpleasantly. He had put himself into immediate communication with the police, of whose knowledge of all the *mauvais sujets* in the world he had heard so much. A gentleman of singular intelligence was specially deputed to attend to his case, and with him he had daily interviews. It was

long, however, before the Frenchman gave him information as to the result of his investigations, if he made any. He was an intelligent, pleasant companion, and Darcy was glad to see him so often as he called, nor did he object to the dexterous examination to which he saw he was subjected. The functionary was evidently bent on mastering the minutest details, but it was long before he ventured any opinion. At last he said to Darcy, "You will excuse me, my good friend, when I tell you that it is only a few days ago I was convinced of your innocence. When you first communicated with the office, our impression was that you were the murderer, and that you applied to us merely to see if we could furnish you with any villain under our surveillance who would fit tolerably to an hypothesis that he was the murderer of Grenville; and thus make up a probable story which would have its effect in England. We could have supplied you with this material, and even although the scapegoat had been hung, there would have been no harm done; but we refrained, partly in the interest of justice—partly because we on this side take as much interest as the police in London in the murder of Count Grenville. We have now, I repeat, satisfied ourselves that you are not the murderer, and this conviction will greatly facilitate subsequent inquiries. At all events, they will not now be mis-directed through a preconceived idea, which we have satisfied ourselves was a mistake. It may be a relief to you to be told that in consequence of this decision the surveillance under which you have been kept by our police since the day of your arrival from London, and, perhaps, for some time before that, and certainly up to yesterday, is removed; and you may now do anything you like without the certainty of its being very carefully noted, and registered in the bureau.

"Accept my best thanks," said Darcy, laughing, "for this intimation. It is a proof to me that in time other people will also be satisfied of my innocence, and inspires a hope that the real murderers will be discovered. Allow me also, monsieur, to thank your administration for the very courteous way in which the surveillance you mention has been conducted; had you not told me of it I would never have discovered it."

"We always wish to act with politeness," said the inspector, with a bow; "but allow me to go on. Now that our suspicions are removed, it is just, and may be useful, to take you into our confidence. There is a lady, a Mrs. Legh, in Edinburgh, who takes an extreme interest in you, or rather in the murderer of Count Grenville. We have been in frequent correspondence with her since your acquittal. Can you enlighten us on her connection with Count Grenville? We know already," said the Frenchman, smiling, "the

connection which was to have taken place between you and her daughter; and allow me to compliment your good taste."

"Have you seen her?" said Darcy. "Is she in France?"

"No, she is not in France, nor have I been in England to see her. Formerly that would have been part of my duty; now, thanks to photography, that is unnecessary. I have got Miss Legh's *carte-de-visite* in my pocket. Here it is.

The Frenchman produced a beautifully-coloured and very accurate photograph of Miss Legh. "Here also," said he, "are a few other pictures which may be of use to us;" and, to Darcy's surprise, he produced the *carte-de-visite* of himself, Mrs. Legh, Sir Philip Warden, Mr. Brian, and Sir Philip Warden's servant. "This last *carte-de-visite*," said he, "is, I consider, the most important of all. If I am not mistaken, we know something about that gentleman, and, at present, efforts are making to find him out. I cannot promise that when we have found him we will be any nearer our mark; but our method is, in the first place, to get hold of all the details of the history of every one directly or even remotely connected with the case, submitted to our investigation, even though these details have no relevancy whatever with the case. That man's photograph, and Mrs. Legh's, are the only ones still incomplete. We will have them both in a day or two; and then we must conjecture a solution which will give a unity to the apparently discordant material we have selected, and now let me return to my original position,—can you tell me anything of Mrs. Legh?

Darcy told all he knew of that lady, and as it has a bearing on the story, and ought perhaps to have been given by us in a former part of our narrative, we will give it now.

It was in the summer of 1830, shortly after Darcy had entered the Grammar School of Norton, that a widow lady and her daughter came to that ancient town. Where they had come from no one knew. They had arrived by the Bath coach; but good society in Norton had discovered that they had not come from Bath, and as the guard and driver of the coach, and the coach itself, disappeared at the opening of the railway, the mystery remained unexplained. It was soon found out, however, that Mrs. Legh had the manners of a lady; and as she paid her way regularly, and kept up a modest but liberal style of living, and was, moreover, a regular attendant with her daughter at church, the rector, with whose curate Darcy was boarded, had considered it his duty to call on her. His impression was favourable, not the less so as she avowed herself a Catholic, for the Reverend Mr. Adair was of the very highest church. In time an invitation to dinner to the rectory-house was tendered and accepted. The widow made a favourable impression on the guests who were present, and also on the rector's

wife. She was meek, gentle, and well-bred ; but what ingratiated her most with the rector was a discovery he made, namely, that she was an Italian by birth. This was not even suspected by any one else in Norton who had yet met her, nor could it have been easily detected from her accent or idiom. Indeed, it was the very correctness of accent and idiom which excited the suspicions of the rector. He inferred that a language used so faultlessly and elegantly, had been carefully and laboriously acquired, and had not been picked up insensibly as we do our native tongue. Her enthusiasm for Italy and sympathy with the cause of freedom, also suggested to him her real nationality ; and an abrupt question put to her in the Italian tongue, and which was at once responded to in the same language, verified the justice of his conclusion. The widow saw she was discovered, and she exhibited so much regret and agitation that the rector's ready sympathy was enlisted and his secrecy secured. He alone in Norton knew that Mrs. Legh was an Italian, and he kept the secret to himself ; this secret was a bond of union between them. Many were the conversations they had together in the rectory in the Italian tongue, which, although not understood by the rector's wife, did not excite her jealousy ; for the rector of Norton was one of those guileless, and yet noble characters, whom it is impossible to suppose can be guilty of treachery or wrong.

Mrs. Legh's daughter was also an object of interest and love. Bella, as a child, carried all hearts by storm. Her uncommon beauty, her high animal spirits, and her sweet temper, were irresistible. The rector and his wife, childless themselves, loved her as their own, and she was as often at the rector's as in her mother's house. Darcy had also become a favourite and a frequent visitor ; and thus it was that the youth of sixteen worshipped the little girl, and preferred joining her in her sports to any other pursuit. And the little girl loved him and the rector and his wife ; and Mrs. Legh looked with pleasure on their mutual passion. The rector, who had been at the same college with Sir Philip Warden, had been consulted in the education of Darcy, and it had been by his advice that he had been sent to Norton. Sir Philip and the rector frequently corresponded, and the principal topic of their letters was the training of Darcy, and their provision for his future welfare. There was one point on which they agreed, namely, that a pure love in boyhood was the best preservative against youthful folly, and an early marriage the most probable means of escape from shipwreck in life. And when the rector told Sir Philip of Darcy's first love he intimated his delight at the news, and wrote that if the attachment ripened, money would not be wanting, if necessary. This the rector communicated to Mrs. Legh, without, however, telling her

the name of the guardian who had thus promised to smooth the way of life; for Sir Philip had made it part of his arrangement with the rector that his name should not be mentioned, even to Darcy, till he himself judged it expedient.

The rector's patronage of Mrs. Legh was sufficient to introduce her into society in Norton, and as the upper thirty—for to that number good society was restricted in the small town—ceased to inquire into her antecedents, they, after a time began to consider her and her daughter as naturally belonging to their own town.

It was shortly before Darcy left Norton, that Mrs. Legh and her daughter had gone to Scotland. Her departure was the result of a sudden resolution; and it took every one by surprise, and again set good society into an eager inquiry as to where Mrs. Legh had originally come from. But no light being obtainable on that important subject, and the declaration of the rector, that Mrs. Legh had imparted to him her reasons for leaving Norton, and that, though he could not reveal them, they were quite satisfactory, threw good society into a fever of curiosity, which lasted for a fortnight, and then the good old town went to sleep again.

Now, the rector had not entirely kept Mrs. Legh's secrets; for he thought it his duty to tell Darcy that Mrs. Legh was an Italian by birth, and that a marriage with her daughter would be objectionable on the score of want of connection, intimations which had been received by Darcy with complete indifference. Mrs. Legh, he said, is a lady, and her daughter an angel, and he was only twenty-one, and he thought himself clever. He had no money, that he knew, and he, too, had no relations; but they were both young, and in youth May lasts longer than it does as we get older. We still believe in the phantoms of hope, in spite of the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

It may be gathered from this retrospect that Darcy had little information to give the Frenchman, but that little seemed satisfactory.

Darcy began to suspect that what the detective called amusement was in reality duty; for if it were not, the ten minutes or quarter of an hour, which were usually employed in discussing the probabilities of any theory of the Westminster murder, which had occurred to either, constituted such a minimum of duty as hardly explained the liberal supplies of money with which his companion was furnished. All the rest of the days, except the quarter of an hour, were, as a rule, spent by Darcy and the inspector in the way in which time is spent by the well-dressed population of Paris, so far as a mere foreigner can judge, namely, in doing nothing. They made excursions together to Versailles, St. Germain, and Fontan-

bleau, and, indeed, to all places in the environs of the capital; and there was not an evening which was not spent in some place of amusement, generally at the theatres, but occasionally at houses where high play was practised contrary to police regulations.

Darcy resisted all the temptations which this course of life threw in his way. It served as a distraction to his thoughts, but it did not attract him further. His companion, on the other hand, entered *con amore* into anything which was going on, and seemed the most *insouciant* of the party. Darcy, however, who watched his companion narrowly, thought that much of his *bonhomie* was assumed, for he observed that the dim, dreamy eyes of the inspector had ever the same calm, abstracted look, which he had observed, which, however, never allowed the minutest incident to escape his observation. On one or two occasions when gambling ran high, Darcy, who never joined, noticed the inspector lean across the table and make a slight remark to one or other of the gamblers, to which the party addressed replied by a look at the mantelpiece. And this very evening, at one of these gambling-houses, a scene occurred which explained a little more clearly to Darcy the functions of an inspector of police.

It was one of the most fashionable haunts of the kind they had visited that evening; that is to say, it was an establishment where stakes were high, for the company could not be said to be select, everyone being *bien-venu* who chose to throw his Napoleons in sufficient profusion on the table. But yet in this *repaire* there were some of the principal men in Paris, statesmen and financiers, who tried to obtain relaxation for the waste of thought by the pleasant excitement of risking a fourth or sixth of their fortune on the throw of the dice or the run of the ball. Darcy wondered at the recuperative powers some of these gentlemen possessed; for not a few of them, according to the well-informed calculations of the inspector, had lost all they were known to possess in the world four or five times, and yet were sure to be met, a few days afterwards, at the same place in the same occupation, and, apparently, with undiminished resources. The inspector seemed on the most intimate terms with all those possessors of the secret of alchemy, but they did not seem at first to like his attentions, and rather repulsed his overtures. Sooner or later, however, they had become his bosom friends, and welcomed him obsequiously whenever he entered the room.

"I see two of my children," said the inspector to Darcy, as they entered the room, and were immediately greeted deferentially by the two gentlemen he so affectionately alluded to.

"How do you get on?" said the inspector. "Ah!" looking at the rouleaux on the table, "luck at last. I said so, the time

would come. No, you have not gained it, only staked it; well, well, the time will come."

"Not this time, however," said the banker, as he swept the gold into the counter. "Make your game, gentlemen."

One of the parties who had lost turned deadly pale. "I will play no more to-night," said he.

"What," said the inspector, "cleared out again, Eugène? I never saw such luck. Fortune, surely, must now be tired of persecution; it is against all the doctrine of chance that one should lose always; it must now be ten to one at least that you gain upon your next venture. Try one more, I advise you."

"It is my last attempt," said Eugène—"I have no more money to stake with, and Monsieur Le Banquier does not give credit."

"Speak to me," whispered the inspector. "My friend here, Mr. Seymour," for Darcy had resumed his alias, "has money, and will give you another chance; but we wish to know where Lebelletier is."

This was said in a whisper. The man addressed drew himself haughtily up, "Sir," said he, "who do you take me for?" "Let me inform you," said the inspector, and he whispered in his ear. "Come, my friend," said the inspector, kindly, "you are excited; let us adjourn to the ante-room and have an ice."

"I believe I had better," said the party addressed, aloud. "I will be back directly," said he to the banquier; "probably fate will be more prosperous when I return."

The inspector, Darcy, and Eugène adjourned to the ante-room. "Let no one come in," said the inspector to the waiter. The waiter nodded assent; then leaning across to the inspector he whispered, "Yes," said he, "in twenty minutes from this time."

"Now, gentlemen," said the inspector, "let us make ourselves comfortable; we will not be interrupted, and we have a little business to do. But, before commencing, a glass of champagne will help to dissipate the fumes of the saloon, which I have always remarked cloud the intellect and give a bias to its judgments. Now," he continued, after they had each drank a couple of glasses, "let us, in the first place, eliminate the element of chance, rather, you will admit, a singular request to make in this place; but," said he, "Eugène Bazas, there is, in reality, no longer any chance for you. You have entered the regions of fate." The tone of the inspector's voice had changed. It was no longer that of the boon companion—it was that of the judge. "Yes," he continued, "Eugène Bazas, the time has come when things must be explained."

I am inspector of the police ; you are Eugène Bazas, formerly of the Bagne Toulon. I will not say what you were before."

The man accused showed nerve. "Bah!" said he; "my good Mr. Verve, do not try these tricks with me. I have read '*Les Misérables*,' and as I happen to know who I am, and as my name is not Bazas, I am not to be frightened, even though you are what you say."

"Quite right!" said the inspector. "I shall know by-and-bye whether you or I am right. There used to be a custom at Toulon of branding the prisoners."

Eugène looked furtively round the room. Darcy, who had watched him keenly, observed him clutch one of the fire-arms, as he said playfully, "My dear fellow, I do not dislike a joke; but I am somewhat fastidious, and the present does not suit my taste. Suppose we return to the saloon."

With those words he rose, turning his back as he did so upon the inspector and Darcy. The former sat still, but Darcy instinctively rose, and as he did so he saw that Eugène had the poker in his hands, and was leaning meditatively on it as he looked at the fire.

"Eugène," said the inspector calmly, and without moving, "we are very comfortable here. Do sit down, and let us talk like rational men. You cannot suppose that, knowing you to be Eugène Bazas I, am such a fool as to make the announcement without having you fully in my power. Look here, and sit down," and the inspector took out of his pocket a pistol, which he deliberately cocked. "One movement more," he said quietly, "with that ugly implement in your hand, and I shall be forced to use this little elegant apparatus, which however, has the disadvantage of creating a scene. Listen to me. I am inspector of police; I have long watched you. You have for weeks been my special care and my duty, and to-night I must bring matters to a crisis. In ten minutes from this time two gendarmes will be here, and you will be removed unless you agree to my terms."

The inspector knew his man. Eugène Bazas, forcat, escaped from the galleys, sunk back on his chair, a cold sweat broke on his forehead, and a deadly pallor overspread his face.

The inspector observed him critically.

"There," said he to Darcy, "is a specimen how we act. I need that man, and now I have him, body and soul."

"Eugène," said he, "you have lost the throw; you must accept my terms. They are not so bad as I might impose. You know what awaits you if I denounce you. Your evasion from Toulon is bad enough—you are aware of the consequences; but how have

you employed your vacation. Man, I know everything you have done. I know the forgery you committed on Lapepède. I know that you were one of the gang which broke into Lovet's, Rue Richelieu. It was you who robbed Robino, in the Bois de Boulogne. Nay, you have got modesty at last ; you do not deny anything !"

"You are the devil himself," said the bandit.

"Pardon me," said the inspector ; "I have not that honour. On the contrary, I am rather an opponent to his satanic majesty ; and to prove this to you, I offer you your liberty on conditions."

"Let me hear the conditions !"

"You must expect these conditions to be somewhat onerous, *mon cher*. It would not do to let you escape unless some very considerable advantage were attained. I suspect society would not thank me. You are one scoundrel—a dangerous one, I admit ; but you are rather a bungler, or you and I would not be having this confidential chat together. Your cigar has gone out—a light, there ! —Well, to continue, I, as the guardian at present of society, if I let you off, must secure some of your friends, who are as dangerous as yourself ; and to come at once to the point, I mentioned those little affairs in which you have been engaged since you escaped the forgery, the robbery at the Rue Richelieu, and the robbery of Robino. We will let the last pass, for you had no accomplices, and Robino can get another watch ; but when you broke into Lovet's shop there were with you Soulis, Lacroc, and Bordet. You can tell me where these gentlemen are to be found. O no," as Eugene attempted to speak, "I don't want the information now ; there will be plenty of time. Then the forgery, how many were concerned in that ? I don't want the names, only the number ; were there four, five, six ?——"

Eu ène nodded his head affirmatively.

"Six ? we never could exactly make out the number, but six will do ; and you will give us their names at your leisure. And now one other favour, my friend."

"Curse you !" said Eugène, "you will drive me mad with your politeness. I will not give you one iota of the information you demand."

"You won't, will you ?" said the inspector, in the same drawling voice. "François !" said he aloud.

The waiter entered.

"Are the gentlemen I sent you for downstairs ?"

"They are in my room," said the waiter. "They wait the orders of monsieur."

"Very well ; bring them with you next time I call for you."—

"Now," he continued, turning to Bazas, "do you still continue

obstinate? Just consider the consequences a little—you know what the galleys are; you know what department of them you would be sent to. Instead of all that, you may have your liberty, and," said the inspector, pausing, "as I am a good-natured fellow, here is five hundred francs," placing a bundle of *billets de banque* on the table.

"You know," said Eugène, "my liberty would not last long if I complied with your request. I would be found in the Seine in a week, and the five hundred francs would not be of much use in the Morgue."

"Silly fellow!" said the gendarme. "Do you suppose I had not thought of that. If I did not know that, to a certainty, you would be assassinated in Paris, do you think I would offer you liberty? You, Eugene Bazas? No; I love Paris too well to turn out on her streets a wild beast like you!"

Bazas stared with astonishment.

"Don't look so surprised, my dear fellow; I am quite serious in the proposal I made to you; quite certain, that within a fortnight you would be assassinated in Paris, and nevertheless sure that you will accept my offer."

"There is no use," said Bazas, doggedly, "punishing me before my time. *Allons*, let us go. I will not speak another word."

"Not at present, Eugène Bazas, because I don't wish it, but in a day or two we will have all we wish out of you; and another little matter, by-the-bye, which I had almost forgotten. Can you tell me where your brother Leon is at present? He was, you know, valet to Sir Philip Warden, and conducted himself very well when with that gentleman.

Eugène did not reply.

"Well," said the inspector, "that is nearly all I have to say. We understand each other except in one little matter which has escaped your perspicuity. Paris is not the whole world; you would be tolerably safe if sent to America or Australia, and once there, after you have done the State the little services required of you, I know you will not venture back to Paris."

A gleam of intelligence passed over Bazas's face. The inspector was victorious.

"I thought so!" said he complacently. "You will be so kind as accompany me and this gentleman—a cab waits for us at the door. But before going let us show ourselves at the *salon*, and make our *congé* like gentlemen."

The three returned accordingly to the table. Darcy knew not whether to admire most the affectionate and intimate manner of the inspector to Bazas, or the cool *sang-froid* of the latter gentleman.

ng his absence he had been lucky. He had gained sand francs.

ke up your money, Eugène," said the inspector, "and e fickle goddess no more to-night. Let us go home."

th all my heart," said Bazas. "I must keep my head I have to see the governor to-morrow. Adieu, gentlemen. r, next night."

vo!" said the inspector, as they went down stairs arm-in. ' You are not so harmless as I thought, Eugene; and had de a bargain, I believe I would have kept you, and taken measures to catch your friends; but I am a man of my ou will come home with me. You will be well treated, od dinner and fair wine every day, and it will not take week to get everything you have to say reduced into and verified by a few testing facts, which will correct any cy of memory to which gentlemen of your lively imagina- dear Eugène, are liable."



SHORT PAPERS ON MANY SUBJECTS.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

I

OLD AGE.—Mrs. Charles commences one of her charming and popular works with the following quaint sentence, "No one, who has not tried, can imagine what a pleasant thing it is to be, undeniably and consciously, an old woman; I mean literally, not symbolically." She might have added that there was also something delightful in being an old man, if, when approaching the dark, unknown life lying beyond the tomb, he could confidently look back on a well-spent, an useful, a happy career.

Old age is not always a disease—the repulsive and untrue definition of it I once remember reading. Generally speaking, no doubt, it is not as pleasant as the morning of life. The infirmities it brings with it; the gaps it finds in the circle of one's friends; the painful prospect of soon wandering forth all alone into the gloomy, the awful future, where there will be no loving hand to grasp, no light to cheer, are terrible. Yet, if the old man or woman has gone through life nobly and uprightly; if, to take the place of the many who are gone, fresh faces cluster around; if sweet smiles from the young make less bitter the loss of those loving glances which the grave has taken to itself; if, above all, there is firm reliance on that merciful God, who will never neglect, never forsake His children—why, then, old age will have joys of its own and the closing hours may be as bright, as peaceful as those far-distant ones, when, hopefully and confidently, the heat and burden of the morning were encountered and borne.

Not less beautiful the calm glorious sunset of a night in June than the brilliant sunrise which, sixteen hours before, had brought joy and hope to all whose eyes were gladdened by it. Not less beautiful, I venture to think, the peaceful sinking to rest of the aged man or woman over whose head have passed the experience, the vicissitudes, the joys and the sorrows of eighty long years, and whose happy and tranquil evening is a fitting sequel to the hopes, and trials, and disappointments of the unclouded morning, than was that fair and promising morning itself.

II.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.—"He was a brave man and did ~~not~~ fear death:" a sentence something like this I have many times

ad, especially in second-rate novels. Could the writers have known what one, at least, of their readers thought of them and their brave man they would not have felt flattered.

A brave man is not one whose animal courage makes him indifferent to danger just because he cannot comprehend the nature of that which he is encountering. He is one who, though the use of duty enables him to go heroically through dangers, and even prompts him to sacrifice his life, understands what he is doing and weighs well its cost. He may face death, but does he not fear death? Does he not think of the friends whom he may soon leave for ever, of those fair scenes in the midst of which he has been happy, of those hopes not yet realised, of those sins not yet atoned for? Does he, too, not think of the life beyond the grave, that mighty God whom he is about to see face to face, and at whose hands he will so soon receive his sentence? He may hold the broadest views, religious and political; but when he can almost hear the rustling of the wings of the Angel of Death he must have the true courage if he can avoid a shudder.

The more cultured, imaginative, and sensitive the nature of the man the greater the probability that the approach of death will excite to the uttermost the courage, which, however, can only exist where these qualities are present. The heroism of nervous, thoughtful men, when they voluntarily and for the sake of others, place themselves in the post of greatest peril is what no ordinary person can comprehend. "Greater love can no man show than that a man should give his life for his friend." Greater courage can no man show than to face death, calmly and hopefully, though knowing all he is about to lose, all that may await him. Then, whatever may be said about the certainty of the approach of death, at one time or another, and the little difference it makes whether it comes at twenty or at ninety—for come it must before very long—the feeling that the grave is opening its portals to receive him might well fill the heart of the bravest with dread, and make him desert the post of duty and of peril. There never was a truly brave man who did not fear death; there have been many cowards, however, because incapable of understanding their meaning, have been indifferent to death and danger.

III.

"**MISERRIMUS.**"—In the beautiful cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, close to the door leading into the nave, is a tombstone with the Latin word engraved upon it—"Miserrimus"—in English, "most wretched."

There appears to be no other record of the life of the unhappy

being who slumbers beneath. His age, his country, his history, his sorrows are apparently all unknown. Conjectures are unavailing. The veil will never more be lifted from the sorrowful record of that blighted and hopeless existence.

Poets, moralists, essayists, and divines have wondered who is buried there; but no answer comes from the tomb. The indifferent, the hard-hearted, the stupid, are startled as they read that one sad, ominous word, which keeps alive the remembrance of a life of sorrow which even the grave could not contain.

All we know, all we probably ever shall know, is that, in the venerable cloisters of Worcester, long centuries ago, was buried some one, cleric or layman we know not, the history of whose life is summed up in that one dreadful word—"miserrimus."

It may sound harsh to say so, but it seems to me wrong that the cathedral authorities allowed that word to be placed on the tombstone in the first place. No one with an atom of feeling in his nature can pass that spot without being made wretched and gloomy, though he cannot know the sins and temptations of the poor creature, who lies there. No moral can be conveyed, it seems to me, to anyone by that word, for all context has been swept away. Did we know more, perhaps, instead of making us uselessly wretched that tombstone might teach us an impressive and useful lesson. It might tell us that the wages of sin is sorrow and retribution; it might help to keep some from wandering into the dark paths of crime and vice. As it is, a visit to that spot, so cold and gloomy, only fills the heart with pity for an erring brother, who, of one flesh with us, is as little known to us as if he had lived and died on one of the most distant planets. There is, in my opinion, no sadder spot on earth than the cloisters of Worcester.

IV.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—It appears singular to me that the advocates of women's rights—that is to say, the persons who claim for women, not only the freedom to enter all the professions and callings open to men, but who assert the inherent intellectual equality of the sexes, and who support these pretensions by trying to prove that women have the same abilities and powers as men—generally forget how few really distinguished women there have been. Of course some persons deny the truth of the above statement, and, in that case, agreement between the disputants is impossible. But a more formidable plea is that often urged, that, though the finest female intellects are inferior to those of their rivals, there is a much higher average of ability among women than men. This means that, though there are no lady Miltons and Voltaires,

there are many more women of good ability than men, as it is said there are parts of the world where the average height of the people is decidedly above that of countries having proportionately many more tall men, but unfortunately still more very small ones.

Now and then ladies and gentlemen, clamouring for perfect freedom for the two sexes, condescend to inform their opponents that, though there have been more male than female celebrities, the explanation is to be sought in the unfairness with which the female sex is treated. "Who can tell," it is asked, "whether ladies are unfit to be generals, statesmen, surgeons, barristers, clergymen, as long as they are debarred from entering these professions? Who can tell whether women are not the equals of men until they are both educated alike, and given the same opportunities of distinguishing themselves?"

I should be disposed to attach more importance to these objections were I not aware that in those callings which are and always have been open to women, they have utterly failed to equal their male rivals.

Can Mrs. Worthington Bliss and Claribel be compared with Handel, Spohr, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, and Auber? Can Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Opie, Madame de la Mothe Guyon, and the charming Felicia Hemans, compare with Milton, Dryden, Byron, Petrarch, Virgil, Homer? Can even Mary Somerville be placed in the balance against Pascal, Arago, Galileo, Archimedes? Can Mrs. Penrose, better known by her *nom de plume* as Mrs. Markham, be held to equal Macaulay, Hume, Bancroft, Froude, Thucydides, Xenophon? Can Olympia Moratta, for whose abilities and learning I have profound respect, be considered any set-off against Bentley and Porson, Pusey and Max Müller? Can Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Dinah Muloch, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, compete with Scott, Manzoni, Voltaire, Goethe, Fielding? Can even Marian Evans and Jane Austen outweigh Lytton and Thackeray? To all these questions there can be but one answer.

Even among painters—surely painting is open to both sexes—can the splendid productions of Rosa Bonheur and the superb "Roll Call," of Miss Thompson be placed in the scale against the masterpieces of Alfred Elmore, Holman Hunt, Millais, and Frith, among living English painters alone, or against the long, long list of great painters whom Italy, Flanders, England, Greece, Spain, and France and Germany have, in ages past, produced? Why, all the masterpieces of female art in the world scarcely deserve mention by the side of the splendid masterpieces of Murillo and Sir Anthony Vandyck. It would take hours to enumerate all the

men, who, in a hundred walks, have left a name that will last for ever, who have done or written something noteworthy, which the world cannot afford to let die. Fifty names, at the outside, would embrace all the women who have left their mark on the age in which they flourished.

In one walk of life alone women have held their own against rivals—that ignoble walk which consists in being the favourites of a powerful, arbitrary monarch. But women will not care to know that Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Maintenon, Nell Gwynne, Jane Shore, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Abigail Masham, are quite equal to Villiers, the Despensers, and Piers Gaveston.

But, in sober earnest, the rights of women should be conceded as a right, and not as a favour. All those professions in which they can successfully engage should be flung open to them. They should not be prevented from giving their attention to any kind of occupation in which they can do good to themselves and the world. But I should deeply regret were women, in their eagerness to prove their equality to man, to forget that peaceful home life in which men cannot take their place, and where they can succeed to perfection in making themselves and others happy.

V.

ROSA BONHEUR.—There is a lady—of course, I refer to Rosa Bonheur—whose transcendent ability as a painter of animal and still life places her little below the late Sir Edwin Landseer. There is something indescribable in her paintings, so beautiful, so natural, so life-like.

This gifted woman is the daughter of an able French artist, who, in her early childhood, directed her studies, and gave her the inestimable benefit of his advice and experience. He used to take her with him into the country; and, while he was busily engaged in his work, though never too busy to remember her, she passed her time studying and copying nature. To those early lessons she owes more than to anything else, except to her own wonderful genius and untiring perseverance.

Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux, in 1822, and from an early age appears to have devoted herself to art. Some of her brothers and sisters have attained great eminence as painters. The painting, which established her reputation, is her "*Labourage Nivernais*." But another masterpiece, better known in this country, is her "*Horsefair*;" the latter was exhibited, in 1855, at the French Exhibition, in London, and called forth a burst of admiration which her later efforts have deepened.

one of her most beautiful paintings—"The Return from—what is there in it so charming, so sublime? It is not picture is merely the representation of nature—a very ful and poor painting may be that. It is that the glories mer evening, the exquisite contour of living animals, are and, at the same time made so real, so beautiful, , as it were, so vividly to the eye of the spectator, that ng produces an effect on the mind which the original

gh charming enough, the scene depicted, in the "Return ure," is not an uncommon one. In the foreground are le and a few sheep, and a peasant lad, on horseback, ; them homewards. At the back the sun is majesti- ng, and its last rays are lighting up the sky with the of a fairy scene.

usand times, every summer evening, a similar scene is acted in different parts of Europe. The subject is so hat it would seem hard, nay, impossible, to give the ation of it on canvas an interest that never flags. But see ive power of genius. A picture, true to life, even in its particular, is by the painter's magic art made almost

The cattle in the foreground, slowly returning home- ve an interest for us no living cattle would possess.

heep, on whose backs the sun is shining so brilliantly respects natural, and yet the expression, the grace of ne grouping give them beauty, a charm that the same ld never have in real life. And, then, the boy on horse- nat a lovely picture of a shepherd lad! He is not remark- eauty, or stature, or intelligence: his horse is not unlike and horses to be found in any English county: yet the the horse together have something about them which could faithfully describe, but which gives them more d greater attractions, than all the shepherd boys have ssed who have driven cattle home on a summer evening, n quiet, badly-groomed horses.

VI.

TOLL-CALL.—This celebrated picture, by Miss Thompson, English artist only twenty-six years old, has for more than n the wonder and admiration of all classes. It has been undreds of thousands of spectators, not as usually the nging exclusively to the better-educated classes. Well toll-call deserve this admiration, for a more remarkable r was produced by an English lady.

bject is happily chosen, one which, for an Englishman, must

always have interest. The scene is the muster of the Foot-Guards on the afternoon of the Battle of Inkermann at least, some of the newspapers have given it this name; but Miss Thompson, certainly as good an authority as the newspapers, has not stated that it represents the afternoon of that gloomy November day. The name she gave it is the "Muster of the Guards after a winter battle in the Crimea." The snow on the ground is enough to show that the scene depicted is not that of Inkermann, which, unless I am mistaken, was fought on a gloomy autumn morning, when snow was not lying on the ground.

To the left of the picture is an officer on horseback. In the very front, and to the right of the mounted officer, is an orderly calling the roll. Before him, stands a small body of gigantic guardsmen, the remainder of the Coldstreams. A great fight is over, a dear-bought victory gained, and the survivors of the carnage and strife of what may have been an awful and memorable morning, are drawn up for the lists of the killed and wounded to be made out. The picture is wonderfully like what, no doubt, often actually took place. There is none of the romance and glitter which some people associate with war, and this adds greatly to the value and importance of the painting.

The expression on the faces of the men, the wonderful perfection with which every bear-skin, every tunic, every rifle is drawn, the sad, yearning look of some of the men, mourning for fallen companions, the resolute, sorrowful bearing of all, the maimed limbs, are all so sternly natural that no one can turn away without having a better conception than any verbal description would convey of the sad scenes which "after the battle" presents.

The genius of the young artist will, no doubt, not desert her, and in the future her name and reputation may go down to posterity among the greatest of the present century.

VII.

THE OLD FRENCH WAR.—It is a long time since the Battle of Waterloo restored peace to Europe, sorely in need of repose; it is much longer since the crowning victory of Trafalgar broke the naval power of France for half a century. A still greater number of years have flown away since the commencement of the troubles which culminated in a quarter of a century of bloody hostilities. Yet, a short time ago many officers and privates still survived, who not only remembered the commencement of those wars, but had actually played an important part in the earliest of the battles of the great French revolution.

It is so long since the events occurred to which I have just alluded that it seems almost inconceivable that men are still alive

who took part in them; but I shall confine my remarks to a few of the veterans who have recently gone to their rest.

Not ten years have elapsed since Lord Combermere, who commanded the allied forces under the Iron Duke in the Peninsula, passed away at the age of 93, while as recently as the 12th of January of the present year died at Brighton Admiral Sir Augustus P. Westphall, the last surviving officer of Nelson's ship—the *Victory*—at Trafalgar. A few days earlier the sailor who was in charge of the boat which landed Napoleon at St. Helena, sixty years ago, died at the age of 96. Almost on the same day died Captain Payne, formerly of the Grenadiers, aged 91, who had seen some hard fighting before many of the white-haired men of the present day were born. Five years ago died Lord Gough, who entered the army in 1794, and still more recently Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, the son of the unprincipled and unsuccessful, though courtly and accomplished General Burgoyne, of the old American war of independence, passed away. Sir John Burgoyne held an important command in the Peninsula sixty years ago, and yet survived the close of that great war nearly two generations.

The past winter has greatly thinned the ranks of the survivors of the old wars, fought before our fathers were born, and while our grandfathers were babies in arms. Only a few aged soldiers are still alive who connect us with Nelson, Abercrombie, and Moore. One of these relics of olden times died on the 15th of March, at Brighton: Field-Marshal Sir William Maynard Gomm, a gallant old soldier, Colonel of the Coldstreams and Constable of the Tower, had served everywhere and had done good service everywhere. He carried the colours of his regiment into action, in Holland, in 1798, and was made a K.C.B., in 1815. One feels that in losing such brave veterans something has dropped out of the history of the world, which increases the interval separating us from the great wars and memorable events of seventy and eighty long years ago.

VIII.

A MODERN BATTLE.—Reviews and mimic representations of battles have always possessed for me a strange and inexplicable interest. The order, the discipline, the fine *physique* of the men, the enlivening strains of the bands, have had and still have for me a charm, a fascination, which nothing else has ever imperilled.

Before I knew quite so much of the circumstances amid which battles are really fought, I used to watch with great admiration one of the caricatures of war at which I chanced to be present. In one occasion I found myself near two thousand men, five deep, who for a quarter of an hour were keeping up a terrific fusillade on

an imaginary enemy a couple of hundred yards off. It was a pretty sight, but quite unlike a real battle. On another occasion I remember skirmishers being thrown out from a dense mass of infantry. The skirmishers were in the old order of two-and-two. One man fires, and runs back, and loads; his comrade then fires, and, in like manner, retreats behind his companion. The ground was as level as a table, and the pairs of skirmishers so close together that, drawn out in a single line, they would have found it difficult to keep within the space they were occupying. Their main body was drawn up, four deep, fifty yards off, and presenting a mark which, in actual warfare, would in five minutes have cost as many hundred lives.

At Woolwich it is sometimes edifying to see dense masses of men marching with the steadiness of a wall, bolt upright, exposed to a hot fire from long lines of skirmishers two hundred yards off. The spectators are delighted, and the actors, I suppose, are expected to learn something—what is not quite clear—that may hereafter be of service to them.

No! a real battle is widely different. In deep hollows are placed the artillery wagons and horses, where they are as much as possible protected from fire. Any cover is seized upon to shelter the gunners working the guns. Dense masses of men are never allowed to expose themselves, and are as much as possible kept under cover, a mile or more from the enemy's big guns. Cavalry are kept in deep defiles, or in woods, or behind the brow of a hill. Skirmishers creep along the ground, using every particle of cover they can find, and knowing that exposure means almost certain death. The skirmishers, too, are dotted over the ground, at the distance of a couple of yards from one another, and generally at some distance from any body of their own men. A modern battle generally extends over several miles of ground.

Let anyone think of what modern weapons are, of what a fusillade can be kept up, of the accuracy of fire, the alarming length of range, and then he will see how little reviews resemble real battles. In the old French war it would have been safer to march at a distance of a hundred yards from hostile battalions than it would now be to expose oneself at a distance of four hundred yards to the fire of skirmishers. Not, however, that troops are never exposed in these days; for in the late Franco-Prussian war successful attacks were more than once made by bodies of troops which advanced across open ground; but when any manœuvre of the kind is attempted there is a definite object to gain, and the cost is deemed worthy of the risk. But unless the advantage or necessity were great, cavalry would not, as one sees at autumn manœuvres, be allowed to mask the fire of their own infantry, nor

could artillery be placed where the guns could not be worked, and cavalry be exposed to almost certain annihilation.

At the autumn manoeuvres of 1873 I remember seeing an amusing incident, one, however, which in real war, would have brought death to many a brave fellow. Over the brow of a hill farms of Sir John Douglas's skirmishers were creeping, pouring a tremendous fire into the defenders of the attacked position, held by the Prince of Saxe-Weimar's troops. The attacked position, apparently the key of Prince Edward's position, was held by the Coldstreams, who were lying in the heather, availing themselves of the little cover they could get, though the huge black bearskins and the well-developed chests of the men were visible in all directions. Steadily the attacking skirmishers approached until not two hundred yards off; then, with a desperate valour, reminding one of Balaklava, the 2nd Life Guards, who were in the rear of the Coldstreams, were ordered to charge the former. They dashed at the attacking skirmishers, who had to form line to receive them. This gave the Coldstreams an opportunity of firing two or three rounds apiece at their enemies. The hostile skirmishers poured a volley into the Life Guards, who at once went off to the right and left in great confusion. Now occurred the incident I allude to. The firing recommenced between the Coldstreams and Sir John Douglas's men, who had just beaten off the Life-Guards, when, suddenly and ominously, the fire of the Foot-Guards slackened, and then completely ceased. In short their ammunition was exhausted. Then, in a second, they were ordered to fall back, and from hundreds of places in the heather rose huge Guardsmen, who ran helter-skelter to the woods in the rear, all the time exposed to merciless fusillade. In three minutes, in a real battle two or three hundred Coldstreams would have fallen, exposed as they were to a heavy fire from men scarcely a hundred yards off, to which they could not reply. Fortunately it was only a comedy, not a tragedy, and so one could enjoy the sight.



VISIT TO THE ISLE OF AMSTERDAM.

WE hear the name of Calcutta mentioned every day ; but, like many other names, we few of us inquire as to its origin. What is it ?—The couch of the destroyer's wife—Kalee, the Hecate of the Hindoos ; the same being, as Bhowaunee, Doorgha, Purwuttee, Shewa, the female who is supposed to exercise predominant power over the devil, being his spouse ; and who is more universally worshipped than any of the deities of the Hindoo pantheon. How ubiquitously is her name found in the nomenclature of the cities, towns, and other localities throughout Hindoostan ! Kalee Nuddee, the stream of Kalee ; Shewagungh, the town of Shewa ; Kalee Cut, which is the same as Calcutta, also in the names of the children. Finding her so much the object of mention, as well as so highly honoured, puts one in mind of the injunction to the maid Europa, —

“ Bene ferre magnam, disce fortunam,
Tua sectus orbis, nomina ducet.”

Thus Kut, or Cutta, is a couch ; and Kal-Kutta a couch of Kalee ; and, for all that the East India Company nabobs cared, the couch and its worshippers,—the frightful sacrifices she loved, and the frightful creed which her followers believed in,—might have flourished to this moment.

It remains with Him who rules, the arbiter of supreme destiny, whether they may not, under the high authority that now sways the country, be swept away like the myths of other ages, and become as nothing, and the altar and the god sink together in the dust, or whether the benighted votaries of superstition may be benighted still. Humanly speaking, one step towards the accomplishment of the object so devoutly to be wished, is the amelioration of the English who colonise the country ; the men who exhibit to heathendom what Christians are ; and when you come to consider the sort of examples which the life and conduct of the English in former time showed, you cease to wonder at the rarity of instances where Hindoos had become converted ; and, in fact, you arrive at the conclusion that it would not have been astonishing had such instances never occurred.

But the lads assembled in the south barracks at Calcutta were determined to enjoy themselves to the utmost, and what will not youths find merriment in ? There Clarence Hervey saw around him the strangeness of the Oriental scenes, which seemed like the delusive

sions in the dissolving views,—so bright, so vivid, and so multitudes,—the city, which in its approach by the broad muddy river, seems a continual series of superb palace-like villas, surrounded by magnificent grounds, where grow all the evergreen exotics prized by botanists in the richest profusion; the spacious tent of the Ganges, thronged with merchant ships of all burdens, together with the numerous native craft, misshapen, lumbering, large and small, manned by numerous natives, nearly wholly naked; the wide, parched-up plains, the course, the lofty buildings, the black town, where thousands of stalls, stocked with varieties of goods and native edibles, ranged at the base of narrow streets of houses which are high, dark, grim, and dirty, form a bazaar with its crowds, its heat, its dust, and its fetid odour; the glaring light of a sky unclouded from the earliest morning till sunset, beaming in a sun so overpowering as to render it impossible to brave it without shelter; the palanquins—curious conveyances, like huge long chests, with poles protruding out of each end, having near them at hand always numerous natives naked, except as to their distichs, ready to carry you wherever you wished, and loud in their offers to do so. For European inhabitants there are large-roomed houses, within which they must necessarily pass the whole of the day, and, surrounding which are the verandahs or outer courts, where are to be seen constantly moving about numbers of muslin-dressed male attendants in turbans and bare feet—native dealers, primitive merchants as they are (dressed in the same sort of primitive costume as the Sansculottes that ply the palanquins), who deposit before your passive gaze their large box, and, opening out its treasures, invite you, imploringly, to take some of them. These the English residents, in their usual way of mingling native words into a compound—which in its hybrid character is neither one language nor the other—call box wallas.

These different sights and scenes, at first, with many more too multifarious to mention, and some too hideous to dwell upon, were novel, laughable, and even amusing to young Clarence Hervey. But he was not sorry when the order came for him to leave the 4th Barracks, and to proceed up the country to join his regiment, Barrackpoor. This station lies on the river, and is about fifteen miles from Calcutta. It was not liked because of the reduced pay which the officers received there: a reduction which, however, the Governor-General considered politic, as the grand object was to render the up-country stations, where the pay was better, more popular with the troops than those in the vicinity of Calcutta. And as the latter city is as to climate, and devoid as it is of what might be thought to favour out-door recreation, yet its dissipations and its pleasures had charms for those of the military who could afford to

join in them, and the authorities, therefore, wisely discouraged their doing so. The officers of the royal army, in particular, were fain, many of them, to resort there, as they found it the part of India most stored with British articles, and, in their eyes, the least savage of all the localities in the Bengal presidency. In the neighbourhood of the cantonments, at Barrackpore, there was a beautiful park, which had been laid out with the greatest care by one of the Governor-Generals, and there was also a handsome palace for the Governor, most extensive gardens, and a large menagerie. All here, so far as situation, scenery, comfort, habitation, and living, such as the country afforded, was very much what one would wish for; but there was the terrific heat, the want of out-of-door recreation; the dearth of refined society, and the absence of all such occupation as is prized mostly by Englishmen, and the immediate urgency of that occupation which is almost indispensably necessary for any one of their number who wishes to succeed in the country, namely, the acquisition of the native languages. It was true that some had actually the hardihood to brave the fierce rays of the burning sun, when the thermometer was at 130 degs., and to issue out into the rice fields, where they were obliged to wade up to their knees in tepid water, to shoot snipe; but this was not to be practiced with impunity, and even the best marksmen, after a few trials, were obliged to desist from the sport—if sport it could be called. The long-necked cranes, or paddy birds as the English called them, were as numerous on these watery plains as those of old recorded by the prince of poets, the birds of plumage, the minah, the hood-hood, the flocks of the green paroquets in myriads, the pigeons in the woods. These and several others were game which the junior part of the English community at their first arrival in the country were eager to go in quest of. But it was nothing except the strong impulse of youth for exercise and excitement that could render such a pursuit at all attractive. As might be expected, there were very few officers present with the regiment of native infantry to which Clarence Hervey was posted: one major commanding and two captains, three subalterns, and two cadets doing duty. All were, as it were, animated by the same spirit, namely, a wish to get away from its duties and become like their much-envied brother officers, members of the staff. There was nothing about the detail of the sort of life that an Englishman could by any possibility like. The natives were in their occupations, their habits, their forms of worship, their mode of diet and their conduct, as much estranged from them as if they were living in a different country. Yet these natives were the soldiers that had “to fight by their side,” that had to look up to them for their subsistence, and that were wholly dependent upon them for their welfare in life,

and for their advancement in their regiment to any superior grade of work. But they never saw them, except it was to issue out their pay, or to meet them as they were assembled for drill, or to attend as amateurs, if they went into the native palæstra to wrestle. The consequence was that the number of hours which the officers had to themselves during the day were wholly unoccupied by attending to anything in the way of duty, and they were exceeding addicted to either play, drinking, or smoking. Billiards morning, noon, and night, was the most general way of passing the time. One of the most disheartening reflections to those who did better than resort to the billiard-room continually—those who studied, and Clarence Hervey was amongst that number—was to find that the native languages which, after all, were the only studies which led immediately to any result, were dependent almost wholly for their acquisition upon speaking with the natives. The object of acquiring facility of expressing oneself in them was paramount, and it was found that children brought up in the country would even, from their habituation to the sound of the words, make themselves more readily comprehended by the natives than the most learned student. But the sounds were harsh, and the men who uttered them to most Englishmen hateful. The billiard-room was by many degrees more attractive than the society of the native Moonshee. During the hot season of the spring, when its drought is over, during the rains which deluge the country in showers like waterspouts, when it is still exceedingly hot, the officers used to keep it up day and night in the billiard-room.

For some time there was not much to record of Clarence Hervey's mode of life. He had been appointed an officer to one of the native regiments, and he certainly had one consolation to cheer him, that the country and the climate, so unfavourable to many, did not disagree with him. From the time of his landing he had never suffered a day's illness. But unceasingly the one bright image recurred to his fancy, and, amidst all the thoughts that he conjured up, the most predominant one was that at some distant day he should be gratified with seeing it. After he had been at Barrack-poor a year and a half, a grand budgerow sailed down the river to the ghaut, nearly opposite to where he was living. Such arrivals in that place were not infrequent—they were welcomed as giving some change to the general tenor of life in that dull antonment; but this particular one was of some interest to Clarence Hervey. Soon after the rowers had pulled the large boat, with their long oars to the landing-place, and the turbaned attendants had been vociferous in their orders to the kuhars, or carriers, to get the palanquin on shore, and the bearer with the big umbrella had stood at the door separating the deck from the

entrance of the cabin, a tall, pale-looking gentleman issued out from the interior of it, and the different servants salaamed nearly to the ground. There was a great number of them, and they all vied in emulation as to which would show the most obsequiousness and servility to their master. When he reached the tafferel he made a motion to the six kuhars, dressed in purple liveries, as to the waistcloth and turbans, to raise the large palanquin; and, it being instantly raised, in the style of "Sire, to hear is to obey," which is most universally prevalent throughout the East, whilst the men stood in the water with the poles on their shoulders, he stepped from the deck into the palanquin; and the head bearer having joined his hands, as he stood humbly before him, he told him to desire the men to take him to Hervey Sahib's house, and instantly the kuhars trotted off in that direction. He had not a very long journey to make, but, during that journey, a host of thoughts crowded into his mind, being principally recollections of home, and of scenes which were much more interesting to him than any which he at present was surrounded with, notwithstanding the pomp, pride, and circumstance, of his high calling and position in the country.

In order to throw light upon the subject of these his reflections, it will be necessary to go back to the time when William Sharman left Portsmouth and embarked for Calcutta, which was about two years before the time of his arrival at Barrackpoor; he had written by every opportunity that could be afforded—that is, he had never let any ship sail without sending an epistle to either Mr. Dowling or to Eliza Wilson. They had all the same import; whether from the upper provinces in Cawnpore, where he was a judge, or travelling on his district duties in the cold season, or in his boat on the Ganges, the tenour of his letters was always the same; most unchanged affection, most urgent entreaty, that the object of his undivided admiration, and of his every thought, should come out to join him.

The friends of Eliza, straitened in means, and her step-father, cold, selfish, and worldly, found it a sort of necessity to urge her to comply with this civilian's request to consent to accept of fortune, comfort, grandeur, and a very good and respectable young husband. She replied as long as she could in evasive terms—she entreated for time to consider. She ventured upon saying that she had not yet learned to love this gentleman; but as every mail brought out new proofs of his most earnest desire to be united to her, Mrs. Dowling and her mother had at last induced her, reluctantly, to consent to name the time that she could agree to leave England, and she had actually written to him to say that in the January following she hoped her daughter might reach the Sand-Heads at Calcutta.

When William Sharman got this letter it was in the month of September ; so having applied for leave to visit the presidency and obtained it, he set off in November for Calcutta, in the Grand Barge, which civilians use in that country for their river excursions, and about the middle of that month arrived at Barrackpore. He had been told in some of the letters written to him from Berkshire, by Mrs. Dowling, of the circumstance that a young cadet from that neighbourhood had been intimate with them, and that his name was Clarence Hervey. He had, consequently, made inquiries as he went along, and by searching the army list of the E. I. Company and other means of information, he had ascertained that Mr. Hervey was quartered at Barrackpore. But there were also several hints thrown out by Mrs. Dowling as to there having been a long childish attachment between Clarence and her daughter, which she herself considered in the same light as if they had been merely playmates together, and it looked, indeed, as unlike the prospect of their being affianced lovers as if she had had a girlish attachment to a first cousin or some other very intimate acquaintance.

These intimations were contained in the last letter that he had received from Mrs. Dowling. The news was altogether satisfactory, as giving him an account of Mrs. Dowling's wishes and those of her husband, but was at least dubious as to his having been so fortunate as to have overcome the feelings of repugnance to him which Eliza formerly entertained. Again, although he was by no means acute in his perceptions of female character, he felt that whatever his correspondent might say to the contrary, there was still a good deal to apprehend in the former acquaintance which existed between Clarence Hervey and his intended. He thought it would be well to see what sort of person this gentleman was. He knew that the circumstance of having come from the same part of England as he had would be amply sufficient to warrant his paying him a visit in a country where even strangers do not scruple to visit other strangers, provided they are English ; so much does the restraint of any formalism vanish in the atmosphere of a far-distant land, where brothers of one common fatherland meet. So on his arrival he did not hesitate to direct his palanquin bearers to take him to Clarence Hervey's bungalow.

It was a small one-storied building, whose sides were of the brick common to the country, covered by chunam, that lime of a glossy marble-like appearance universal in Upper India. The four rooms, inclusive of the bathing-rooms, had their sides coated with it. The ceiling of each, in place of lath and plaster, were of strong calico whitewashed ; the floors were covered with the Calcutta matting. No furniture, except tables and chairs, was in the sitting-rooms ;

but the indispensable punkah hung from the ceiling. The bungalow was thatched ; around the houses which one sees in Bologna, with the over which stretched, supported by pillars, the low, and it afforded shade to the servants. Another subaltern, the companion of Clarence, was there with him.

When the civilian's palanquin entered the enclosure round the cottage was called, this billiard-room, and Clarence Hervey was with his moonshee.

Hervey was about twenty-one years of age, with an ingenuous countenance, bright with intelligent grey eyes, would have made him handsome if his features were not so ; but his forehead, broad, smooth, his nose and small mouth, his fair flaxen hair, all so much in his favour, that William Sharman there might be really some reason to dread him as a person.

When the palanquin had arrived at the cottage, Hervey had told his moonshee to wait in another room, and in the verandah told the gentleman that he had met him, and the civilian entered the cadet's sitting-room. Hervey met him in a cordial and frank manner, that he had come from the same part of England as himself, and he would make his acquaintance. Hervey said he would come, and as he now very seldom heard of him, relating to that part of country was very interesting. Then they conversed about their own neighbourhood, about the different families, and the friends they received of each. In comparing notes of the friends of the greatest interest felt, and Sharman's friends, the different points discussed was much more common to both, as the latter only heard from his father, and he had the advantage of enjoying a full tide of female friends, as the mail that arrived, as, besides hearing always of his sisters, Mrs. Dowling had never missed an opportunity of hearing of them.

They went over the different histories of the friends who resided near Woodville, and both Miss Wilton and Miss Wilsby were spoken of ; and Sharman did not actually say that he was expecting to see Miss Wilsby in January, nor yet did he say anything, in such matters seldom being conversed about in common conversation, but he was enabled to observe that he had a great interest when their names were mentioned.

sometime the civilian took his leave, not accepting of an invitation to lunch, saying that he should be obliged to attend to some business on his boat; and he gave a very cordial invitation to Hervey to visit him at Chowringhee, where he had taken a house for two or three months, and Hervey thanked him for his politeness; then he got into his palanquin and returned to his boat.

When he was gone, Hervey, who certainly felt very much engrossed with the subjects upon which his visitor had been conversing, fell into a fit of musing. This was very far from his usual wont, and rather astonished the native moonshee, who had been in the habit of observing the greatest attention given to the perusal of the native writings which they had studied together, and, for his own part, felt that they ought to be absorbing, treating as they did of the adventures of Sara Krishna, or the lives of the four Dervishes; but for this evening the Feringhee gentleman would not look on either the Prem Segur or the Bagho-bahar, and allowed Futteh Shah to go to his own home. The life which, for the most part, those around him led, the depraved tone of morals which pervaded the community, their utter disregard, also, of their religion, made Clarence Hervey inclined to keep aloof from them, and to cherish, with the most heartfelt, though untold affection, the memory of the darling idol who, though distant, was still ever present to his hopes.

When Hervey had chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy for some time, his reveries were broken by the return of his friend and companion Sleeman, who had been, according to their parlance, his chum, and had occupied the same bungalow with him for the last year. In the wretchedness and exile of Indian life it is a consolation to have a chum, even the soldier has always his comrade, and Clarence had lately taken young Sleeman to his confidence. The poet talks of the cheering feeling which it gives one to meet a friend; but the same writer is equally eloquent upon the difference which exists between such an one and a flatterer. To be able to impart one's secrets and one's feelings to one that you can trust is indeed a consolation—one who is candid as to his own thoughts, and a faithful depository of yours, who is thoroughly aware of the inviolability of the maxim:

*"Ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminat."*

When he entered the room, Harvey said, "I have just had a visit from the civilian judge, who came here this morning in the budgerow. Only fancy his native home being near Woodville, and all the news he had to tell me of the residents there!"

"Did he," said Sleeman, "give you any lengthened account of the young lady that you told me of?"

"No," said Hervey; "but he mentioned her name. I fear it is very far off my prospect of seeing her. It will be long, very long, before I can even promise myself the hope of being in a position to marry."

"Well," said Sharman, "do not be down-hearted—you will soon pass your examination; you may have money enough to propose to any girl."

"Then I must study very hard," said Hervey; "for the Calcutta examination is a very difficult one; but nothing is to be got in this world without trouble."

"Except," said Sleeman, "a woman's affections; for the easier you take them the sooner you'll find them yield to you."

Hervey said, "The civilian has asked me to his house at Chowringhee; but, under the circumstances, I do not think I shall trouble him much."

"These civilians," said Sleeman, "are like princes of all the land—they live in mighty state; but, for my part, I think they are so much tied up with their numerous duties, that I should not at all like their line of life."

"No," said Hervey, "you would not have much leisure time for knocking the balls about; but, I wonder, how the man can manage to leave his work up the country, and come down this way to the Presidency. That was what I thought of often, when he was here; but, of course, I did not ask him the question."

"Well," said Sharman, "perhaps he is doing duty for some other man who is at home on leave, and has asked him to come and do it temporarily until his successor arrives. If such be approved of by Government, it is a case that often occurs; but I, for one, am surprised at any man wishing to come to Calcutta. It is all very well for the Calcutta merchants, who are, as we all know, realising no end of wealth; but to sit all day under a punkah in Calcutta, and have only the few minutes of fresh air, which a morning's or an evening's drive on the course gives you, is what to me no amount of coin would make tolerable."

A few days after this conversation, there was a mail in from England, and Hervey got a letter from his father, which told him, among other things, that Eliza Wilson was going—in company with another lady who was about to rejoin her husband in India—out to Calcutta; that report said that she was about to be married to Mr. Sharman. "But," said Captain Hervey, "one thing is certain, that she is to sail in September."

"Oh!" said Clarence Hervey, when he had read thus far. "She is now on her voyage—this is news indeed! From this man's appearance at Calcutta now, it seems as if the last part of the news were true."

As usual with him he told what he thought to his friend. When the latter heard him out, he said, "Never mind, tell me all you want to do; never say a syllable of your intentions to this civilian, or yet to any one else; he lives here like a man who is monarch of all he surveys. His home is in great state, and he is quite sure that all is plain before him; he has no doubt of the business. Of course, he did not think it worth while to tell you of his plans; but that makes it quite justifiable for you to have your own. When you hear of her arrival go straight to the vessel, plead your cause before her, and if you are refused you are refused; but there is nothing like going straight to the mark. I don't think you will ever win fair lady."

"It will be fully two months," said Hervey, "before she can arrive at Calcutta, so I shall have some time to think about it. I know that she did say that she would have no one else but me; but there is no saying what changes time can effect, I have heard that her mother has made a second marriage, and perhaps her home will not be a happy one."

"Women," said Sharman, "are such slaves that they dare not do what they feel inclined to do. Perhaps it is all the better that they should be so. They are also very cruel to one another. There are many cases like Lady Ashton and her daughter, in the bride of Lammermoor."

Mrs. Markham was a cousin of Mr. Dowling, who had lately lost her husband in India. She had resided out there with him many years. They had no children. In her youth she had been a belle; but to her India, so favourable for the accumulation of wealth, was fatal to the bloom of beauty, and when she arrived in England, although with as much aptitude for flirtation as ever she had at the time of her marriage, or, indeed, at any time, yet she found her admirers falling off, and for the first time began to doubt her powers of attraction. But the doctors had prescribed a visit to England, and having almost an unlimited supply of wealth she not only took the voyage, but, after staying in England some time, indulged herself in travelling about to the different places of general resort on the Continent. Such places are now, and were even also, a sort of Elysium on earth to single men and to admired belles, and even to travellers of a philosophic turn of mind are not without their charms. But to middle-aged ladies, without their natural protectors, they all become weary. However, she found herself quite restored to health previous to her second return to England. She then began to have thoughts of rejoining her lord and master in their home in the east. Mr. Dowling heard of her intention to return, and told his wife of it. This happened some little time before Mrs. Dowling wrote the last letter to Mr. Shar-

man. They planned together the possibility of inducing Eliza to go out to India in company with Mrs. Markham. It appeared to Mrs. Dowling that it might be easily managed. She said one day to her daughter, "You know, now, Eliza, how often I have told you of the very great affection which Mr. Sharman expresses in his letters to me, when he speaks of you and how very much I do hope you may respond to it. It appears to me now that there is really no objection on your part."

Eliza said, "But I have often said that I thought I could never realise any feeling of love for him, and I scarcely think that I ought to accept his offer merely out of gratitude."

"Well," said Mrs. Dowling, "there is a lady, a cousin of George's, who is going back to Calcutta soon; she is an exceedingly kind person. She has not been in England lately, but has just now returned from her travels on the Continent. She will come, I hope soon, on a visit to us, for I have agreed with George to ask her. She will tell you plenty about India, and I will not press the matter further now."

When Eliza heard her mother speak thus she did not say anything further to her, but she shortly afterwards went to her room and began debating the matter to herself. She began to perceive that it would be in vain to combat the wishes of her parents; she felt that her destiny was, as it were, sealed that she should have to go; she even dreaded to stay. The manners, the character, the disposition of her step-father were detestable to her. When a girl takes a fancy, be it right or wrong, every little trifle, light as air, is turned and constrained into a corroboration of the said fancy; but she pondered long on her prospects. She dwelt very often on her thoughts of young Hervey, though it was a dream of the wildest kind to promise herself the hope of being united to him. Still, her native tact led her to suppose that there was something in their last hour of parting which was so heartfelt that he would be true to her. She said to herself, "If this lady were actually to invite me to go out with her, and I was to stipulate with my mother that, when there, I should do as I liked, perhaps the project might be tolerable; but who knows what sort of person she may be? I feel very wretched." She thought of her hopes and fears; she fell into a fit of musing. She wept, but knew that she had no mother who would dry her tears, no female lips to breathe responsive sighs to her, none of the endearment which girlhood delights in, no one who could say

*"Terge il pianto, giovinetta,
Dalle guancia scolorita."*

But the sequel of the brown study was that she should judge of the lady for herself, and if she was at all tolerable she would consent

to accompany her. "After all," she said to herself, "what can I do? My mother has just had a fine boy, and she thinks from morning till night of nothing but him. I do really believe she dislikes the sight of me. My step-father I never could like; he knows it. I could not assume the semblance of affection to him. His soul is wholly given to gain. We could not mingle one cordial feeling."

Mrs. Dowling did not long delay in sending the invitation to the Indian lady; and Mrs. Markham, who was staying in London, had not then the slightest objection to go down on a visit to the country, now that the autumn was beginning to set in, and London was hot, dusty, and of ill-odour, and the carriages decreasing in number, and beginning to leave the Park for other more rural localities; and the lordly houses in the West-end, one by one, becoming deserted, and the hotels less crowded with fashionables, and abandoned to become the haunts of inveterate *habitués* or confirmed bachelors; and the young ladies longing to try how their sea-side costume would look, and the men of business thinking more of Margate and Switzerland than the City and the Stock Exchange. And the legislators of the nation were tired at last of attacks, retorts, recriminations, and philippics against each other, and the rulers of the nation were rejoicing in more balmy and less smoky atmospheres than Buckingham Palace or St. James's; and even the labouring classes and artisans were hailing the time that had come round for taking their holidays; and though the City's hum still reigned in the queen of cities, and it still had its concourse, as it will ever have, until the time that precedes the advent of the much-talked-of New Zealander—yet, the waning crowds had lost their swelling immensity, and the streets, denuded of their grandest equipages, were only traversed by the vehicles whose inmates were intent on business. So Mrs. Markham, whose whole being's end and aim was amusing herself, was rather glad to get Mrs. Dowling's invitation, and went two or three day's afterwards according to appointment to Woodville Cottage.

It would be a very difficult matter to say why vacant-minded people, who are rich, and even well-educated, but without the resources afforded by mental culture, or, the best of all for soothing the temperament, the peace which accompanies a thorough conviction of the truth of religion, are those who seem to enjoy life less than any others. Does not every day's experience show this? Such persons go to musical parties, to operas, to concerts, with the object of showing their own dresses, and seeing how others are dressed; they have not even the mind to enjoy themselves, but stroll through the pictures of the Royal Academy, or the variety of a grand exhibition with the listless *ennui* that they show

when driving in the Park, and seem to think it a horror to seem pleased or exhibit emotion on any occasion. Such persons, though the envy of many who are unblest with their means of enjoyment, are, in point of fact, in a condition that is wholly incurable.

Mrs. Markham had gone the round of all the scenes of amusement, both abroad and at home, and when she found herself in a somewhat secluded country place, she was new to the situation, and felt it a sort of charm to listen to the remarks and the conversation of little Eliza, as she called her.

Mrs. Dowling had no soul for anything but the baby boy; and as Mrs. Markham was one of those who, the ladies say, did not understand children, she was left very much to the society of Miss Wilson. She soon saw that this amiable and charming girl was, as it were, lost in the house of which she ought to have been the ruling genius. She was thoughtful, kind, intellectual, and, so far as music went, accomplished. Mrs. Markham chattered about the different places she had just left, and described her sensations in flying from one scene of gaiety to another in Paris; in commenting on the grandeur of scenery in Switzerland; in driving from one gallery to another to see the pictures, and in viewing the statues, churches, palaces, works of art, studios, museums, ancient sites, buildings, ruins, and innumerable sights to be seen in Italy; in visiting the different resorts of the rich and gay throughout Germany: the crowds, the charms of life, and dissipations of gambling at Baden-Baden, Homburg, and elsewhere. Mrs. Markham liked to talk, and Eliza really did not dislike to listen.

The pungent remark which Rochefoucauld makes with regard to few men being good listeners—even the best listeners being barely patient to the speaker, and watching, always, an opportunity of bringing in their opinion, is much more applicable to men than women; for many of the latter are models of patience, and hearken most diligently; but, indeed, in this case, Eliza was very much interested, and, besides, she felt half inclined to cultivate this Mrs. Markham; but, gradually, as Mrs. Markham got to be accustomed to the laughing blue eyes, the soft winning voice, the intelligent smile, which welcomed her recitals, she began to love the being who responded so sweetly to her. She became a new source of joy to her; she had become *blasé* of most other sorts; and she had not as yet given herself up wholly to scandal. Compassion, also, the offspring partly of pride, and partly that sort of good nature which few ladies are devoid of, pleaded strongly in favour of the charming girl. The charm of the house, in her eyes, was the society of this girl.

Mr. Dowling was as civil to his cousin as he could possibly be;

even his best was not very good ; and Mrs. Dowling had no
to see anything but the new-born baby. After a few days,
n Mrs. Markham had talked over her travels, her plans, and
seen all that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, having, also,
rned the visits of those who had called upon her, she bethought
elf of the business and arrangements she had before her in town,
h were preliminary to her sailing for India ; and she very
h wished that she could have a companion with her, to go about
take away the odious stupidity of visiting at different offices.
determined to get Eliza to accompany her—she asked her, first,
ther she would like to see a little of London, as she had never
a there ; and Eliza said she had not thought of the matter before,
she scarcely knew what sight-seeing in London was. Mrs.
tham said that if she asked leave of her mother to let her come
with her, she might have an opportunity of seeing some of the
n sights, though it was not the most favourable time of the year
to it. “ But,” said she, “ London is a sort of necessity to anyone
has any business in hand. There is no place so good for making
chases, and as for preparations for a voyage they must all
made in town. I must go to different agents about my
; I must make inquiries about its sailing ; I must even go on
rd, and see my cabin ; as to the sum to be paid, that is much easier
ettle. But I do wish I had a companion with me on the voyage.
te going amongst strangers for such a sojourn as being cooped
for several months on board ship ; I should like to have some
to tell all my thoughts, and to confide my opinions of the different
gs around me. It is not the least amusement to one, when
sees a diverting scene before one’s eyes, first not to be able to
ress any opinion about it at the time, and then, afterwards, not
e able to talk over it or laugh about it. I have a great mind to
you what I have been thinking of the last few days.” Eliza then
,” “ What was it, then ?” Mrs. Markham continued “ It is that you
ld ask your mother to allow me to take charge of you, and that
should go out with me to India. I know it must be a most
ng thing to your feelings to ask it, and a most painful thing to
t with your friends ; but you must recollect that it would not be
ever. I know I should like you ; I feel happier, in having
t for a companion, than ever I did before. I have not, as yet,
d anything to your mother ; but, when I know your opinion on
subject, I will speak to her. It will not be a cause of anxiety
you to make any preparations ; for all shall be done for you, if
ll only agree to the proposition. Eliza said, “ I do not know
at to say—it seems to you a trifle, going out to India, but to
e it seems a most overwhelming piece of business. I am sure I
ould like to be with you ; but what a new world it would be for

me! I shall not be able to tell you until I speak to my mother; but, in any case, I feel I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for your kindness." "Oh, do not speak of it," said Mrs. Markham; "the fact is I shall be the person who is obliged, if you will only accept this proposal."

Then, shortly after this conversation, Miss Wilson went to her mother, who, as usual, was in the nursery, and told her all that Mrs. Markham had said to her, but scarcely succeeded in getting her to pay attention to her statement. It was a matter of much difficulty, as Mrs. Dowling had no eyes, ears, or senses for anything but for the baby who was before her in the cradle. However, at last, the gentle sleep of the child came on, and they both went away softly to Mrs. Dowling's room; and, when they reached it, Eliza repeated all that Mrs. Markham had said over again. Then Mrs. Dowling asked her if she had agreed to the proposal, and Eliza said that she had declined giving her any answer until she had told her mother. Then Mrs. Dowling said, "Of course, unless you wished to go, there should not be any sort of persuasion used; in fact, I leave it to your own choice, whether you will go or not." But Eliza, who had pondered over the subject in her own mind, felt sure that her mother would not offer any obstacle to her leaving—she knew that it would cause, at first, a great commotion in the establishment—that there would be, also, a great deal said, by the neighbours, about Miss Wilson being obliged to go to India—that the parting and severing of home ties to her, so young as she was, would be almost heart-breaking; but she also knew that Mrs. Dowling, in her heart of hearts, did not wish her to refuse this offer; so she authorised her mother to speak to Mrs. Markham, and be the person who would assent to the plan first, and she said that she would offer no sort of opposition to it herself.

Mrs. Markham was rather, what one would call, an impulsive person, and having taken a fancy into her head, she felt quite impatient until it had been followed up to its completion.

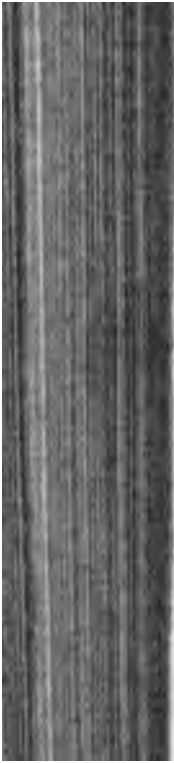
So, shortly after Miss Wilson had left her mother, she came up to Mrs. Dowling, who was walking in the garden, and introduced the subject; and, when she had told her that she had mentioned the proposed plan to Miss Wilson, she went on to say, "I think, the least I can do is to be answerable altogether for all the expenses that shall be incurred by Eliza, both as to her outfit and as to her passage out: and it is only on these conditions that I first thought of asking her to come with me. I promise you that you shall not have a care or a thought of anything, with regard to providing for her; but then we shall have to go soon, and, also, must first go

o London. There should not be a longer delay than about three weeks, from this time until the time of our sailing."

"Then," said Mr. Dowling, "I can only say that both Eliza and I, myself, feel exceedingly obliged to you; and it only remains for me to speak to Mr. Dowling, who, I know, will agree to anything that I say on this subject."

Accordingly, when Mr. Dowling returned from his office, at leading, his wife very soon broached the subject to him, and, as he predicted, she met with no opposition from him. Mrs. Dowling felt that it would be not much use pressing the point of Mr. Markham's attachment upon Eliza; she thought that, after all, it was better to let things take their own course; and, that, as she knew her daughter would be sure to make conquests wherever she went, it was quite as well not to put any pressure upon her will. But soon after this the matter was finally settled, Miss Wilson bade farewell to her mother, who, at the very last day of parting, did really feel very much, and wept, indeed, a great deal; "but, as it must be," she said, "it must be." All the servants were exceedingly sorry. The final hour for leaving the cottage, however, at last came round, and both the ladies stepped into a post-chaise, the most desirable mode of travelling at that period, at the same time, the most respectable, and proceeded on their way to London. It was tedious. It was much more of a journey at that time, starting from Woodville, than a visit to Edinburgh would be now. The transit of fifty miles was indeed new to Eliza, but the last part of it, from the entrance to the town until they came, in the dusk of the evening, to Mrs. Markham's lodging, in Sackville Street, Piccadilly, was perfectly stunning to their senses. The glare of the lights, and the many-coloured objects of show, ranged in the diverse assortments of the shops; the clattering of the vehicles of every sort of wheeled conveyance; the phases of continual change in the appearance of every street; the noise, the whirl, the hum, the ever-changing succession of groups passing to and fro, dazzled, astonished, and bewildered her. She was, withal, very much fatigued, and so was Mrs. Markham, who had something of the languor which is generally found in an East Indian lady.

Having ordered everything beforehand, and having also a maid who had been long with her and who knew her ways, Mrs. Markham and her young charge found everything ready for dinner, and the wealth which was at hand to command every comfort was able to make even London at the end of August endurable. They, of course, did not think of stirring out that evening, but indulged in a very lengthy conversation as to their plans for the future; after a long discussion on these Mrs. Markham exclaimed—"Oh, Eliza! how delighted I am that you have agreed to come



world, you will know what I mean. They are in
go out with a speculating motive, to make a mat-
tion with some of the rich Anglo-Indians—men wh
they left England as boys, have never had an oppo
in a large society of ladies—to whom a fair face see
vision from paradise.”

LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

[LUIS PONCE DE LEON, nat. 1527, denat. 1591 : Professor
University of Salamanca, having translated the Bible
cast into the Prison of the Inquisition. Three centuries
like offence was in like manner punished in the pers
named Diego Matamoros.]

HERE lies DE LEON—he, whose power uns
The spirit of Plato, and before it reared
The Christian Cross ; blending the old and
Philosophy with that pure light :—the sleep

Was—by the Holy Brotherhood pardonless—
That in the robes of Spain he dared to dress
The Scripture's old and foreign majesty,
Uncurtained its forbidden sanctuary,
And broadly to the popular eye displayed
What monks and monarchs would have kept in shade.
Therefore, while on some philosophic theme
Discoursing in his convent's Academe,
The prompt Familiars came, and bore him thence
To answer and atone that great offence.
Enquire not, in his solitude what divine
Voices and visions made a populous shrine
Of its slow darkness ; what dear ecstasy
Religion, sistered with philosophy,
Deepened into his spirit ; on minds like ours
The sights and sounds that charmed De Leon's hours
Descend not ; nor to worldly eye or ear
Stoopeth Urania from her distant sphere.
But, when the penal doors were opened, then
He to his studious cloister turned again,
Calmly resumed its interrupted theme—
“ *Ut heri dicebamus* : ” thus did seem
The separated years that wore away
So much of life the pause of yesterday.
Thus did De Leon's patient spirit rise
Above his wrongs—and here De Leon lies.

EDMUND LENTHALL SWIFTE.



MANTJE ! MANTJE !

WHEN Leonard had made his request about the Loughborough standing there had been a struggle in Mr. Dobson's mind, between his good-nature, which had prompted him to grant, and his dislike to the applicant's mother, which prompted him to refuse it; and though the former had been victorious, he had put the matter down in his mental reckoning against Mrs. Dallocourt, and had waited and watched for her next petition with the firm intention of saying "no" when it came. The petition had come, but it had been so provokingly simple, so aggravatingly commonplace and easy of performance, that the Squire for very shame had been unable to fulfil his resolution. The Scylla of self-reproach for churlishness to a lady in distress had made itself unpleasantly visible on one hand, while the Charybdis of departing from his cherished intention menacingly upon the other, causing him to feel as though an unfair advantage had been taken of him in a pitched encounter of wits. He had said "Yes;" but he had said it with an unmistakable sulkiness of manner which had not escaped Leonard's observation. It had formed the subject of young Dallocourt's meditations during his homeward walk; and upon these sprung an apparently irrelevant question which he put immediately upon his arrival at the cottage.

"Mother!" cried he, as he entered the room where his mother sat expecting him; "do you remember the story of the Enchanted Flounder?"

"Do you remember the story of Sandford and Merton?" asked Mrs. Dallocourt, impatiently. "I beg that the privilege of asking all questions of that description may be left to those exceeding tiresome little boys. How did you get on at Hufferton?"

"My flounder is beginning to splash," returned Leonard, "and the colour of the water is muddy."

"I care nothing for your flounder," cried Mrs. Dallocourt and she would have said more, but Leonard sat down to the piano and began to play and to sing—

"Mantje ! Mantje ! fimpe fe !
Butje ! Butje ! in der see !"

So began the singular song that he selected; and when he had proceeded so far with it, he stopped suddenly short, to ask his mother whether she recognised the words. Mrs. Dallocourt

recognise them, for the story had been familiar to her from her youth up; but she was in no mood to talk of fish or fishermen, and when Leonard proceeded to explain, when he told her of the concealed displeasure with which Mr. Dobson had listened to her proposal, when he compared himself to the angler, and the Squire to the enchanted prince, and exhorted her, with a half-joking foreboding of evil, not to play out Ilsebill's rôle to the end, he found her afflicted with the hopeless stupidity of one resolved not to understand.

"Putting together," cried she, "the few grains of information I have extracted from your exceedingly ridiculous and rambling talk, I arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Dobson was cross this afternoon, which, as I have reason to believe, is an occurrence by no means extraordinary; that he is not going to the dance, and that Mrs. Dobson is not going either; that they intend to hob and nob over their fire instead, and that their carriage—containing Matilda Dobson, her aunt, and cousins—is to call here for me in about an hour's time. Is it not so?"

Leonard nodded assent, and said a few words to corroborate the fact; but his whole soul was in the Dutch legend, and while his mother put her fancywork into its accustomed receptacle, and stowed away her scissors and her thimble, he continued his persevering attempts to convert her to an appreciation of his comparison. He might just as well have endeavoured to make converts of that lion and unicorn, which by this time were reposing unmolested upon their sea-green grounding.

"If that is the way you are going to talk to the young ladies, this evening," said Mrs. Dallocourt, standing door-knob in hand by the open door to deliver this parting address, "I pity the poor creatures heartily. They must have cleverer heads than mine to form even the ghost of a conception of what you mean." And then she fled up the staircase, and took refuge in the sanctuary of her bedroom.

A minute afterwards, Leonard, as he passed its entrance, tapped smartly thereupon with his knuckles, and shouted out the epilogue of his discourse.

"Mantje! Mantje! was a very fine song; but he sang it too often, and so shall I."

There was no answer. Mrs. Dallocourt, sublimely indifferent to whatever might be said upon that subject, proceeded to make her elaborate toilet; and Leonard's thoughts wandered from the angles in the fisherman's residence to the changes that were necessary in his own apparel.

The brothers Melburn, punctual to their appointment, drove up the cottage *ornée* almost before they were expected. Their

horse was slow and old ; the roads heavy, by reason of recent snow-falls ; and the brothers, carefully taking these things into consideration, had allowed themselves ample time for the performance of their even miles' drive. The sound of their 'dog-cart' wheels had long died away in the distance when the Hufferton carriage, with its rapid prancing steeds, stopped at Mrs. Dallocourt's door. Yet such was the difference in the rate at which they travelled that she reached her destination before her son, having passed the Melburn equipage in the avenue leading to the house.

"A near thing," observed Leonard, as he greeted her in the brilliantly-lighted hall. "If Dick Melburn hadn't insisted on stopping the horse while he made an observation about one of the 'ologies, we should have been here before."

And then they entered the ball-room, and he danced a quadrille with Miss Dobson.

Mrs. Dallocourt, in high spirits and recovered good temper, mingled with the festive throng, and noted with pardonable pride the evident popularity of her son. More than once during the course of the evening he danced with Matilda Dobson, and more than once, when the dance was over, Mrs. Dallocourt adroitly contrived to be in that young lady's vicinity.

"You are fond of dancing?" she observed, as Matilda took a seat by her side, after the laboured execution of a waltz.

Matilda, fanning herself in the most approved fashion, sententiously answered, "Oh, yes." Her manner would have given to a total stranger an idea that it was purposely repellant ; but Mrs. Dallocourt, having met her before, and knowing her well by reputation, harboured no such erroneous notion. "A prettier waltz than the one they have just played would hardly be heard anywhere," she remarked with placid perseverance. And Matilda Dobson, her eyes demurely cast upon the ground, uttered a responsive "Oh, no."

As every rhinoceros, though encased in its armour of proof, is held, nevertheless, to have a vulnerable spot, so in Mrs. Dallocourt's opinion there existed no person so impassive, so immovable, so hopelessly taciturn, but that some subject might be found, by dint of patience and assiduity, upon which he or she would become loquacious, and the resolute bringing forward of which would be an "open sesame" to the flood-gates of eloquence. Firm in this belief, she strove long and industriously to find the magic word that could loosen Miss Dobson's tongue ; and although her efforts were frequently interrupted by gentlemen who requested, in polite accents, the pleasure of dancing with that young lady, and by Matilda's consequent removal from her side, she invariably found opportunities of renewing them as soon as circumstances permitted.

circumstances in this respect were peculiarly favourable. The folks in the neighbourhood of the cottage *orné*, although doubtless far removed from the hum and bustle of the busy world, were not so simple and unsophisticated but that they had double capacities as well as other people, and quite understood use of them. Miss Dobson had a double capacity. She was the daughter of a wealthy landowner, and she was an exceedingly attractive young woman. The well-consorted and joyous company assembled by Mrs. Hawclave's invitation showed a rough comprehension of the varying treatment befitting these varying capacities. As the daughter of a wealthy landowner, Miss Dobson found as many partners as she could have wished for—partners who steered her through the mazy dance and into the refreshment-rooms and back with an air of long-suffering resignation, and retired with approving consciences when they had deposited her in a comfortable seat and uttered a final "Thank you." As an exceedingly unattractive young woman, she was left very much to her own devices in those intervals between valse and waltz, when the more sympathetic and sociable spirits formed themselves into pleasant *coteries*, when the wits and romps passed round a merry jest, and interesting young couples sought distant corners for the enjoyment of uninterrupted *tête-à-têtes*. Miss Dobson, on these occasions, had a peculiar knack of ensconcing herself upon solitary window-seats, upon lonely chairs, or at the ends of peopled recesses, and looking like some mariner stranded upon a desolate island. It occasionally happened that some friend and contemporary of her father, actuated by none other than benevolent intentions, walked resolutely up to her, and observed that he hoped her parents were well, or that the moon would be full next week, that the rooms were prettily decorated, or that the roads were not so bad, or any other amiable commonplace which would come readily to the tip of the tongue; but such was the curtneis of Miss Dobson's replies, and such her manifest non-appreciation of the attention shown her, that the temerarious but well-meaning venturer repented of his ill-advised benevolence, and looking wearily from the desolate island across to the inhabited land he had deserted, would suddenly hear something of unusual interest, and walk back to whence he came, leaving Matilda to her previous solitude. It was then that Mrs. Dallocourt, less easily discouraged than these gentlemen, and having, moreover, a definite object in view, wherein self-interest was concerned, would take her seat by the lonely damsel and renew her attempts at conversation.

"Constant dropping," it is said, "will wear away a stone;" although Mrs. Dallocourt failed to find that possibly non-existent "open sesame," the much-wished-for subject of interest,

which might occasion streams of eloquence to flow from Miss Dobson's lips, she did at length succeed in getting something more than the short monosyllabic replies, which, for a long time, had sturdily baffled her overtures. Her advance was slow and gradual, but it culminated in a grand success. Matilda Dobson, having uttered her yea and nay, with their brief accompanying phrases, an incalculable number of times, began at length to grow more expansive, and to compose sentences of more imposing length. When Mrs. Dallocourt remarked that she did not like working in "prickly holly because it hurt the fingers," Miss Dobson said that "No more did she," and proceeded to volunteer the statement that "she did not mind it so much when the holly was smooth;" and Mrs. Dallocourt having subsequently expressed her astonishment that anyone should object to floral ornaments in a church, Miss Dobson not only coincided with this sentiment, but declared furthermore that, in her opinion, people made a great deal more fuss about that sort of thing than was at all necessary.

All this was very encouraging. But when the enterprising lady of the cottage, fondly hoping that she had at last found the long-sought-for charm, the magic key to her companion's lips, endeavoured to pursue the subject and courted a discussion thereupon, it must be confessed that Matilda proved herself quite unequal to the occasion; for beyond reiterating the general statement that an unnecessary amount of fuss was made about them, she could say nothing for the church-adorning flowers. Whatever quantity of words other people might think proper to waste upon the subject, it was clear that Miss Dobson had said her say, and considered it quite sufficient. Nevertheless, Mrs. Dallocourt felt that she had advanced a great step, and began to regard Matilda much in the same light in which a traveller in unexplored regions might regard a hopeful young savage, who, with proper management and judicious treatment, might be made to render valuable assistance. She had certainly progressed satisfactorily. And later on in the evening, when the last lingerers had left the supper-table, when the mirth in the ball-room waxed fast and furious, came the grand, culminating success. Miss Dobson originated!

Until that time she had been content to follow Mrs. Dallocourt's lead, had not spoken of smooth holly until that lady had paved the way by speaking of the holly that was prickly, had made no mention of floral ornaments until the subject was obtruded upon her notice, and had, in short, said nothing whatever which was not in some way called for or suggested by her companion. But now came the result of Mrs. Dallocourt's unwearied assiduity,

of Mrs. Dallocourt's resolute attempts to make Miss Dobson talk—Miss Dobson originated!

It was during a waltz which Matilda was not dancing. She had left the seat to which she had been conducted by her last partner, because she felt a draught, and had directed her steps towards a sofa near the fire, to which by a curious coincidence, Mrs. Dallocourt, coming from an opposite direction, was then making her way. The two ladies sat down together.

"It seems to me——" began Miss Dobson.

Mrs. Dallocourt looked quickly at her, and dissembled with considerable difficulty the astonishment which those words had occasioned. What could possibly seem to Miss Dobson? what brilliant inspiration could have seized her? what luminous idea could have inspired her? what could have induced that tranquil tongue, that tongue which so loved repose, which so scorned the labour of chit-chat, thus unsolicited to give its utterances to society? The lady of the cottage, bewildered by her own achievement, could scarcely believe in its reality. Was she indeed reaping the fruits of her hard night's work? and were her painstaking endeavours to be rewarded with a crown of success? Yes, there could be no doubt about it; the great and mighty idea just conceived in Miss Dobson's brain would, in all human probability, have been lost to the world, had it not been for that persevering labour. Mrs. Dallocourt's soul cried out, "Hurrah!" while she constrained her silent lips to smile a conventional smile.

"It seems to me," said Miss Dobson—and as though disturbed by a consciousness of uncalled-for communicativeness she played uneasily with the rings upon her fingers—"It seems to me," she said, "that you and I sit very often together."

After that—after that brilliant colloquial effort things went on swimmingly. The two ladies were all but inseparable during the remainder of the evening, and Mrs. Dallocourt told her son, the next day, that she considered Matilda Dobson an eminently agreeable and well-informed girl.

"Do you really?" cried Leonard, astonishment depicted upon every feature; "do you really, though? But she is so unconscionably dull!"

"She is a dark diamond," answered Mrs. Dallocourt. "I assure you, Leonard, she is a dark diamond."

"A precious dark one," responded Leonard; "so dark, that one would have to look at her through strong barnacles and magnifying glass into the bargain, to discover that she was a diamond at all. I danced three dances with her, and I never found it out."

"There is a great deal of modest reserve about her. It is better for a young lady to be too reserved, than too forward," remarked

Mrs. Dallocourt, dogmatically; and Leonard remained silent, listening for what was to come next. Whenever his mother gave utterance to a wise saw, or a time-honoured maxim, he knew it to be a sure sign that something more startling was coming; so he made no answer to that observation respecting the manners of young ladies, but waited for what was to follow.

It came in the shape of an announcement from Mrs. Dallocourt, that she had invited Miss Dobson, with her aunt and cousins, to coffee and conversation at the cottage *ornée*, upon an early day in the ensuing week.

"We must ask a few people to meet them," said she; "and I think, that with the aid of music and charades we shall be able to pass a very pleasant evening, although our rooms are too small for dancing. I really hope, Leonard, you will do your utmost to make yourself agreeable to Miss Dobson, as well as to overcome any prejudice you may entertain respecting her. It may be more to your future advantage than you appear to have the slightest idea." And then she unfolded to him the notable scheme which had been brewing in her brain for the last three months.

In those lofty chateaux en Espagne by the construction of which the Royal Arms had been so greatly hindered in obtaining their background, Leonard figured as Squire Dobson's son-in-law, as master of Loughborough Grange, as a Justice of the Peace for the county, as an M.P., as a popular orator, as goodness knows what besides; the chateaux towered story above story, till their battlements were lost in view; and Leonard, listening to the destiny he was requested to accomplish, felt overpowered by the consciousness of his insufficiency.

"You expect more from me than I have ever given you cause to do," he said at length, after having repeatedly expressed his disapprobation, and having been as often out-argued by his mother. "I am a goose, and you would make me a swan. I don't at all object to being a goose—not a bit of it—I am perfectly contented with that character, and if I may one day be considered a good goose my highest ambition will be satisfied; but it is too bad of you to try and make me a swan."

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," cried Mrs. Dallocourt, resorting to a foreign language in despair at the insufficiency of her own. "When once you have married Matilda Dobson the rest will be as easy as A B C."

"Leonard did not see it; but this downright mention of Matilda Dobson brought his thoughts from the distant future to the consideration of the future that was at hand.

"Even if I wanted to marry her," said he, "I am sure I don't know how I should set about it. It strikes me she would be a very

difficult person to make love to ; and then, you know, there's her father. I tell you what it is, mother : you'll set your foot in it before you have done. You will send me to that flounder too often."

He was not prepared for the vehement burst of passion which answered his careless, half-laughing rejoinder. Speaking partly in jest himself, hardly realising that there was anything serious in the matter, he was taken by surprise by the working features, the fervid words, which showed how really and truly his mother was in earnest. There were tears in Mrs. Dallocourt's eyes as she deprecated the ridicule he had cast upon her proposal.

"It was not for this," she cried, "it was not to be laughed at as a simpleton, and to be talked about flounders and fairy-tale nonsense that I have laid awake night after night, thinking of nothing in the world but you, and watching for an opportunity to advance your interests. You must be ungrateful indeed, Leonard, if you thus scoff at my most cherished wishes without even taking the trouble of considering them seriously. Heaven knows I have no desire to be counted amongst those who would recklessly pursue their own ends regardless of the feelings and predilections of others ; and if you can lay your hand upon your heart and declare in all honour and sincerity that such is your dislike to Matilda Dobson, and such your distaste for that modest reserve which appears to be her second nature—I might almost say her first—if, I say, you can lay your hand upon your heart, and conscientiously declare that such is the effect of these things upon you, that you feel an inward conviction that the match I propose would be an unhappy one, then I will say no more about it ; I will close my lips upon that subject for ever, and resign myself to the disappointment in silence. But I tell you plainly that the disappointment would be very great ; and I do think that I have a right to expect that in the first place you will think upon the matter gravely, and not mix up subjects which are of the greatest importance with absurd talk about fishermen and rubbish."

Whenever Mrs. Dallocourt, as upon the present occasion, was driven by excessive excitement to attempt oratorical flights, the sublime was apt to become merged in the ridiculous, the stronger elements to be marred by the influx of the weaker ; and her picture of Leonard laying his hand upon his heart by way of a suitable preliminary to an energetic denunciation of Miss Dobson's dulness, lacked the grandeur of conception and the dignity of delineation which might have delighted a lover of heroics. But, nevertheless, Leonard was much moved. He knew the love his mother bore for him, he saw how her heart was set upon the fulfilment of this project for his advancement, and he would have been

sorry to occasion her an unnecessary pang. He felt that to lay his hand upon his heart, be it to say one thing or another, was an achievement hopelessly beyond him, at all events, for the time being; but he could at least soothe the perturbed spirit and excite the imagination which his raillery had unintentionally wounded.

"I promise you, my dear mother," said he, "that I will bring the subject into my serious consideration. I still protest against being expected to develop into a swell statesman; but as to a marriage that you propose, it is quite another matter. I have a particular hatred of Miss Dobson that I know of; and it is not possible that she may be, as you say, a diamond, although an uncommonly dingy one. But, you see, a fellow can't run his mind up all at once about such an affair as a wife; and he has not time for reflection. Meanwhile I won't say another word about that flounder."

And so the little storm was quieted; and Mrs. De Vere, leaving her son to the reflection he had spoken of, betook herself to culinary regions, and commenced a confabulation with the cook.

"Barbara," said she to that functionary, "I intend to give a *soirée musicale*."

Barbara marvelled exceedingly, and went up into the library in a state of mystification. Was this thing, with the outlandish name, a new viand intended to be served, or a new machine? In the latter case, then, Barbara resolved to set her face steadfastly against it. But before she could utter a single word, Elise, who from an unseen corner above had overheard her mother's announcement, came swiftly bounding down the stairs and volunteered to interpret. "It means a party," she explained; "and we will have some jellies and custards."

Then Barbara returned to *terra firma*, and her doubts and misgivings vanished.



THE VIVISECTOR'S DREAM.

BY FATHER TRISTRAM,

Author of "Belphegor, a Paraphrase," &c., &c.

THE Vivisector went to his bed,
When his horrible work was o'er,
And slept a heavy, stupified sleep,
Such as ne'er he had slept before,
And dreamed a wild and terrible dream
That troubled his heart full sore.
Yes—there, as vivid as if awake,
He saw before him spread
On a table his mangled victims half dead,
Insulated needles in every head,
Or muscles exposed a-nigh the heart,
Or the spinal marrow laid bare in some part,
Whilst a wail of impotent anguish rose
From the creatures writhing in mortal throes.

Round the table flocking came
Men with faces hard and cold,
Men of Science (so called) and fame,
Friends of his, he knew each by name;
But he seemed to see them all to-night
In a new and horribly-ghastly light;
For somehow or other quite changed were they
As though transfigured the retrograde way;
Their gloating eyes,
As if on a prize,
Were fixed on the form of a whining hound,
The which for vivisection was bound
To the torture-trough, unable to stir,
Whilst nerve and muscle apart they might tear.
What matter? he was but a wretched "cur,"
And they—were men of science!
Their stolid faces no pity shew;
Their hearts no mercy feel;
They sit like men carved out of stone,
Or fashioned of polished steel.

"O, Men ! O, Men ! if men ye be,
 And not the foul fiend's own,
 Have ye no hearts that ye hear unmoved
 Your victim's piteous moan ?"

The Vivisector took his place,
 And he raised the murderous knife ;
 Whilst the poor dumb brute, with pleading eyes
 Seemed begging for its life—
 In vain ! To make a transverse cut
 The doctor took his stand,
 And still the trembling dog could not,
 His master understand,
 But struggling in his bonds he strove
 To lick the murderous hand.

"O, men ! O, men ! if men ye be,
 Can ye that dumb brute see,
 Nor feel how nobler than your own
 His untaught instincts be ?"

Sudden the Vivisector paused,
 For lo, behind each chair,
 Stood grinning, whispering, mocking imps,
 Tempting each doctor there ;
 Guiding each hard hand as it grasped
 The trenchant gleaming knife,
 Whilst the quivering moaning victim lay
 Bloody, yet warm in life.
 And the doctors heeded not the shrieks
 With which the air was rife,
 For the wily fiends had stopped their ears
 Till the cries had a muffled tone,
 And before the doctors' eyes had placed
 Dim glasses of their own.

The Vivisector turned aghast
 To see if an imp also held him fast,
 Yet none that he
 Could at any rate see
 Kept him in any captivity.
 But, looking round, he sudden espied
 A doctor strange on the other side
 Of the table ; a face, that he did not know
 But the stranger bowed with an air *comme il faut*
 And said, " I have come, sir, from regions afar
 ('Tis not needful precisely to state where they

I have heard much about you, so thought I would take
This journey, your pleasant acquaintance to make.
You really have quite a nice little *coterie*,
And your practices are of my fancies promotary—
Of science, like this, you may count me a votary.
Talk of dissecting dead bodies, dead bones,
Nerves without feeling, and hearts without motion,
Muscles inactive,—no wonder one groans
At the extra-humane and most puerile notion
That science can do without this vivisection,
Which falls in with my tastes in most perfect perfection.
I render you homage, ye brave men of science,
As men of much spirit who set at defiance
Those ignorant fellows encumbered with hearts,
Quite unbefitting in men of your parts.
I rejoice to find
Men of my mind,
And I hope our acquaintance closer to bind.
My very dear friend,
May our friendship ne'er end;
I perceived that towards me your feelings did tend,
Which made me at once my way hitherward wend,
The right hand of fellowship now to extend.
Pray, allow me to offer the highest degree
Conferred by my own University,
Which I hope that ere long with your presence you'll
 grace,
For it's founded on purpose to meet your case,
As, pray, what shall you do when you leave this place?"

The Vivisector, the while he spoke,
Felt as though he were going to choke.
He felt chill and ill,
His tongue wouldn't fulfil
Its work, and the words he would have spoken
Died away in accents broken;
And he shuddered and shook, and the word "Vivisection"
Was yelled around him in every direction;
And the whines of the dying dog waxed faint,
And his death-sobs sank to a mournful plaint
That swept like a solemn funeral toll
Over the Vivisector's soul.
The room whirled round and round, and the train,
Physiologists, imps, and the victims slain,
Vanished; and he was left alone

The Vivisector's Dream.

With a fluttering heart, his courage gone.
And another presence filled the place,
A vision with grieving and sorrowful face,
A face seraphic, yet stern to see,
A face of which he had heard of yore
In the days when he sat on his mother's knee,
In the far-off days when he was a child,
And his mother over his slumbers smiled,
And told him how God watched over all,
And cared for each creature great and small.
In the memory of that long ago
His troubled thoughts went to and fro ;
He shrank from the eye that pierced so keen,
From the wrath that clouded that brow serene.
And then the presence passed away ;
But an awful voice the silence broke,
And in accents clear this sentence spoke—
“ *Vengeance is mine, I will repay :*”
And then the Vivisector woke.
But the dread words haunted him night and day—
“ *Vengeance is mine I will repay.*”
They followed him into the silent night,
And muttered to him with morning's light —

* * * * *

O Vivisectors, what answer have ye ?
Pause in the midst of your cruelty,
Think of the victims whose agonised groan
Mounts aloft to the Judge on the Throne.
Though ye may slumber, He never sleeps,
Over each sparrow a watch He keeps.
Though ye may argue, and scoff, and scorn,
It may be that better ye ne'er had been born
Than wake to find on some bitter day
That vengeance is His—that He will repay.

A DECLINING RACE.

WITH the lower animals, as with man himself, there are numerous examples to be found of an increasing community and of improving circumstances, as well as of decline and extermination. Some groups of animals appear to be rapidly growing and increasing in numbers; other groups have attained in our day the maximum of their development, whilst others appear to be persistently decreasing, and tending in time to pass out of existence altogether. And thus, it happens that the naturalist, on surveying the wide field of animal life, meets with many instances of forms which attained their greatest growth and highest numbers in past or geological periods of this world's history, and which, in the present day, are but sparsely represented among living forms.

As a rule, the process of extermination proceeds rapidly in its course. Once having attained the maximum point in numbers and variety, the decline of the form or group rapidly succeeds; and a short term of years—speaking geologically—witnesses the thinning out, or even the final extinction of the organisms. We find several notable exceptions to this general rule, however. The geologist or naturalist can point to many examples in which the exterminating process has proceeded in a comparatively slow and gradual manner; and where, as a consequence, certain animals and plants have “persisted” through long periods of time, and have left their traces as “fossil” organisms through long series of rock-formations, representing vast areas of removal and geological change.

The exact nature and cause of this peculiar exterminative process remains, for the most part, hidden from research. Speculation has, indeed, been rife as to their causes; but nothing definite is known concerning “the reason why” whole races of lower forms, as well as the races of men, tend naturally to pass through gradual and successive stages of growth, development, maturity, decline, and, finally, of extermination and extinction.

Now, such forms as have been in this way blotted out from the living records, generally leave their traces, as has already been remarked, behind them, in the form of “fossils.” The process of entombment and burial in the earth constitutes, in most instances, the first step towards the preservation of the animal or plant. Gradually, and as time and physical actions roll onwards, the process of infiltration of mineral matters into the soft tissues of

the once living thing is accomplished. The living tissues become in this way petrified. The organism becomes accurately represented as a part of the hard rock; and thus the geologist is enabled to read his "Sermons in Stones"—a measure only preparatory to that by which the earnest mind is led to see "good in everything."

No better example of a declining race of animal forms could be selected than that of the *Brachiopoda*. These forms constitute a very curious and important group of shell-fish or *molluscos* animals, allied to, but at the same time widely different from, our ordinary cockles, mussels, oysters, and such familiar inhabitants of the deep. The *brachiopoda* come before us as a class once largely represented in the seas and oceans of past worlds; and in the present, constituting a sparse group of forms, limited in numbers as well as in distribution. Early inhabitants of our world were these *brachiopods*. Through many changes of scene and epoch they have persisted; but with the lapse of years, they have been slowly dwindling away, and a few more years will, in all probability, see the last *brachiopod* disappear from the oceans of to-day.

So interesting are these forms in all their aspects, and so excellent examples do they constitute of the effects of time and physical action upon the animal organism, that a few words concerning their history, will furnish abundant material for contemplation to the thoughtful reader.

The term *Brachiopoda*, literally translated, means "arm-footed;" and this name has been applied to these molluscs, from the fact of their possessing two long arm-like processes, which stretch away, one from each side of the mouth, but which, when at rest, are coiled up in a peculiar manner within the shell. This latter structure in the *brachiopoda* is of the "bivalve" description; that is, it resembles the shell of the oyster, mussel, or cockle, in that it is composed of two pieces, or "shells" as we familiarly name them. But all resemblance or connection between the *brachiopoda* and their shells, and the ordinary and familiar molluscs just mentioned, ceases with the enumeration of this fact. The two groups are essentially and widely different in structure; the *brachiopoda* being in some respects regarded as a lower class than that in which the oysters, &c., are included.

Let us firstly look at the *brachiopod's* shell. We find it to exist as a double shell, and the halves of which it is composed lie one on top of the other. The lower shell is generally by far the larger of the two; the upper half, fitting the lower half, just as a lid might fit a comparatively deep cup or bowl. And within this deep lower shell the great bulk of the body and organs is contained. In general form and outward appearance some of these shells bear a

not indistinct resemblance to the old Roman and classical lamp; and from this resemblance, the familiar name of "lamp-shells" has been bestowed upon the *brachiopod* class.

The lower valve or half of the shell, generally bears, at the hinge-extremity, a prominent projection or "beak," and in some *brachiopods* this "beak" is perforated by an aperture through which a fleshy stalk passes. By means of this stalk—seen in *lingula*—the shell is attached to fixed objects; but in other instances where the stalk is absent, the shells are fixed directly and of themselves to the sea-bed.

The shells are articulated together by means of teeth on the lower shell, which fit into depressions or sockets in the upper half. And in connection with the opening and shutting of the shells, a complicated muscular apparatus is developed. The shells are opened and shut by means of appropriate muscles. The so-called "cardinal muscles" thus open the shell; whilst four "adductor" muscles tend by their action to close it.

The minute or microscopic structure of the brachiopodous shells, has formed a subject of frequent investigation by naturalists and microscopists. The shells are described as being composed of "flattened prisms," which are closely arranged in parallel rows. And throughout the shell-substance a system of minute tubes or canals has been discovered to extend. These tubes contain, in the living animal, little offshoots from the "mantle"—the soft structure which lines the shells, and by which the shells of the *brachiopoda*, and of all other molluscs, are formed.

This "mantle" folds and encloses the organs of the animal; and its chief function is the formation of the shell, a process accomplished by the secretion of lime by special glands, and by the building up of this limy material on the outer surface of the "mantle" so as to constitute a hard outer covering. We can readily see the "mantle" by opening any ordinary mollusc, such as an oyster or mussel; in either case it is discovered as the soft, fleshy skin, which immediately lines the shell, and which enfolds all the viscera of the creature.

Within the deeper or lower shell we find the chief organs of the *brachiopod* to be contained. But the upper shell generally bears on its inner surface a curious apparatus of limy loops, to which, from a fancied resemblance to the springs of a carriage, the name of "carriage-spring apparatus" has been given. The use of these loops is to support the two long "arms"—already mentioned as characteristic of the *brachiopods*—which stretch from the sides of the mouth, and which are wound round the loops when they are at rest and coiled up. Each arm consists of a main stem bearing lateral processes or branches known as "cirrhi"; and

these "cirrhi" are in turn fringed with numerous smaller filaments termed "cilia." The function of these arms is of a twofold nature. Their chief use is that of serving as breathing organs; the blood being exposed in them to the action of the aërating gases contained in the surrounding water. The "cirrhi" and filaments aid materially in this function by creating currents, and keeping up a constant circulation of fresh water. Then, secondly, by means of the currents excited by the arms and their filaments, particles of food are swept towards the mouth of the animal, and a nutritive function is thus also performed by the arms.

A well-developed stomach, intestine, and liver, constitute the digestive apparatus of the *brachiopoda*; and most observers agree in stating that a distinct heart and system of blood vessels are present in these forms. A peculiar system of vessels, known as the "atrial system," appears to ramify within the lobes or divisions of the mantle; and in connection with this latter system, a number of pulsating organs, termed "pseudo-hearts," have been described. The uses of this "atrial system" are wholly unknown; but it has been maintained, and with some show of reason, that it may represent a form of excretory apparatus, analogous to the kidneys of the higher animals, and that it thus serves to convey part of the waste matters of the system from the body.

The nervous system of the *brachiopods* consists of a single mass of nervous matter, situated close to the mouth, and from this centre the nervous supply of the complicated body is derived.

Having thus indicated the chief points of structure of these forms, we may, lastly, observe the chief facts relating to their distribution, and notice how the class illustrates the decline of a series of forms once plentifully represented in the seas and oceans of the past.

In the present day, we find the *brachiopoda* to possess a comparative *wide* range of distribution. The "head-quarters" of the class appears to be the Australian coasts, where they are found in greatest plenty; but in temperate seas, and even round our own coasts, they are occasionally to be dredged, although in these latitudes they are all denizens of the furthest depths of the sea. The *number* of species or kinds of living *brachiopods* is, however, very limited; and we can best conceive how limited their present numbers are when we compare the living with the extinct and fossil species.

Thus the geologist or palæontologist—the latter being the more nearly concerned with the *life* of the past—would inform us, that the *brachiopods* are among the oldest of fossils. They were represented, at a very early stage in our earth's history, making their first appearance as fossils in the *Cambrian* rocks, along with others

ly and primitive types of life. These *Cambrian* beds, represent very far back past in the earth's history, forming the second great series of rocks in which the remains of living things are found. And occurring thus in these old *Cambrian* beds, we find the *brachiopoda* to be represented as fossils in every series of rock formations in the *Cambrian* downwards to the present day. And one form in particular, known as the *lingula* offers a remarkable example of the persistence of an animal organism throughout vast periods of time. The *lingula* is one of the *brachiopods* which are represented in the *Cambrian* rocks. It thus appears as one of the earliest examples of the class, and the *lingula* itself is still in existence in our modern seas and oceans. It has thus persisted through all the great natural cataclysms or revolutions which marked the overthrow of the world, and which, at the same time, heralded in the formation, and construction of another and succeeding era. In the series of *Silurian* rocks which immediately succeed the *Cambrian* beds, and which were formed when the latter period had for ever passed away, we find the *brachiopods* to have attained an immense development. Their shells occur in such vast numbers in the *Silurian* beds that the *Silurian* epoch is not unfrequently spoken of as the 'age of brachiopods.' In this latter age, these forms reached the maximum point or acme of their development; and since the *Silurian* age, they have gradually decreased in number, until the thousands of kinds which were then in existence, can now be numbered, and are now represented, by a few dozens of living species.

The *brachiopods* have thus dwindled slowly away, and, with the lapse of a few more years, the race will become totally extinct. The *brachiopoda* will then pass from the domain of the zoologist, and from the catalogue of living things, to be enumerated solely among the productions and organisms with which the geologist, as the scientific resurrectionist and universal recorder, has to do.

More than two thousand extinct and fossil *brachiopoda* are known to science; and further research will undoubtedly increase this already large collection. But whether living or extinct, we trust we have said enough to interest our readers in a group of forms which, if only as typifying man's own transient nature and relations, possess a large claim upon our scientific sympathy and intellectual regard.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE HUNCHBACK CASHIER:

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GAMBLER.

IN a large and spacious room, on the second-floor of a house in the Strand, a number of men were assembled together on the night after Humphrey Berrington's arrival in London. They were all either seated at or grouped round a couple of tables. Now and then an almost breathless stillness reigns in the room, and you can hear nothing save the pattering of the rain on the windows, and then suddenly the silence is broken by oaths and exclamations, and often groans of despair, as some wretch rises a ruined man from the gaming-table.

Yes, this is a gaming-house, a place where fortunes are lost and won, and lost again, in the brief space of a few hours.

Heavy cloth curtains are drawn over the windows. Carpets, rich in colour, and soft and thick in texture, deaden the sound of the heaviest footfall. There is a glare of wax lights from a splendid crystal chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and from others placed in massive candelabra; in various parts of the room; and near the door, a table is spread with ices, confectionery, and the rarest wines, sparkling in decanters of richly-cut glass. Two black servants in livery glide noiselessly about the room, attending to the wants of the gamesters.

The principal interest centres round the table at which gold is being played. And here let us, in imagination, take our stand; for here sits Basil. Ill-starred, misguided man, what brought him here, to risk the money he had but so recently and unexpectedly won? What, alas! but the evil spirit of the gamester, which encourages him, when he has once won, to try again; and then in most cases he looses, and becomes more heavily involved than he was before.

Very varied are the faces and attitudes of the men gathered round this table, watching the game with intense eagerness; old and young, of every class and every grade. Here stands an aged man, whose hooked nose and strongly-marked features bespeak his Jewish origin; he is an old *habitué* of the place, and watches the game with coolness and circumspection; behind him, looking over

shoulder, stands a young man, his fair hair unpowdered, hanging in damp masses about his forehead, his eyes bloodshot, and a look of mingled apathy and despair on his face; he brought some of his employer's money here a few hours ago, and he has lost it and lost with it every hope in life. Many of the spectators are ruffians, highwaymen, and apprentices; some few are novices lately drawn into this whirlpool of vice and ruin.

Fortune has not favoured Basil to-night, if one may judge by the look of his haggard face and contracted brow. Never, indeed, had he been more unfortunate; fast and swiftly his banknotes and gold have passed from his hands, so that at midnight not a farthing of his £2000, so recently won, remains. Still, he is on. He has staked £200, the sum which he calculates Humphrey Berrington has borrowed and brought up to London for him. He declined it last night, but he must ask him again for it. He has staked that and lost it. He lays down his gold snuff-box, the present of his fond mother, on that last birthday he had not at Winchester. It is gone too. Still, the fever of the play keeps him on. He draws from his finger a diamond ring—it was the only valuable poor old Father Metham had possessed—and it has been a heirloom in the family for two or three centuries. In a few minutes it has changed owners. Basil sits gazing with a vacant eye, at the table before him, the distant pile of gold pieces, the guttering wax lights, and the haggard faces of the gamblers around him. What he would have staked next, or whether, in his species of elirium, he would have tried to lay violent hands on himself, were impossible to say; for suddenly there came a confused murmur from without, the rush of feet up the stairs, and then the door was violently burst open, and Humphrey Berrington rushed in, followed by two or three *employés* of the house. In one bound he reached Basil's side, and exclaimed—

'Fly! you have not a moment to lose, the officers of justice are at the door!'

Even as the cashier spoke a loud and repeated knocking was heard, and in an instant all was confusion in the room. The lights were extinguished, some flew to the staircase, others to the roof of the house, or to back windows, from whence there was any chance of escape.

Guided by Humphrey, for he seemed himself as though in a maze, Basil found his way to the bottom of the house, and as the front door yielded to the pressure from without, and the soldiers pushed in, the cashier, having his friend's arm linked within his, boldly pushed his way amongst them, and in the general confusion escaped detection. There was a great crowd and throng at the door, and the two young men passed unobserved into the

midst of it. Here, however, they were separated, and the cashier, comparatively easy in his mind, now that his friend had escaped, returned for a few moments to the gaming-house, to see what was going on there, before proceeding to Basil's lodgings, whither he supposed the latter had gone.


A very different scene the gambling-room now presented. Some of the wax lights had been hastily rekindled, so that the effect of the sudden alarm and struggle with the soldiers was visible. The table spread with refreshments, had been thrown down, and pieces of broken glass and porcelain were mingled with pools of wine and scattered cards, abandoned by the gamblers when they were disturbed. Many had made their escape, but some dozen or more, who had not been so fortunate, were penned in a corner by a party of soldiers, with their bayonets fixed, forming a bristling fence of steel round their prisoners.

Other soldiers were employed ransacking the room. The gaming-tables being critically examined, were then broken to pieces, as unfair play was suspected, a suspicion which proved to be correct, for under each were found two iron rollers, and two private springs, which those who were in the secret could touch, and stop the turn-about whenever they had any novices to deal with, and thus could fleece them of their money.¹

Whilst Humphrey still lingered in the room, absorbed in sad reflections on the fatal toils into which Basil had fallen, and from which it seemed almost impossible to rescue him, one of the prisoners standing close beside him, and who was about to be marched off with the others to the round-house, touched his arm and said—

“I believe you are a friend of Mr. Metham's?”

“I am,” replied Humphrey,

“Then, I think you might do him a little service, and render one to me at the same time— which you need not regret—for I am not one of the old frequenters of this den. I have never cheated or robbed any one. I was lured to come here by a friend, and in less than six months I have fallen from affluence to beggary. I won this snuff-box from Mr. Metham,” he added, drawing it from his pocket, “but I should not have been allowed to retain it long; they let me win it as a bait, in hopes that I had still some money left, which I should be tempted to hazard. You see, by those artfully - contrived tables, how we wretched novices have been plundered. But, however, what I really want to say is this—Mr. Metham will be glad of his snuff-box again, and I of a trifle of money. Will you, then, give me two or three guineas for it? 

¹ *The London Magazine*, 1751. .

I had a single piece left, I would give it back to Mr. Metham as a gift; but the fiends in this den have laid me bare, and I have not wherewithal to find myself a meal when I am in jail, till I can communicate with one or two of my friends, who have not yet quite deserted me.

"I will certainly take the snuff-box," said Humphrey, extending his hand for it. "It was given to my unhappy friend by his mother, and I am sure, in his calmer moments, he would deplore the loss of it. Here are five guineas, sir, for it; were I not a poor man I would give you double that sum, for I know what a hard plight you are in. I wish you may soon be extricated from your lamentable condition, and that your friends may have influence enough over you, to induce you to abandon the life of a gamester."

As Humphrey, a few minutes later, watched the prisoners led away, in dreary file, down the Strand, by the soldiers, he blessed God most fervently that his friend was not amongst them.

When he arrived at Basil's lodgings, he was both surprised and alarmed not to find him there. Various conjectures passed through his mind—some of them so startling and sinister, that he was more than once tempted to rush out into the dark deserted thoroughfares in search of his friend, and a feeling of uncontrollable fear and horror came upon him as he thought of Basil's frenzied state, and then of the dark waters of the great river, rolling on only some few yards distant.

Just as he was on the point of going out, again, unable any longer to remain inactive, the door of the room opened and Basil came in.

His appearance struck Humphrey with horror; his face was ghastly pale, his eyes sunk in his head, and he looked at his friend with a wild, confused stare. His hair, which was always elegantly crisped, trimmed, and powdered, hung over his forehead and cheeks in damp, uncurled masses, his ruffles were half torn off, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his sword hung in front of him, and all his clothes in disorder.

For some few minutes he strode up and down the room with the frantic fury of a madman, breathing imprecations against gaming and gamesters, talking of his ruin, and of the sharpers and villains whom he had fallen amongst; at last, he threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, and then, after a few moments silence, he said abruptly to Humphrey—

"I slipped away from you on purpose, in the Strand. I never intended returning to my lodgings; did you wonder where I had gone?"

The cashier hesitated—he did not wish Basil to know what his fears had been.

"I wonder, Humphrey, how it is I am here talking to you now," continued Basil, not waiting for his friend's answer. "I am not a coward; it was not fear that held me back, when I stood on the bridge and looked over into the dark gulf beneath. My brain seemed on fire, and the waters rolled on calm, and still, and cold. To be under the waves promised lethargy, forgetfulness—and to cease to exist appeared just then the height of bliss! No; it was not fear, Humphrey. But, suddenly, as I stood there on the bridge, the mists of years rolled back, and I fancied I was again a little child, standing under the shade of the chesnut-trees in the garden of St. Peter's Presbytery, and my old uncle was beside me, stroking my head caressingly, as he used to do. Then, my thoughts suddenly returned again to the present—but my uncle was still near me; for as I leant over the balustrade of the bridge, he seemed to stand in vacancy between me and the dark gulf of waters beneath; his outstretched arms waved me back! Humphrey, 't'was not fancy; I saw the night breeze stir his white hairs, and his lips seemed almost to move! 'Tis strange he should come between me and a violent death, for you know that he almost prophesied I should come to a sudden and untimely end."

"God forbid!" responded the cashier earnestly; "and may He, in His mercy, always preserve you from the crime you meditated to-night. Basil, you have been saved from capture, which awaited many of your companions; you are still a free man; your saintly uncle's prayers have intervened this night, I believe, to save you from the guilt of the suicide! Leave this city, which has been your ruin, and return to your native place with me; break, for ever, from the sharpers and villains who have cheated and swindled you, for it has not been fair play," and here Humphrey related the villanous contrivance of the tables.

Basil listened with some attention, and then, without replying to Humphrey's impassioned entreaties, he asked how it was that he came to know the officers were going to surprise the gaming-house.

"I had some banking business of your father's to transact with Sir John Fielding, the magistrate," replied Humphrey. "I called upon him, towards evening yesterday, at his private house at Edgeware; he mentioned casually to me that he had granted a warrant to search Field's gaming-house that night, and that they expected to make some captures, and to lay bare a vile system of fraud and villainy long carried on. I took the alarm immediately, for I knew from what you said that you were going to Field's that very evening. Edgeware being only a village, I had some difficulty in procuring a conveyance to London; but I did so at last, and arrived just in time to save you. By-the-bye," added the cashier,

"I redeemed this for you from one of the gamesters. I wish, dear Basil, I could as easily redeem all your losses.

"Thanks, my kind old friend, for restoring to me my poor mother's birthday gift," said Basil, as he took the snuff-box from his friend. "I will never lose it again—at least, not at play," he added.

A slight remark that last one was, but it made an uncomfortable sort of ominous impression on the cashier, and he had bitter cause to remember it afterwards.

"Well, Humphrey, these late hours will not do for you, and, in truth, I want a little rest myself; so we will part company for to-night. We will talk over my plans for the future to-morrow."

Humphrey saw that Basil was not inclined for further conversation, and, therefore, that advice or argument on his side, just then, would be worse than useless; so he retired to another room in the house, and sought a few hours' repose. But his rest was troubled and broken, and in his dreams he and Basil were continually together. Each scene in those dreams was pregnant with danger, bloodshed, and strife.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL.

MANY months had passed since the dull, drear November afternoon, when Basil Metham had come to visit Humphrey at the bank, and when the painful words, before recorded, had passed between him and Rose. Since then, he had frequently, by his letters, tried to shake her resolution, and to induce her to unite herself to him; but, almost daily, there came fresh and worse tidings of his manner of life. As to his associates, it was publicly rumoured that one of his most intimate friends was a man who, living in great luxury and abundance, without having any preceptible means of support, derived his income from levies on the purses of travellers,—that he was, in short, a knight of the road, a highwayman.

Rose was sitting alone, once more, in that same room where she had seen Basil, on that November afternoon; but now it was a sultry day in July, and the casement windows, looking down into the old-fashioned garden, were thrown wide open. There was that deep stillness in the air, which so often precedes a storm; though as yet there were no signs of it beyond an occasional flash of summer lightning, which darted through the branches of the trees

and across the open casement, and lighted up, for an instant, some dim, shadowy recess in that dark old room.

An open letter lay on the table beside Rose ; it was from Basil, telling her he should come that day, to know her irrevocable and final decision. She had not forbid him, for great as had been her anguish, and hard and fierce the struggle, she had determined to break with Basil finally and for ever, to tell him that all further correspondence must cease between them, and that in this world they must never meet again. A little packet lay on the table ; it contained all the letters he had ever written to her, and some few little presents, which she was about to return to him. Her heart had almost broken in the conflict, for she loved him dearly ; but now that she had taken her final resolution, the worst seemed over. And yet she dreaded the coming interview—feared her own lack of strength when it came to pronouncing that eternal farewell. And her cheek blanched, and she laid her hand on her heart, as if to still its beating, as Basil entered the room.

A change had suddenly come over the face of nature, which seemed to Rose a presage, as it were, of the stormy interview she expected to have with Basil. Dark, heavy clouds were blotting out the clear blue of the summer sky, the lightning grew more vivid, and frequent distant thunder, now and then, broke the stillness, and the rising breeze swept, like the echo of a sigh, around the eaves and corners of the old house.

"Well, Rose, I have come to hear you renounce me with your own lips, rather than by your letters, as you have been trying to do !" said Basil, as he flung himself into a chair close by Rose, and gazed, almost wildly, into her pale, tearful face. Passion and grief seemed to contend for the mastery as he spoke. "Rose, do you really give me up ? you are the one plank between me and shipwreck !"

"Basil, I should not have allowed you to come here to-day, had I had a single doubt as to what my course should be," replied Rose, her voice broken by her tears ; "we must part, and part for ever ! Far from saving you from shipwreck, we should both be shipwrecked together. Can I have the shadow of a hope that my influence as a wife would avail to draw you from your evil courses, when before marriage all my tears and prayers have been futile ! Have my entreaties ever deterred you from one bad action ? Have my remonstrances held you back from the gaming-table ? Have you given up one vile associate for love of Rose ?" Here the girl ceased, overcome with emotion.

"If you really loved me," exclaimed Basil, bitterly, "you would take me as I am !"

"I have loved you, Basil, only too well," answered Rose, when

she was able to speak; "but I had to choose between God and man. You have renounced Him—I cannot; and I have made my choice."

"Well, so be it, then," answered Basil, fiercely; "and now you are at liberty to accept the addresses of the first canting, whining fool who may approach you."

"Basil," replied Rose, in a tone of deep and touching sorrow, "I do not wish to disguise from you how much I have loved you—every hope of real happiness in life died out from my heart when I found it necessary to tear your image from it. Rose Berrington will never love again, be the hour of her death far off, or close at hand. Rest assured of that."

"Oh, Rose, if I had been any other than the wretch I am!" groaned Basil, relapsing into a softer mood. "I have wrecked your happiness, and done nothing for myself! I know not what I say in my rage and despair; but my better self makes me wish you may meet with some kindred spirit, who may blot out from your memory the remembrance of the guilty, wretched Basil."

"Never!" replied Rose, earnestly. "But we will say no more, Basil; only one little word, hard to speak always, and therefore it is better said at once—"

"And that is 'Farewell!'" answered Basil, rising; "and is it to be an eternal adieu?"

"This side of the grave, Basil," replied Rose, mournfully—"we must never meet again;" and, without adding anything further, she placed in his hands the little packet.

"What is this? Oh, I see! my letters," said Basil. "We will scatter them to the winds. So perish the last traces of my folly, in thinking that a pure-minded, innocent girl would unite her fate with one so vile as myself."

As the wretched young man spoke, he opened the packet, and, tearing the letters into shreds, flung them from the window, where the wind, now rising to a gale, scattered them in a thousand directions. Amongst the little gifts he had made to Rose was a miniature of himself, taken when a boy.

He gazed long and earnestly at the smooth, open brow, so faithfully depicted by the artist, and then, in an opposite mirror, at the reflection of his own face, worn, haggard, and its beauty marred by the traces of his evil passions.

"For these, so let them perish!" said Basil, casting the ornaments on the ground, and grinding them under his heel; "but, Rose, keep this," he added, returning her the portrait, "and when I shall have passed away on the whirlwind—for my end will be a violent one, I forebode—should you ever remember Basil, call to your mind the features in this miniature, and forget the face that

looks upon you now, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and so, Rose, FAREWELL!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE evening of a beautiful summer day was drawing to its close, and only a track of gold-coloured clouds, spreading away into depths of pale sea-green and azure blue, marked where the sun had gone down, in all the beauties of a sunset, as glowing, as vivid, and as beautiful, as those so common to the brighter skies of Italy.

In the front room of a large old house in Grosvenor Street, Rose Berrington sat with a book open on her lap; but her eyes were fixed on the opal clouds in the west, and she seemed buried in a mournful abstraction.

Mrs. Purcell's affection, or friendship, or fancy for Rose—call it what you will—appeared to increase in strength, as time went on, so that she was desirous of having her company on every possible occasion. Rose was too amiable to repel these kindly advances, though Mrs. Purcell's society was not exactly that which she would have chosen. However, she listened patiently to her long dissertations on dress, the number and quality of her admirers, the conquests she had made on past occasions, and those she expected to make in the future, and to much more matter equally vapid and ridiculous; perhaps, in this very fact of her being a patient listener consisted the charm which endeared Rose to Mrs. Purcell; but we must own, that had the latter ever conceived the idea of questioning Rose on what she had been saying, her friendship would have received a shock, for Rose was often totally ignorant of what had been the topic of conversation. Her thoughts were often far away, sadly employed—thinking of the happy dreams she had sometimes had, that Basil would reform and that she might be his wife—dreams dispelled for ever! Lately she longed, and yet dreaded to hear of him. He had not been seen for many months in Winchester, and the old banker and his wife looked more careworn and sorrow-stricken every day.

Mrs. Purcell had induced Rose to accompany her to London, where they had been spending some few weeks with a cousin of the former lady, and were about returning to Winchester, when they were delayed a day or so by Mrs. Purcell's wish to go to a masquerade at the Haymarket—a wish which she very skilfully veiled by putting forward her friendly eagerness to carry Rose thither, and amuse her.

Rose, in truth, had some aversion to going to such an entertainment, for her spirits but ill accorded with such a scene of gaiety and noisy mirth. Finding, however, that her refusal would seriously annoy Mrs. Purcell, she consented to accompany her. No inducements, however, could prevail upon her to adopt any costume, and she insisted on wearing a simple blue domino.

"My dear Rose, I have come to dress in your room," exclaimed Mrs. Purcell, as she hurriedly entered, followed by her tire-woman, bearing her costume; "you are a good creature! and I know you'll help Beck. But O Lud!" she added, throwing herself into a chair; "I'm all of a tremble! I know what a lot of moths I shall have fluttering round me, and I can't help their singeing their wings!" and here the widow gave a little affected simper. "Well, so long as there are no rapier thrusts exchanged on my account, I can be easy; but truly, child, it frights me sometimes to think how many duels I have been the cause of since we came to London."

"Well, ma'am, 'twill ease your mind, then, now that we are going to return," answered Rose, with a smile.

"Yes, yes, child; but look at the amusements we are leaving behind," exclaimed Mrs. Purcell, rather pettishly. "I protest sometimes wish I were not mistress of so many charms, then should I not be more tormented than thee. It is vastly annoying to have to give up so many entertainments—thou knowest Lady Peggy Frampton invited us to her grand ball next Tuesday, and Wednesday my cousins were to carry us to the Opera; on Thursday we were to go to a rout at Lady Betty Selby's, and a rum at Lady Polly Martindale's! And as to the visits we have met, child! but there, I know thou makest no count of them; though nothing helps more to form one for good society than the meeting of such company as we see here—all the most gay and polite of both sexes, and all the news of the town talked over."

"You must forgive my bad taste, ma'am," replied Rose; "but I cannot truly find much pleasure in the life we have led here, which you say is that of a fashionable lady. I am so tired of the play, and balls, and ridottos, and cards, and drums! that I shall be delighted to get back to Winchester. And as to this masquerade, it is the worst of all—a lot of mummers, dear madam. I fear some of us must look like fools."

"Thou hast no sense, Rose, nor wit, or thou wouldst not disdain such a mighty pleasant diversion. However, I will begin to dress. Didst ever see anything so bewitching as this costume? an Arcadian princess I am to be. Well, child, though thou hast not such taste in these matters, I am sure thou wilt admire my appearance."

"I don't think it looks very pastoral," observed Rose, doubtfully, as Mistress Beck spread out the different articles of her mistress's masquerade dress before her wondering eyes.

"Is not this head-dress ravishing?" asked Mrs. Purcell, taking up a sort of cap made of white Paris net glittering with spangles, and enriched by a chaplet of artificial flowers. "This white feather is to be placed behind my left ear. Beck, give me the waistcoat, and help me put it on."

After many altercations with her tire-woman, as to her manner of adjusting the different articles of her dress, and many demands upon the admiration of Rose, Mrs. Purcell appeared equipped, to the concern and dismay of the former, in a dress more befitting a girl in her teens than a woman past middle age.

Her head-dress has already been described, her waistcoat was of blue satin, trimmed with silver *point d'Espagne*, the skirts edged with silver fringe, and made to fit close to a waist not the most slender, by means of double clasps, a small silver tassel at the ends of each clasp, and the whole waistcoat covered with bugles and spangles, which glittered, and twinkled, and sparkled, at every movement of the wearer. Her petticoat was of blue satin, trimmed and fringed like the waistcoat, and considerably expanded by a hoop—certainly not an appendage common in Arcadia. From her shoulders floated a scarf of white Persian silk; her tucker and ruffles were of blond lace, and her mask Venetian; and, lastly, Beck handed her a crook, of which she began to practice the management, but with so little dexterity that Rose had inward misgivings lest some of her numerous admirers whom she expected to crowd around her should receive an unlucky stroke from this pastoral weapon.

Well, an' thou dost not admire this, Rose? I give thee credit indeed for little discernment," said Mrs. Purcell, surveying herself complacently in a mirror.

"You know I have not much taste, dear madam; but, indeed, to me it appears rather gaudy."

"Silly child! it may seem so, perchance, as compared with thy paltry blue domino; but Rose," she added, "should'st unmask, thy pale face would quite scarce people. Prithee, Beck, fetch my Bloom of Circassia; 'twill give her rosy cheeks, and 'twill not come off by perspiration or touching with the handkerchief."

"Good, my dear lady, I shall not unmask," said Rose, laughing; "and so I will e'en have my face as it is, without paint."

"Droll child! why will you call things by such ugly names! 'Tis Bloom of Circassia, not paint."

"The name may be different, but the substance remains the same," answered Rose, with a smile.

"Thou art a foolish chit! but, nevertheless, I'll give thee aottle of Blossom Milk of Circassia; it makes the complexion fair and youthful; and when thou hast a few more years over thy head, child, mayhap thou'lt think more of thy outward appearance. But come, our chairs are waiting in the hall, and 'tis time we should be starting."

"Pray, dear madam, are not these blooms and blossoms mighty expensive articles?" asked Rose, as they descended the stairs.

"Thou art a real miser, Rose," answered Mrs. Purcell; "the Blossom Milk is but three shillings and sixpence a bottle. Sure, thou wouldst not grudge that for having thy youth and beauty renovated! Shouldst ever feel tempted to invest so extravagant a sum on thine own account, Rose, Mr. Anderson, in St. Paul's Churchyard, vends those commodities."

"He may vend them for me," answered Rose, gaily, as she got into her chair; "for I like them as little as I do masquerade dresses."

On arriving at the Haymarket the two ladies, who were escorted by a nephew of Mrs. Purcell's, habited as a friar, found the rooms already pretty full.

The gentleman was soon separated from his companions, but Rose held fast to Mrs. Purcell, for she was half terrified by the unusual scene; the glare and heat, the motley crowd, the jeers, and gibes, and jokes, many of them uttered with a freedom which shocked Rose, and brought a blush to her cheek.

One mask, dressed in Lincoln-green, with a bough of hazel-wood and a bugle by his side, pursued them everywhere; and Rose had a keen idea that he was a certain young man of fashion who had been a frequent visitor at the house where she had been staying, and who had encouraged for her warmer sentiments than those of mere friendship—sentiments, however, which Rose had striven, as far as lay in her power, to discourage.

In the mean time, Mrs. Purcell, imagining that the attentions of the masque were addressed to herself, waved her crook to and fro, trod the rooms with a mincing step, and altogether behaved in so egregiously absurd a manner, as to draw a small crowd of masques round her, much to the distress and confusion of Rose.

"How now! Robin Hood," exclaimed one of the masques addressing the archer, "art going to monopolise all the beauties of Arcadia to thine own greedy self? Be content, man, to take purses, and not the hearts of fair ladies."

"Nay, you make a mighty mistake, friend," answered the masque addressed; "yonder goes Robin Hood and Friar Tuck with him. I do not belong to his band of merry men; but I could have these nymphs, if they intend returning to their pastoral

shades to-morrow, beware of Sherwood Forest as they travel on; for Robin Hood yonder, and his friend Little John, who is not far off, haunts its shades, and if report says true, they do not always respect the purses or jewels of the fair."

A painful sensation passed through the mind of Rose, as the mask made this speech; for the tall, stately figure of the man pointed out as Robin Hood seemed strangely familiar to her—nay, she felt convinced that this masque was none other than Basil Methan, and the jests of the archer sent a pang of fear and horror to the very depths of her heart.

"Do let us go, dear madam," she exclaimed, drawing Mrs. Purcell's arm within her own.

"Nay, child, I am sure I shall not," answered Mrs. Purcell sharply; "the fun is only just beginning."

"Sun and stars all in one!" cried out a mask catching hold of a fold of the lady's spangled drapery; "let us bask awhile in thy radiance! Thou hast chosen a bad companion in this wretched blue domino, who should rather wear the habit of a nun, and follow in the wake of the dull-witted friar who escorted you here."

In the midst of this and similar conversation the hours wore on, hours of weariness and disgust to Rose, for she took no pleasure in the remarks or grotesque appearance of the swarm of masks who followed them—now one with a broad-brimmed, half-slouched hat, with a high flat crown, a short black cloak, and a dark lantern in his hand, which he held up to every one's mask, and who was saluted as Guy Fawkes—then two Lucifers—again, a harlequin, who hopped and skipped about the two ladies, and told Rose he knew her for the fair rustic from Winchester.

It was not till near three o'clock that Mrs. Purcell could consent to tear herself away from this, to her, enchanting scene of diversion.

SORROW ON THE SEA.

"There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet."—*Jeremiah* xlix. 23.

It was Sunday evening, and service was going on in a church by the sea-shore—a little weather-beaten old grey church, so near the waves that sometimes their spray dashed against the windows—as it did now, for there was a fitful storm about; sulkily muttering, then hawling over the sea, raising angry foam and hallowing many a weird grave.

The congregation in that church by the sea-shore was small and anxious, and had never known a sadder Sunday evening—it numbered the wives and children and aged of an uncouth fishing village; there were no strong brave men praying by their sides, and their hearts failed them for fear as they heard the sea and the waves roaring, for the fishing boats that had set out so gaily had been missing three long days.

The voice of the clergyman trembled as he paused on the words, "specially those for whom our prayers are desired;" there was a silence broken by one heartrending sob—it might have come from any of those poor weeping women. They had come to church to pray, for he had asked them to do so; but it was in very misery they knelt, and offered tears instead of words. At last their pastor rose to preach.

The scarce understanding child leant its head against its mother, hoping it might rest a little, for may be it was tired; but it didn't know why the accustomed shoulder was tenderer, or why no whispered "sit up and be good" rebuked it, why, rather, it was let to lean so drowsily—ah! how could its mother tell? Perhaps it was fatherless—poor little one, may be the days were coming when it would have to be the bread-winner, so the shoulder could not be too gentle.

The mother tried to raise her eyes to the pulpit where she was wont to look on Sundays, and seemed to hear the good words better for seeing the face of the preacher. It was a kind, true face, kind to sympathise with them in joy or sorrow, true to meet their troubles hand-in-hand with them.

"There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet," that was his text, and they listened meekly to it, though the spray was raining on the window. They had a clinging trust in him that prevented rebellion when he spoke; the words were bitter, but they knew he

would tune them to their need. They had seen his hair grow white in their service, they knew the lines on his brow were Time's hand recording his toil among them, and they loved him as a father, and heeded all he said; and he loved them more than anything in the world, except his wife's grave just outside that window; the waves sent up their tears to water it when there was sorrow on the sea. They could scarcely remember her, because she had been with them such a short time, but they often paused to read her headstone; and if they heard their pastor's steps coming up the gravel-walk behind them, they would hurry on half shame-faced; they could not have told you why. No shamefacedness was there, though, when the clergyman rose to preach, and in a voice with a sort of yearning in it gave out his text; he wanted so to comfort them, to help them, and to tell them some One was more yearning still than he to sympathise and love. He had often told them so before, but to-night he would do so again, asking God to bless His words, and help him to speak to them.

First he noticed that the marginal references rendered the text, "Sorrow as on the sea," and the context showed that the sorrow like unto the sorrow on the sea is the misery caused by sin. Passions are as engulfing as waves; maybe, the helmsman is washed overboard; may be, conscience dies, the ship drifts to destruction, the soul is lost; all this is very dark to think upon, but very true. Then there is another truth, and that is bright and beautiful. If we can say there is "sorrow on the sea," we can also say there is "peace as on the sea." The ocean is still and safe to sail on it, to watch the sun's rays lighting up the ripple in the wave of the boat is tranquil happiness; and there is a peace like that, the peace of the Christian, who sleeps with his sin's forgiven.

He told it to them very simply, very tenderly, and his grave voice soothed them; and they thought of the beautiful calm he talked about, and did not think of the storm outside. They were very still and listening, and fit to need the great simile he was leading them to.

"There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet,' and we fear to lose those dearest to us—there is sin raging around, and we fear to lose our souls. But God can save both if we only ask Him; He can hush the winds, and keep the sin out of our breasts."

He did not cease there; he spoke of faith and love. He reminded them God was with them—he taught a great and comforting lesson. The mother held her child the closer, and her face bent to it if sad—was learning resignation. The parting hymn was very quavering and low, but the cry "for those in peril on the sea" reached the Great Father, a prayer for man's body and soul—it was

with that meaning their pastor asked them to sing it. And then he gave the blessing, and the congregation went away, more trustful for their brethren, more awakened for themselves; the grief was still there, but comfort had been brought. The clergyman took the keys, about to close the church, himself ministering in every detail that evening, for he whose place it was was one of those remembered in their prayers.

In a dim corner he saw one stray figure, her head bowed and her whole frame quivering with convulsive sobs. Surely it was from that corner had come the bitter wail that broke on the stillness after the words, "specially those for whom our prayers are desired!" He went up to her.

"Madge," he said, "will you not be comforted?"

The poor girl raised her eyes and showed a fair, young face, fit to beguile any trusting lad, now tear-stained and pallid.

"Madge, dear Madge! God is with them."

"But oh, not with me," she sobbed. "There's no peace can ever come to me now—God can never comfort me!"

He was grave and troubled; these were not words to hear in a church; he held the keys. Should they go out into the storm, where such rebellious utterings were more in keeping? But he remembered souls engrained in sin had entered there, been won there, purified there. He had known Madge all her short life of eighteen years, and had known her always as high-spirited, proud, and passionate.

"Madge, tell me all about it," and he sat down at her side and tried to soothe her like a father his child. It showed his influence that she gradually grew calmer and trusted her story to him.

She had not kept faith with one of those fishermen, a young, brave fellow who loved her as his life. He, maddened, had taxed her with it, and in her angry pride she had cast him off. His last word were, he would join the next deep-sea fishing, and if he never came back it was her doing. Again she sobbed wildly, for spray showered mockingly on the window, and, frightened, she seized the clergyman's arm.

"Oh! he's drowned—he's drowned!—and it's my doing!"

"Madge, pray to God; He will forgive and comfort you." He took her hand from his arm, as if to fold it in the other; but she flung them apart.

"Pray?—oh, I can't, I can't! God won't hear me. My heart is as wicked as that wicked sea that drowned Will!"

It was no use speaking to her. She was quivering with wretchedness for her passions were strong and deep. In her pride she had sinned, and now remorse prevented penitence. The clergyman knelt where he sat, and in silence asked God to make

her yield to the better nature that he knew was in her less eyes grew fixed to his bowed head, and slowly in the stillness and darkness and in the presence of dare not cry nor break the spell that seemed there. and said not a word for a moment; then he knelt and sudden impulse she knelt too. His voice rose, low and seemed strange to have another praying for one like different to the church prayers, for this was for her and it was in church too, solemn and quiet. Madge grew stiller; at first in wonderment, then slowly she found listening only, praying also. He asked God to Henderson; there was nothing about submission to him must come later; she was only fit to give vent to her asked God to comfort her, he said nought about her and only fit for soothing, and penitence is born of mercy.

Her head fell on her hands, and the tears trickled fingers—when he got up she did too. She took his hands, but could not speak. He knew she could not want her to try—he did not say a word, and they left and went out—the good clergyman locked the door to his wife's grave a moment. His hand leant on the wall the other held his hat, while the wind blew in his white

"Thy will be done," he said, reading the text name, as he had done times out of number. May his reading had kept his heart so true, that in the submission he could submit not only for himself. He knew it was almost impossible for the missing boat storm, and he said, "Thy will be done" for poor Mary the other sorrowing women—with his hand on the stone he said it, and then went away.

Sunday night grew on, and the storm got fiercer and the night blacker and blacker. It wrung out of the missing boats; the mother wept, and, sleep each blast; the little children woke up and wailed and the quaint old fishing village was one great

The pastor knelt in his solitary room, and "done." At last the dawn broke, and the light sky, the candle waned in the coming day, pacing the floor, paused to put it out. The rattling so much, the wind did not whistle corners of the house.

"O God! is it a calm?" and he covered his face of the people he loved, what tumultuous hours growing, only to be wrenched from their view before he raised his eyes, for he prayed

them. It was full morning now, and from the east came not only the light but the sunlight; uncertain, watery, flickering. Yet, still it was the sun, and some of its rays fell on the pastor's white hair as he looked out, and he said, "Thanks be to God!"

He took his hat and went on to the cliff. With shawls strained round them, or may be none at all, their hair loose and blown aside by the wind, and their scanty gowns fluttering, stood the women who had gone to church last night to pray for those at sea. Here was one with a baby in her arms, and perhaps another pulling at her skirts, while another rocked herself to and fro, and cried.

Madge was there with a handkerchief tied over her head, standing alone with a look of dumb agony on her face—so white, so set, her attitude such despair that the clergyman's pity was terrible for her; so young for such intense misery; tears and sorrow she might have known, but not this.

"Madge," he said, "God is very merciful; have you thought of that?" She turned her eyes to him.

"Go to them—not to me." He went, for he could not bear her agony in its awful blankness, and he knew he could not help her; the prayers of last night had done something, but not all. God only could help a soul so tortured with passionate love, fierce self-condemnation, and the anxiety which was thrilling through every nerve and making her tremble. The crying of the others he could soothe and still; he sent some of them back for their shawls, he sent for bread for the children; but when he looked at Madge he felt he dare not speak to her.

He was gazing across the sea, flecked here and there with a patch of sunlight, or sullenly shadowed by some heavy cloud, when he felt a hand on his arm. Madge could not speak; through her parted lips came only gasps for breath; the handkerchief had fallen off her hair, her eyes flashed with excitement, and the blood had rushed to her cheeks—she pointed to as far as one could see.

"A boat—a boat!" cried some of the women. Who could advise or exhort at such a moment; the good old clergyman could not, for every pulse within him throbbed as did theirs.

Madge shrank apart again, and the blood coursed back from her cheeks, and the gleam died out of her eyes. One boat only, and so many had set sail, the women were crazed with suspense, there was a lingering conviction of bereavement, and a lingering hope that theirs were spared. It was humanity wrought to a pitch of intense suffering; each moment came and went, sharpening the terror on each face, adding to the frenzy of the wringing hands and the passionate tears.

The boat was coming nearer, struggling as if in its death throes,

for it bore an exhausted freight. They saw it beneath them some way from the shore ; some laughed madly, and waved a handkerchief or apron ; some hugged their babies, and sobbed " Daddy coming ! "

Then, a wild, disordered band, they tore down a narrow path in the sands—screaming, crying, beside themselves. Madge sank, an inert heap, upon the wet heather on the cliff. The pastor could not leave her so.

" Madge, come with me to the beach. "

She brushed her hair off her forehead, and her eyes were vacant ; the mental torture flaring up for an instant at the sight of the boat had worn itself out, and she was barely capable of thought or deed. He gently raised her, and repeated, " Come with me. " She rose, staggered, and blindly followed him.

The boat was very near now ; on the top of a wave you could almost discern the faces—now lost again in the trough—nearer—nearer—the keel grated on the shingle. You lost it all again, as if only saw the women you had seen on the cliff, for they closed round it and hid it. Some wild cries, and one after another they broke away, widowed—childless !

" Madge, come with me. " The girl leant against a boulder as if not understanding anything ; but she knew her pastor's voice and mechanically obeyed him.

" She don't take on, " said one woman.

" An' what for should she ? " muttered another. " She jilted the chap, an' I'll be bound don't want to see him agen. "

Fixed, stony, she followed the clergyman.

" Thank God for His mercies ! " he said, as she stooped over Will Henderson, lying on the sand. She stooped, and knelt, and raised his head in her arms. A glory swept over her face ; careless of every bystander, she passionately kissed him, laid her cheek to his, and he woke—

" Don't, " he said, feebly ; " I'd as soon die. "

That triumphant happiness was killed in an instant ; the clergyman was kneeling over the prostrate man, loosening his things, and chafing his hands ; and he saw Madge, not in rigid despair as before, but cowering as if death had come.

" ' A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise, ' " he murmured, ceasing his tending, and turning away to minister to some one else.

Madge's tears fell on Will's cheek ; and she took his hand trembling. His consciousness was returning, and he said, " Is *that* thee, Madge ? "

She had heard him say that before, in the sunny court-days, when she had perhaps come upon him unawares, and

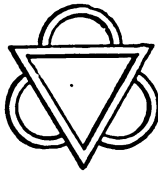
would whisper—what matter if an extra flush rose to his tanned face? "*Is it thee?*"

She knew the old sweet words, and bowed her head,—“Aye; Will—it’s me.”

When that day closed the evening sun shone on the headstone of the grave under the church window; the window where the spray dashed sometimes, the headstone on which the salt rain trickled sometimes. The pastor leant on the stone as he had leant last night, had thought of all that happened since then; he thought of the souls that had gone to God, and he thought of the weeping at home; he thought of the sorrowful sea, and he thought of Madge’s bitter passion; he thought of the calm that had come, and of the glory he had seen in her face; and then he coned over the text on the tombstone, so fair in the setting sun.

“Beautiful—but God’s will is always beautiful, though the sun is not always shining on it. For the sun never goes away; it is only hidden sometimes, and will come out again if we only wait.”

Madge had not had long to wait, but he—he thought of his wife in Heaven. “Thy will be done,” and he went slowly home.



GAMBRINUS.

A MAY-DAY LEGEND.

Gambrinus est un roi mythique dont l'existence remonte à plus de 1700 ans avant Jésus-Christ. Il était fils du roi allemand Marcus, et, outre qu'il a inventé la bière, il a fondé Hambourg (en latin Gambrivium) et Cambrai, où jadis on le promenait sous la figure d'un géant. Selon la tradition franconienne, Gambrinus assiste au banquet fantastique que les rois de l'ancienne France ou Franconie donnent chaque année, le 1er mai, à minuit, au *Teufelstisch* (table du diable), près de Grœfenberg.

CHARLES DEULIN

(In the *Constitutionnel* of April 1, 1875.)

GAMBRINUS, teetotallers' foeman,
To spirits convivial most dear !
Thou jolly old Bacchus of barley !
Thou patron of drinkers of beer !

Long ages before Dionysos
Extracted the juice from the vine,
Gambrinus had malted his barley,
And brewed it in beer superfine.

And in the old Frankish tradition,
His *fête* was the kalends of May.
Disciples—Hibernicé—gathered
At midnight, and drank till next day.

They circled the table Satanic,
Their tutelar monarch to sing.
Look up, then, ye publicans, brewers,
And drinkers ; your patron's a king :

The old Flemish King who built Hamburg,
Where now they brew wine—rather queer.
Before such peculiar potations
Give me old Gambrinus's beer.

Then fill me a frothing tankard,
And so, as I moisten my clay,
I'll toss off a toast to Gambrinus,
The beer-drinking King of May-day !

MAURICE DAVIES—

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

BY S. U. M.

FOR the comparative neglect with which the late Lord Lytton was treated it would be difficult to assign a sufficient cause. His late works, of course, had an immense circulation, and were eagerly read by tens of thousands of people. But, in this reading age, even third-rate writers, who catch the public fancy, are certain to be popular. But the great writer expects and claims something more brilliant than ephemeral popularity. He demands to be acknowledged, by those most competent to judge, a master in the walk of literature he is following. The most generous praise and the greatest fame may fall to a writer's lot, and his right to rank high may be unchallenged; but he may not achieve popularity, that is to say his works, from some reason or another, may only have a limited circulation. On the other hand, great success may be obtained by an author who does not receive credit for, and may not possess learning, ability, or wisdom of the first order. With the causes of this state of things I have nothing to do, except so far as the discussion of them might throw light on Lytton's failure to attain signal success.

I may be mistaken, but I do not think that justice was ever done to the author of "*My Novel*," nor were his talents as much admired as they deserved to be, and certainly he never was as popular as he should have been. It is difficult to give one's reasons for thinking that he was comparatively neglected, but, I ground them on the following considerations: In nearly all the works on English literature, with which I am acquainted, two writers, are pointedly referred to as the greatest English novelists of the present age,—they are Dickens and Thackeray. Of course, when reference is made to the greatest novelists of the century, Scott is added. In magazine and newspaper articles, in reviews, in conversation, Dickens and Thackeray naturally go together; Lytton is kept more in the background. When Lytton died, in many of the obituary notices which I read he was spoken of as inferior to the two great novelists whose rival he had been for popular fame. Once, only, did I see him spoken of as on a par with them. In the course of conversation with friends I have found few disposed to give Lytton quite so high a place as it seemed to me he merited.

To every rule there are exceptions, and some persons generously and cheerfully award him all the honour I believe to be his due, a few even carry their praise too far. But, as far as I can form an opinion, Lytton's place among English novelists is rather ill-defined. He is not generally allowed to take rank in the first class.

I am not claiming for him a place by the side of Scott and Fielding. I only mean to say that he deserves to rank with Dickens and Thackeray as one of the three great English novelists of the middle of the nineteenth century. He surely deserves something more than to be spoken and written of as *a distinguished* novelist, or as *one* of the novelists of the age—expressions appropriate enough to Anthony Trollope or Mrs. Henry Wood, but scarcely warm enough for the author of "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He do With It," and "The Coming Race."

The educated and refined, of whom there are scores of thousands in this country, read everything. The fame and works of Lytton are familiar enough in their ears. But there are, besides, hundreds of thousands of shopkeepers, clerks, and farmers, who, compared with the masses of the nation, are educated and refined, but who, as a class, are not well read. These people, judging from what I have seen of them, know little of Lytton's works. Dickens and Thackeray they know well by name, and they have generally read "Pickwick" and "Vanity Fair." In many cases persons of this class are not even acquainted with Lytton by name, and, of course, of his works they know little or nothing. For every cause there is a reason, and the greater popularity of Dickens and Thackeray with the lower middle classes may admit of ready explanation. Why is it, however, that those, who generally form public opinion have not done justice to Lytton? Why are not the talents of Lytton recognised by the thoughtful and educated.

It has occurred to me that perhaps Dickens and Thackeray owed much of their brilliant popularity to the production, by the one of "Pickwick," by the other of "Vanity Fair," at what may be called the commencement of their public literary career. At once they both sprang into public favour, and every succeeding work they wrote made still surer the commanding position they had attained. Not so with Lytton. His first novel, "Falkland," which appeared anonymously in 1827, was hardly a decided triumph; his second "Pelham," published in the following year, was little better. Slowly he worked his way up the ladder of fame, ascending from "Eugene Aram" and "Paul Clifford" to less objectionable works like the "Last of the Barons," and "Rienzi," and from these to the three great novels which established his claim to undying honour. It will be his three finest works by which he will in future ages be judged, and by them that he will be saved from neglect. What

the generation which produced Dickens, Lytton, and Thackeray, has passed away, when the circumstances which favoured two of them are become matters of history, then it may be that "My Novel" will rank higher than works which now keep it in the shade.

There may be yet another reason for Lytton's want of success: it may be that the moral tone of some of his earlier works has made him unpopular with the present generation, or perhaps, I ought to say, prejudiced the last generation against him. People who associated little that was good with "Paul Clifford," were not likely to turn with eagerness to "The Caxtons." Lytton may have had only himself to thank for this state of things. That which a man soweth he shall surely reap, and suspicion, coldness, even dislike must be the portion of a man, who, from any cause sacrifices his claim to public respect. Lytton never overcame the ill-feeling his own imprudence had excited.

It may have been partly, perhaps wholly, in consequence of the prejudice his earlier works aroused, that unfavourable rumours about him were current up to the time of his death. Of his early life and habits I know nothing; but, I cannot believe that the genial, kind-hearted, high-principled writer of "My Novel" could, in his later days, have merited the imputations cast upon him. These things damaged his fame, and, in answer to a demand for proofs, it was thought sufficient by his traducers to say that he who wrote "Night and Morning" could not have a very nice sense of honour. With Lytton's earlier novels I am not, as I have said elsewhere, personally conversant; of their merits and demerits I can say nothing; they may not be so bad as scandal makes out; if they deserve all that is said against them, I fear Lytton was almost as imprudent as Smollett. It would shake for ever my faith in human nature were I compelled to believe that the fertile imagination which has enriched English literature with "Riccabocca," "Parson Dale," "Squire Hazeldean," and "Violante," belonged to a man whose heart harboured impure passions. Only the most irrefragable proofs of his guilt would lead me to convict Lytton of deception and disingenuousness.

For my part I do not believe that any writer can long conceal his real nature from his readers. He may introduce a few hackneyed expressions which may raise or lower him in their opinion. He may go a step farther, and keep some of his worst vices under cover, or speciously obtrude some of his small virtues. But in long works this must require consummate art; and the true character may be generally at once detected. A writer, be it remembered, only commits to paper his thoughts. Those thoughts take their complexion from his turn of mind, from his views of right and wrong. I admit that a writer may occasionally do



the character which the perusal of his works would expect—a strange mixture of good and bad. In Scott the Tory is revealed in ten thousand places, the ad-
descent, noble birth. His life must teach anyone that Scott was, in many respects, just the man his works would have led one to anticipate. Goldsmith's works show the kindness, the improvidence, and the foolishness. So one might go on. The inner man shines forth committed to paper, unless the writer is endowed with ordinary powers of deception.

Characters do not remain stationary. A process continues from the cradle to the grave. A man's virtue is modified, in spite of himself. He has the power to give impulse. He can cultivate those qualities he believes worthy. He may select the company he thinks best to improve his disposition, to correct his failings, his pleasures. He has it in his power to read those books, in his opinion, the best suited to his condition. A man must reveal himself to the world as he is, and he is because he has brought himself into a certain world may be prejudiced against him, and so man-
neously, or fitting opportunities of seeing what he is afforded to the world at large. But the writer of a life, chief merit of which is to be perfectly natural, must be an actor if he contrives to impose on his readers, and suffer with them for what he is not.

ment, as member for St. Ives in 1831. The following year he was returned for Lincoln, which he represented till 1841. From 1852 to 1866 he was member for Hertfordshire. In 1853 he was created a D.C.L., of Oxford, and a few years later he became Secretary of State for the Colonies. His wife, whom he married in 1827, was a daughter of a Mr. Wheeler. She is a novelist, and her eldest son, under the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," has also attained distinction as a writer. Lord Lytton was created a baronet in 1838, and, in 1866, was raised to the peerage. His death took place early in the month of January, 1873; of course, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, an honour he well deserved.

It is now known that Lord Lytton was anxious to acquire distinction as an orator. This could scarcely have surprised anyone who had gone carefully through his later works, in which he alludes, again and again, with almost touching admiration to the public speaker's fame. For years he cultivated his oratorical powers; but critics say that, though a good average speaker, few of his efforts entitled him to high praise. His speaking appears to have been very unequal; from what cause I do not know.

"The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He Do With It?" are pre-eminently distinguished for their playful satire, high morality, and deep insight into character. The second and third more especially abound in life-like sketches of character and manners as striking as any in the language. But these three novels have still greater claims on the admiration of the reader. With a felicity rarely equalled, perhaps never surpassed, Lord Lytton has, in each of the three, described the charms of a happy home, and with deep feeling he showed the deplorable effects which, not having a cheerful fireside and a sympathising family circle, must have upon the energies and happiness of a man.

In each case the plot is admirably conceived and skilfully carried out. The interest of the reader never flags. There is not so much appearance of mystery, while with great care enough is kept concealed until near the end. From beginning to end the narrative flows on naturally, pleasantly, and easily, and, when he closes the book, it is impossible to think that anyone could complain that he was disappointed.

The characters are without an exception well-drawn and true to life. There are very few thoroughly bad persons introduced; there are many, who are pure, good, and forgiving. Randal Leslie, Mr. Sprott the tinker, and Jasper Losely, are three of the worst, and yet the third dies penitent, and the first was, in some measure, led into crime by a selfish, unprincipled love for his sister, whom he wished to rescue from poverty. The fine characters are really admirable, upright, and good.

In two instances Lord Lytton was more than usually successful—in his descriptions of Captain Roland and William Waite. The generous, pure, self-sacrificing love these two noble men bore to their reckless and abandoned sons, the gentleness with which they tried to reclaim them, the firmness with which, for long years, they adhered to their purpose, the success which rewarded their labours at last—cannot fail to win the heart of the reader. But there is another character, which I admire as much as these two, and which appears to me as great a masterpiece—it is that of the excellent Mayor, Joseph Hartopp. Can the man, who from the depths of his imagination conceived such a perfect specimen of the practical Christian merchant have been an ordinary novelist, one among twenty others equally good? Surely no. Can the gifted author of those three sermons on the value of virtue, piety, and home, have been a bad man? Once more I must repeat that it is impossible.

In these three works Lord Lytton several times introduces pretty much the same incident or character twice over. For example, the rescue of Fanny and the deliverance of Violante have a good deal in common; so have the characters of Roland and William Waite; so have those of Audley Egerton, Mr. Trevanion, and Guy Darrell. A less skilful hand would have come to grief, for the resemblances are dangerously close. But, perhaps, the most signal triumph of his genius was that Lytton, while going to some extent over the same ground, contrived to give to each of his heroes and heroines something of their own. The consequence was that the more closely the apparently similar characters and incidents are examined, the more unlike they are in reality perceived to be. The portraits drawn by an inferior artist would have seemed more and more copies of the same model the more closely they were examined.


For some of the characters generally admitted to be favourites I must say candidly that I have little liking or admiration. Whatever the cause of his moroseness, Guy Darrell can hardly fascinate the thoughtful reader, while his passion for restoring the dignity of his ancient family, though it would be esteemed a virtue by a Tory gentleman of the old school, has nothing in it very winning or deserving of respect. Fame should be the reward of merit, rank the return for years of unselfish labour for the good of the world. But fame and rank ought not to be the heritage of families. Surely it will not always be that families will claim the respect and adoration of mankind on account of picture-galleries, ancestral halls, and a long descent from progenitors, not one of whom had any special merit, except that he deduced his birth from twenty others like himself.

Another character, sometimes loudly praised, is Sedley Bea-

desert. What is he but a fine gentleman, something of the stamp of Colonel Morley? Now, if there is a perfectly despicable character it is the fine gentleman. Only think of a man being admired just because he is well dressed, lives in nice style, is of good moral character, belongs to an ancient family. The fine gentleman goes to grand parties, knows everybody, passes most of his time in London, and for all the good he does might just as well never have been born. As a rule he is a profound man of the world; that is to say, he knows everything about the few thousand families in the midst of which he passes his cloudless existence. Of the great world he knows nothing, and cares less. Of the millions, whose struggles, sorrows, victories, make up human life, he is ignorant. What has he to do with those who are outside his charmed circle? To be of use is the last thing he cares for. He thinks more of the person who can trace his descent from a line of seven earls than of the great man who is made an earl. Learning, valour, eloquence, are less important than good birth, and though they add to its value, do not take the place of a long pedigree. Had Lord Lytton wasted much of his time in describing the dull routine of a fine gentleman's existence, I, for one, should have been among the first to deny his claim to eminence, and certainly this paper would never have been written.

The philosopher, Riccabocca, is perhaps the most singular and original of all Lord Lytton's characters. There is something wonderful in the shrewd wisdom, generous sympathy, noble sense of justice, and patient forgiveness of the learned though timid exile. There is such a contrast between his accurate knowledge of books, and of men as described in books, and his conduct in an emergency that it must have cost Lord Lytton, no little trouble to draw the line truthfully, so as, on the one hand, to avoid making his hero ridiculous, on the other, too shrewd and cunning, too much of a pedant. I once heard an Italian gentleman complain that Riccabocca was only a caricature, and that every Italian should feel insulted at such a portrait of one of his countrymen. Such a view of the case is absurd. In all probability, however, Lord Lytton did not intend Riccabocca to represent any type of Italians. But suppose he did, is not Riccabocca a fine fellow in his way? No Italian need complain of his countrymen, if more of them had the generosity, harmlessness, urbanity, and purity of the tall exile.

At the head of Lytton's female characters I should be inclined to place Mrs. Caxton. What a beautiful specimen of female devotion and unselfishness she is! How tenderly she ministers to the wants of her learned husband! How patiently she listens to his erudite discourses, of which she understands nothing! How profound her admiration of the lofty being whose love she so artlessly



an idea of the manners and customs of this singular, nineteenth century. Will our posterity think it were quite so bad as some things would lead the since we could find delight in such beautiful pictures as those Lord Lytton conceived?

This gifted and learned man, not content with turning his powers to a variety of objects, wrote a book near his death, which, in some respects, is as remarkable as I have taken up. I refer to that philosophical dissertation hardly be called a novel—"The Coming Race." In the preface to it, so that the author has not explained the producing it; whether the book adds to his fame, though probably it does. Whether the design of the work made out, and whether he has been successful in what the design will be, to an unusual extent, matter of opinion; cannot look upon "The Coming Race" as an amusement, an opinion some people have expressed; nor can it be; it is nothing more than a satire on democratic government and institutions. The narrative itself is interesting and full. The hits at the surrendering of too much power in the hands of the mob are severe and telling. What can be more than the description Lord Lytton gives of his American hero? "My family, therefore," says the hero, "enjoyed a high social position in right of birth; and, being so, they were considered disqualified for the public service. I once ran for Congress, but was signally defeated."

the subterranean people whom the hero visited, I have little to say. Lord Lytton appears to have been something of a believer in the occult sciences, if they deserve the name, and there is little more astonishing in "The Coming Race" than there is in "Zanoni" and the "Strange Story." The tendency of the last two is not quite healthy. In a broader sense the triumphs of the Vril-ya may be looked upon as affording glimpses of what may hereafter reward mankind in its struggles with nature and disease.

But in "The Coming Race" there are two matters of great interest. The first is the description Lord Lytton gives of a people who had obtained all they needed for the supplying of their daily wants, and among whom the strife of parties, political and religious, the ravages of war, the struggle for existence, were things long passed. Untroubled and monotonous is the existence of the Vril-ya, and it could hardly fail to be otherwise. And yet, who would desire such a life? Grand, pure, and useful, one may admit; yet better far the disappointments and sorrows of earth than the tranquil abodes of the subterranean people, who have mastered nature, and who have solved the problems which perplex us. The longing for an earthly paradise is natural in the bosom of man, but could that paradise be found, would it bring the peace and joy he expects? Alas, no. Contention and labour are the lot of man, and he is happier when he falls in the midst of the battle—he is more blessed when he breaks down in the heat and burden of the day—than he would be if he could rust away. Repose, in the highest sense of the word, is not for man; and as he cannot hope for it, he should throw himself into the forefront of the strife, and find happiness only in exertion. The second point deserving attention in this strange book is the characters of some of the people among whom the hero found himself cast by so wonderful a chance. The character, which, before all the others, will attract the reader, must be that of the generous Zee. Nowhere has Lord Lytton written with greater pathos than in the parting scene between the hero and Zee. "See," she exclaims, "how brightly the art of the Vril-ya has lighted up the world in which they dwell. To-morrow that world will be dark to me." Words few and touching but something like them is ten thousand times repeated every day in this sad world of ours.

THE TRIBUTE OF SONG :

A reply to an essay in BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, "On Glory," in which the author gives the first place in its exalted realm to philosophy, science, literature, art, success in trade, &c. &c., although these make little or no sacrifice for the good of others, whilst he deprecates military glory as an unclean thing, seeming to forget the purity of the renown of our Blake, Wolfe, Nelsons, and Havelocks, and of Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

THAT man assuredly deserves, as he has hitherto received, the highest need of praise who makes the greatest sacrifice ; and what sacrifice can be compared with that of risking life and limb on the battle-field, that others may prosecute their callings in peace and quietness, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of home.

Truly, whatever be the rank or the successful deeds of the mere soldier of fortune, we see his fame through a bloody cloud. On the contrary, the crown of the patriotic soldier shines a brilliant star in the treasury of his country's affectionate memories ; so eclipsing all other stars of glory, that men, dazzled by its brightness, pay their voluntary homage in the Tribute of Song.

This they withhold from the statesman, judge, professor, and the men of science, art, and literature. Nearly all these (the author of the essay included), like the soldier, are paid for their time and talents, either in salaries, fees, or in the price of their books, works, or inventions, and also, like the soldier, gratify their own self-esteem. Here, however, the similarity ends. *They* make not that self-sacrifice which is so appreciated by the world ; consequently, their lesser stars, though treasured in their country's memories, pale before the imperishable splendour of the soldiers.

This sacrifice is so ignored by the essayist, that his civic temple of glory lacks, not only a foundation, but the gold to grace the pinnacle.

The avowed object of the essayist is to educate the world up to the conviction that for thirty centuries she has been mistaken ; that she must now reverse her practice and opinions, and bury the sword which hitherto she has so fondly cherished. The essay, however, is neither so brilliant as to dazzle, nor so conclusive as to convince the world of the certainty, durability, or even the purity of civic glory ; although the author taunts the soldier, that he is paid for fighting, that fame and booty are associated, that pillage and renown march in company, that no general would tolerate

ue in his camp, and that (by implication at least) every
 lier is a robber and murderer!

Notwithstanding its proximity there is an amusing vein of envy
 ming through the essay, and it is a palpable bid for that new
 d of glory so lauded by the author, the achieving even of which
 vires life-long labour for—(Transgressing a literary rule, I quote
 self from the “Bivouac”)—

“the sage’s story
 Takes him threescore years to weave;
 Soldiers in one deed of glory
 Flash through ages from the grave.”

THE TRIBUTE OF SONG.

Jove, wearied by prayers that so savoured of self,
 From Science, Law, Learning, from Power and Pelf;
 Each prayed in his pride to be crowned as the king,
 That all might pay homage, and laud as they sing.
 So He to Apollo, “Go, plant upon earth
 The laurel for man, as his emblem of worth;
 And he to Olympus shall ever belong
 Who wins its green wreath and the ‘Tribute of Song.’”

Law, Science, and Learning rushed up to the tree,
 And the Muses all cried, “’Tis for me! ’tis for me!”
 Each one wove a wreath but to wither and die,
 Whilst Pelf stood aloof; fifty wreaths he could buy!
 Philosophy next from the tree pull’d a bough,
 And with his own hand placed the wreath on his brow;
 “Not thine, glory’s wreath!” cried Apollo, “the throng
 Will never repay with the ‘Tribute of Song.’”

Then crowds came from temple, and tower, and hall,
 From the mart, and the loom; from the plough, one and all;
 And mother and maid round the laurel tree throng’d,
 And sang Glory’s wreath to bold valour belong’d.
 Jove heard, and approving, decreed from his throne
 That chief among earth-born is Valour alone,
 And that in Olympus, with one heart and tongue,
 The gods should pay Valour “The Tribute of Song.”

Take, on the other hand, examples in civic glory:—Franklin’s
 e rests upon his discovery; and Watt’s, on his invention; yet
 h have, as it were, been so built upon as to be scarcely seen,
 ept through the superstructure.

Our great *soi-disant* Liberal and hitherto most popular states-
 r’s fame rests partly upon his administrative abilities, and
 ly upon his brilliant oratory. The former, however, has been
 utilated by the spirit of party that she has left him but one
 ; wherewith to soar, and the Muse has burdened the latter

with a multiplicity of words. Hence, crippled and over-weighted, he is doomed to be distanced in his flight to posterity.

Lacking originality, our popular poet shares but a divided fame in his very laboured and most ambitious work. In the heavens of our literature he shines Castor, Malory the Pollux, the Arthurean legend which he has so beautifully, yet so much less graphically, paraphrased. Even that moiety is overshadowed by an impure cloud, for, quoting once more from "Bivouac":—

"Do not the deeds of an adulterous queen,
Though gloss'd in all the witchery of art,
Induce he maid to peep behind the screen,
And loose the zone of virtue from her heart!"

R. COMPTON NOAKE —

Major R. A. M.



SONNET ON THE BOSPHORUS.

BEAUTIFUL Bosphorus! enchantingly wandering
 'Twixt grass-covered banks that charm into rest;
To dreamiest quiet delightfully pandering,
 Giving the solitude still sweeter zest.
Now the rude storm-winds cease to disturb thee,
 Nor bid in white foam thy sweet waters rise,
But the calmness of skies blue and sunny
 Alone is reflected to storm-wearied eyes.

Beautiful Bosphorus! gentle and tender,
 Reflecting the beauties that lie by thy side;
Giving to everything still sweeter loveliness,
 Like the eyes of a lover rejoiced in his bride.
Out on thy bosom, while fades the crimson
 Of the warm sunlight in molten lead,
I float in my caïque, just like an infant,
 Lulled to his sleep in the downiest bed.

Beautiful minarets, gilded and slender,
 That rise from the centre of keen, sordid strife;
Pointing with fingers, taper and tender,
 Upwards and onwards, the journey of life.
Now the last rays shine on star and on crescent,
 Beautiful emblems of happier days,
And I see Istamboul, not of the present,
 But back in the past my memory strays.

Beautiful Bosphorus, grand old Propontis!
 Alas! for the days when thy beauties were sung;
When but a sight of thy glorious waters
 Inspired the sweet songs that through ages were sung.
Alas! for the songs, and alas! for the singers!
 The songs have been sung, and well-nigh forgot;
Soft and voluptuous thy beauty still lingers,
 While nations and kingdoms have been and are not!

Constantinople, Sept. 12.

"OLIVE HARPER."

THE WATER TOWER:**A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.**

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,**Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c**

CHAPTER LVIII.**THE WOMAN IN POSSESSION.**

ABOUT seven o'clock in the evening the postchaise in which Oliver and Mark had travelled from London drove rapidly along the avenue of fine old elms which led up to the front entrance of Buckhurst Hall.

If Norris disliked that condition in the will which required him to take the name of Tinker, he had not a shadow of aversion to the other injunction, and so he spent not only six months out of the year at Buckhurst Hall, but the whole twelve.

One of the few remaining specimens of the timber-and-plaster style of architecture, it offered great attractions to a man of such antiquarian taste as the new squire of Buckhurst.

With the fresh green hues of spring about it, and the sky above a clear deep blue, melting away towards the horizon into soft opal tints, the old hall looked at its best, the sombre colouring of the dark shining ivy, that shrouded walls and casements, and twined its tendrils even about the quaint stacks of chimnies, contrasting well with the brighter tints in the surrounding landscape.

Descending banks, now covered with soft green turf, marked the spot where the moat had been in days gone by, and where its waters had once flowed evergreens now flourished, and primroses and broad clustering patches of wild violets grew thickly on the sloping banks and against the ivied walls of the old house.

Alighting from the chaise, the two young men, after receiving a very satisfactory answer from the butler as to the present health of the master of the house, passed through the great door, beautifully carved in oak of antique workmanship. A screen, supported by pilasters, very tastefully adorned, gave exit from the entrance-passage into the hall, a vast apartment with the walls hung with a variety of weapons, helmets, and flags, and a window, at the far end, ornamented with the Tinker arms and pedigree in stained glass.

As Oliver and Mark emerged from the screen, the door of the dining-room, which was just at their right hand, opened, and forth came a lady rustling in very stiff silk—a very tall lady, of commanding appearance, with clear olive complexion, black hair, piercing black eyes, and a nose so strongly aquiline, as to border on the Roman.

“ Mr. Oliver Norris and Mr. Mark Unsworth, I presume,” said the lady, advancing towards them. “ Mr. Tinker has deputed to me the pleasure of receiving you, as he is yet unable to leave his room. I—that is, we, all his friends, I should say—have only felt too happy in rendering to him, during his illness, all the little services that lay in our power. Come into the dining-room, pray, and I will send word to Mr. Tinker that you have arrived, for I daresay he will like to see you before you dine; but I must prohibit more than a few minutes’ chat, as it might excite him; besides, you must both need refreshment. I have ordered dinner for eight, and it wants only a quarter now. Will you tell Mrs. Ford,” she added, turning to the butler, “ to see that the fires are burning well in the chintz bedroom and the tapestry-room? The nights are cool, and I thought, as you were coming off a journey, you had best have fires,” she continued, walking into the dining-room, followed by the two young men, who had not, as yet, been able even to edge in a word. Indeed, Oliver looked quite bewildered, whilst Mark’s face expressed great inward amusement.

After some more remarks, principally on the lady’s part, she rustled out of the room to give a few more orders, and to apprise Norris, through the butler, of the arrival of his son and stepson.

“ I’ll tell you what, Mark,” said Oliver, “ this is an odd state of things. Here I am, my father’s son, welcomed to his house as if I were a stranger, by a lady visitor, and told what room I shall have, and how long I am to be permitted to stay with him, and so on. She evidently orders everything here, and has the complete control of the household; and, by Jove, I think she intends having me under her wing too.”

“ I have heard of the man in possession in a case of distress for rent,” replied Mark, laughing; “ but as your father’s is certainly a case of distress for a wife, I suppose we must consider Miss Fairfax as the woman in possession. Did you notice the affectionate and pitying tenderness with which she laid hold of my stumps?”

Here the conversation was stopped by the abrupt entrance of Peter and John, followed by Miss Fairfax. After sundry fraternal greetings from the two boys, Oliver asked if they were going to dine with Mark and himself.

thing:

"No, indeed I can't," replied Mark, very abruptly, "know, that with maternal care we often had dirty frock jackets; so to what greater depths of wretchedness infants," and the speaker laid an ironical stress on the words, "may fall, who are without it, who shall say?"

Miss Fairfax looked searchingly at Mark, but made no answer; and then there came a summons for them to go to the parlour where they found Norris still sitting up in an easy chair, a little pale and thin from his illness, and also rather agitated. "Signs of the times," as Mark observed, in a low tone to Oliver.

After the usual affectionate greetings had been taken, and questions had been put and answers given on either side, as we shall still call him, said, in a would-be indignant tone, "Well, boys, how do you like Miss Fairfax?" Then, hurriedly before they could answer, "a most estimable woman, clever, and yet not above descending to the small and trifling details of housekeeping. Such a manager! my household has never been conducted on quite another footing since she undertook to come here occasionally and look after the boys, when I was taken ill. She is a perfect treasure!"

"The valiant woman of the Canticles, I suppose," said Mark, with slight irreverence. "But I forget, she is not for sale in the market."

"Yes, I know ;" answered Oliver, "but I think she looks as if she could give the word of command."

"There is the dinner-bell," said Norris, apparently not sorry for the interruption to the conversation ; "you must not keep Miss Fairfax waiting, and when you have dined come up again."

In the library, the two young men found Peter and Tom waiting to wish them good night ; whilst Miss Fairfax was giving orders to the butler, what time the brougham was to be brought round for her.

"Is Miss Fairfax often here ?" asked Oliver in an undertone.

"Oh, isn't she, just !" answered Peter with a broad grin ; "she comes every day, early in the morning, and reads long prayers to us and the servants, and goes away late in the evening, after she has read long prayers again ; and last night, John—that's the footman—snored, didn't he, Tom ? and she——"

Here Peter stopped his narrative abruptly, as he saw Miss Fairfax approaching, and the two boys marched off to their own apartment, and their elders to the dining-room. Miss Fairfax was too busy, at first, eating a very hearty dinner, to talk much ; but when she had disposed of a plate of white soup, another of fricasseed sweetbreads, a large supply of roast lamb, with peas and new potatoes, she began to relax in her efforts, and to toy with the lemon pudding and exert her powers of conversation.

Her theme was the talents, the greatness of mind, and the many excellencies of Mr. Tinker, also his anxieties and labours, enough to wear out the strongest of men ; "but there," she exclaimed, in a burst of eloquence, "it is the triumph of mind over matter, 'soul soaring above the trials and burthens of life,' and looking down upon them with sublime indifference, and heedless and insensible to the pains and weakness of the feeble, corporeal frame. When I think of all that your father has achieved in the cause of science, I wonder he has not sunk under the fatigue. And then, the great trials and afflictions he has passed through ! Oh, Mr. Oliver !" she continued, with an impassioned air, "may you never touch with the tips of your fingers so much as a tithe of the troubles your dear father has suffered !"

"I thought," observed Oliver, not noticing this pathetic allusion, "that my father had laid aside his literary and scientific labours, for a time at least ; so I understood from Mr. Thorold, an old friend of ours, whom probably you know. I saw him some months since, in London, and he said that my father was reposing on his laurels."

"Well, of course, I alluded to the past ;" replied Miss Fairfax, "Mr. Tinker has been compelled to desist from the severity of his

labours lately, but he has been an Hercules amongst scholars,—may I trouble you for one of those almond cheese-cakes, Mr. Unsworth?—as for Mr. Thorold,”—and here Miss Fairfax paused, and looked significantly from Oliver to the butler at the farther end of the room, indicating, thereby, that she would reserve further communications till that functionary had gone. Accordingly, when the cloth was withdrawn, the dessert placed on the table, and the butler had left the room, she said, as she conveyed a large share of strawberries on to her plate, “I am acquainted with Mr. Thorold; but, do you know, I don’t exactly like him, he is a man of such unequal temper, sometimes quite given to pleasantry, indeed too much so, and at others so gloomy and taciturn: but there, it is all the fault of the odious religion he professes, he is a Romanist, and we all know the effects of the mischievous teaching of Popery. Sometimes I think he does horrid penances, or something of that kind. I have often had my suspicions on the subject.”

“You had better be certain, and ask him, the next time you see him, if he wears a hair shirt,” said Mark laughing.

“I do so abominate Popery,” continued Miss Fairfax, not deigning to notice Mark’s advice, “and it is making great progress throughout the length and breadth of the land! It ought to be put down,” and here Miss Fairfax made a motion with her hands, as though she was putting something noxious out of her sight, “What an inconsiderate thing it was,” she added, “of Mr. Tinker to allow his daughter to marry a Romanist! you see she has become a pervert.”

“We have had very dear old friends amongst these Papists,” observed Oliver, with a smile; “and we have a tenderness for them, and mind not their religion: as for Flora, her going over to Rome, gave my father very little concern; his maxim always was, civil and religious liberty, and the rights of private judgment; so he only laughed when he spoke to me about the change she had made to the old faith, and said, ‘it was bred in the bone.’ I daresay you know, Miss Fairfax, that my grandmother Norris was a Catholic!”

“Yes, so I heard,” replied the lady, adding at the same time, “I am thankful to say that I have Presbyterian blood in my veins, though I am a Churchwoman.”

“Some people are thankful for small favours,” observed Mark a moment afterwards, as Oliver closed the door on the retreating form of Miss Fairfax, who now left the gentlemen to their wine.

CHAPTER LIX.

A LITTLE COMEDY.

THE sun was shining brightly over Brewood Mere, gilding the white petals of the water-lilies, and falling in checquered rays through the branches of the surrounding trees, on patches of green turf beneath, gay with the yellow cowslip and the starry primrose.

Oliver Norris and Mark Unsworth paused for a few moments on the margin of the Mere, to admire the beauty of the scenery around them, the thick branches of the trees, interlacing each other, their giant trunks veiled with ivy and woodbine, and their boughs green with the brightly tinted foliage of spring. The sky above was of that deep, cloudless blue, not often seen in our variable climate. Above the steep banks on one side, a wreath of smoke curled up from the thatched roof, half hidden amidst the dense foliage, and from the boughs of some adjacent tree, the cuckoo was uttering its sweet notes, whilst mingled with the sound, came the ring of merry laughter, and the echo of youthful voices, borne over the waters from the opposite bank, where two boys seated on the felled trunk of a tree, were arranging their fishing rods, preparatory to commencing their sport.

"Who is that gentleman, walking backwards and forwards on the opposite bank, and reading?" asked Mark, as he and Oliver went on their way again.

"Mr. Scruton," replied Oliver, "the tutor of the two young Thorolds; you saw him last year in London."

"So I did," replied Mark, "but I did not recognise him in the distance. He is reading his office, I suppose: as an old priest who taught me used to do, while I was learning my lessons. I thought Scruton a nice fellow, when I saw him in London."

"The boys like him very much," answered Oliver, "and he is going to travel with them. They intend starting in Lent for the Holy week in Rome, and I believe Mr. Thorold is going with them. What a strange thing that he should have let so many years pass without ever visiting this fine old place!" added Oliver, as they paused under the shadow of the beeches and elms facing the Manor House. "When I came last summer the house and grounds looked the very picture of desolation. The shutters closed, grass covering the gravel walks, weeds growing wild and rank, and the whole place wearing a look of ruin and decay."

Oliver and Mark were conducted to the drawing-room, where they found Thorold and Mrs. Scruton; the latter, a placid, sweet-

looking old lady, had just drawn on her gardening gloves, in preparation for an hour's work amongst her flowers, to which occupation she went, after a little conversation with her visitors.

Thorold had aged much; he looked haggard and careworn, his hair was very grey, and his eyes, once brilliant and piercing, were sunken, and only lit up at times with the fire and animation of his earlier life.

He received Oliver and Mark with the warmth and kindness which he always showed to the children of his old friend.

"What a fine place Brewood is, Mr. Thorold," said Oliver. "I was saying to Mark, just now, as we stood in front of the house, that I wondered how you could have kept away from it so long."

"Brewood has too many painful recollections, to be a pleasant home to me," replied Thorold, abruptly; "the bare sight of it recalls bitter memories of the unforgotten past,—weird and grisly phantoms, my dear Oliver, such as will never rise up before you, in after years, in connection with your early manhood. I never meant my shadow to fall upon these walls again; but the boys have ridden over to Brewood sometimes, and they prefer it to Ayleworth, so I roused myself up manfully, and waged war with dismal presentiment and ominous dreams, which seemed to whisper to me to keep away from Brewood, a place so fatal to my happiness in early years. However, I defy augury, and here I am."

"Well," said Oliver, "I sincerely hope that you may now enjoy long years of happiness at Brewood."

"The place possesses an attraction for me now, that it never had before," replied Thorold; "I mean, the residence of Robert Norris, Esquire, within three miles—I beg his pardon, I should say Tinker—but he will never be other than the old familiar Bob Norris, to me. I suppose he is quite convalescent by this time."

"He is not much of an invalid, now," said Mark: "and has improved every day, since we came from London, a fortnight ago."

"You may be sure he is all right again," said Oliver, for he told us to go round by Chester, and order him a new coat. He particularly directed me to tell the tailor to make it a fashionable one, for," he said, "the tailors shove us old boys off with anything. Is there a lady in the case?"

"My dear Oliver, you know that your father is not generally very particular about the cut of his clothes, so this fashionable coat speaks volumes," said Thorold, with an amused air.

"And matrimony is inscribed on the first page, sir, is it not?" asked Mark, gaily.

"Oh, I see you both know all about it," said Thorold.

"I can only form my own conjectures," replied Oliver; "when I see a lady acting the mistress in our house, what am I to assume, but that she is about to become really the mistress of it? I have tried to bring my father to book, but he always evades my questions. Of course, he and Miss Fairfax are engaged; do you know anything certain, Mr Thorold, for I dare say all the world knows more, perhaps, than Mark and I."

"It has long been no secret, far and wide," replied Thorold. "Just before your father was taken ill, he and I performed a curious little farce together. He drove over here to ask my advice on a subject of great importance—I had a pretty good guess what it was,—whether he should marry again. Now, as I was certain that he was then as good as actually engaged to Miss Fairfax, I was determined to have my amusement; for I saw that my good friend looked rather sheepish, as if he did not exactly know how to open his case, so I put on a serious face, and waited silently for him to begin."

"I fancy I see him before me now in this dilemma," said Mark, laughing.

"Aye," said Thorold, "he sat for some minutes before the fire meditating and scorching his shins, and jerking out his chin, and hitching up his shoulders. At last, he began with a few preliminary lamentations over the neglected state of his two little boys, and the need they had of female supervision, and then he boldly asked me what I thought of his marrying Miss Fairfax. 'Oh, marry her,' I said. Upon this, his face brightened up, and he replied, 'Yes, yes, yes; but you see I must consider the matter well, on account of my poor boys; Oliver will have a good estate, but the prospects of the younger ones might be injured if there should be another family.'"

"I wonder how you were able to keep your gravity," said Oliver.

"It was no easy task," answered Thorold; "however, I said bravely to him, 'Then, don't marry her.' 'But,' continued Bob, 'she is a good manager, and would make me a very comfortable home; you have no idea, Thorold, how lonely I feel sometimes.' His was spoken in a very pathetic tone, so I very charitably said, 'Then, by all means, marry her.' 'You know,' he went on to say, 'how very happy I was with my second wife; she entered into all my pursuits, but I fear that Miss Fairfax has no literary tastes whatever, I never see her with a book;' 'Then, don't marry her,' I said. 'But, you see, Thorold, her family consider it a settled fair;' 'Then, in that case,' I replied, in a mischievous unconcerned tone, 'you are bound to marry her.' 'Confound it, Piers,' he

exclaimed, in vexation, 'is that the sympathy you show for your friend—is that all the advice you can give?' "

The two young men laughed heartily at this recital.

"The fact is," continued Thorold, "my old friend was going through that eccentric little comedy, so often played, asking a friend's advice, when he had already made up his mind to follow his own inclinations; indeed, it was not my advice he wanted, but my approval of his decision. Long before the performance of this little comedy, I had discerned signs that your father's affections were once more enslaved. Love and dandyism go hand-in-hand with him, my dear Oliver."

"I never saw my father a dandy," replied Oliver.

"Oh, Noll," said Mark, laughing, "don't you remember what a swell he was when he used to come to Wharton Place, to see my mother? You must remember the trousers, cut with pigeon-holes to fit his Wellington boots, and the chains."

"It is like so many pictures rising up before my mind's eye," observed Thorold, merrily. "Now, I see him in the old house in Watergate-street, a mere youth, going to meet his first love," and here the speaker paused a moment, and his voice faltered; however, he soon resumed his remarks, in the same jesting tone,— "wearing a green coat with gilt buttons, an outrageously short waist and long swallow tails; then the scene changes. He and I are in the First Lancashires, and I surprise him trying, with the aid of his military valet, to force his nether limbs into a pair of light buckskin breeches, the height of the fashion in those days; a change of scene again,—and I see him in the house in George Square, equipped in nankeen trousers, a fancy waistcoat, and muslin cravat of a gorgeous and flaming pattern; the last of the series of pictures is Robert Tinker, Esquire, of Buckhurst Hall, giving directions to his tailor to make him a coat of fashionable cut."

Oliver and Mark were greatly amused and the former asked, "Did you know Miss Fairfax before she became acquainted with my father?"

"No," replied Thorold; "the first time I saw her was at Buckhurst. Old Mrs. Fairfax lives near Chester, and your father made acquaintance with her and her retinue of marriageable daughters at a flower-show or some such gathering. You see, he had begun to hanker after the society of the fair sex again, and to dance attendance on all the spinsters and widows in the vicinity of Buckhurst; and they, on the other hand, angled for him. A neighbouring squire, who was greatly amused at the little game, gave him the name of the Old Maid's Prize. Your father was quite busy escorting these ladies about from place to place like

ce young fellow of twenty; and, my dear Oliver, you
ine what was his devotion to them, when he actually
to attend a spirtual tea-drinking in a serious Christian
You know how he likes that sort of thing?"

dearly," said Mark.

essed from all these little gallantries, and the improved
dress," continued Thorold, that he was looking out for
fe; but the first intimation I had as to who the lady
ame to me quite accidentally."

was that?" asked the two young men, in a breath.

," said Thorold, "I was staying for a few days at Buck-
I found that your father had taken up the study of a
at he used to speak rather lightly of—that of phrenology.
, he has long given up his old authority Baptiste Porta,
er since he was so mistaken in the characters of poor
l Mrs. Okey. Now, one fine morning, a bevy of ladies
the Hall, Miss Fairfax amongst them, and your father
ort them to Chester, where a learned phrenologist was
nd handling the crania of such of our wise Cestrians as
ve their bumps examined. The next day your father
paper to read, which he said would enlighten me a
renology. I put it in my pocket to look at when I was
room; but, to my surprise, I found that instead of an
phrenology, it was notes of the information imparted by
the day before respecting the bumps on each lady's
your father's marks of approval or disapproval written
n lady's name——"

t of little phrenological ledger," said Mark, interrupting

so," answered Thorold. "There was debit and credit
s were good and some bad. But I found that the sum-
s Jane Fairfax's good bumps very far out-balanced those
ladies——"

quently?" inquired Mark.

quently," continued Thorold, "I concluded that Miss
x would be the chosen one; but I suspect that my
in one of his absent fits, gave me the wrong paper."

ld think," said Oliver, "that your visit must have been
propos for Miss Fairfax, and that she must often have
gone."

believe she considered me sadly in the way," replied
but I wanted to be with my old friend, and did not
ow any lady to dislodge me. No, it was your father
forced me to take my departure at last."

"My father!" echoed Oliver, in some wish you to go?"

"I was obliged to cut my visit short. The fact is I gave your father mortal of gave me, he kept harping upon my sin u verge of madness."

"Pray, tell us the full particulars," e: Mark.

"Well, he was talking about Miss F absurd excuses for thinking of a third speaking did not quite accord with his wi plaining of Flora marrying and leaving step of hers had obliged him to look out f

"That is good!" said Mark; why, mother was still alive, and though she Norris, at all events, did not anticipate he

"I told him so," continued Thorold what singular facility my friend Bob s shoulders. He next hinted to me his re Fairfax—and rather comical reasons they the poor body has such a tartar of a motl for my equanimity, and I burst into a ho 'are you going to be a Don Quixote damsels? Marry Miss Fairfax if you lil rescuing her from a tartar mother you don for I know that the lady has in a pre-em combativeness.' That was a villanous looked very perplexed and puzzled, as if I could possibly know anything about Miss

"I can well fancy," said Oliver, "would be with you for your unfavourabl subject."

"Ah, but that was not the mortal
"Two or three days after this skirmish Fairfax, we were sitting together over ou father scorching his best black trousers be table, peeling walnuts. We had got upon apparitions, and were chatting pleasan Edinburgh, and the papers on spectres he the Royal Society, and laughing at the Walter, who asked him if he intended to when he began to give me so long and lea nature and causes of spectral illusions, the fully bored, that in sheer self-defence, and I interrupted him, by saying that I like

book very well, but his metaphysics and philosophy were far beyond my capacity. He bestowed upon me a smile of the most contemptuous pity. Have either of you read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*?" asked Thorold of the young men.

They both shook their heads.

"The Ettrick Shepherd is right," continued Thorold, "my friend Bob will never know much about apparitions until he is one himself. Moreover, being, as I said, rather bored, I thought I would take a hit at his new hobby, phrenology, and I incautiously said that I thought it rather singular that a veteran in science, like himself, should late in life turn his attention to a new study, and, I added, that with his talents, he might have reached the top of the tree if he had confined his energies to one thing, instead of being so versatile and plunging into a dozen 'ologies, and I very irreverently quoted that vulgar adage, about having too many irons in the fire. I soon saw from my friend's face what an atrocious opinion I had expressed."

"Has he quite forgiven you?" asked Mark, with a smile of doubt.

"Ay, there's the rub," replied Thorold. "I never feel myself altogether safe with him; for if anything reminds him of my unlucky speech he will harp upon that string for hours. Well, as I was saying, his face showed me my sin; he sat for some minutes silently pondering over my remarks, and I knew that he was doubly wrathful, because, in his inmost heart, he must have been conscious of their truth. At last he opened out, and, for the rest of that blessed evening he never ceased dissecting my words, sometimes complaining, sometimes scolding, with variations, every now then, on the pain he felt at hearing remarks so disparaging to his literary reputation fall from the lips of his oldest and dearest friend."

"What a wretch you must have felt yourself!" said Oliver, laughing.

"I really did feel some compunction," replied Thorold, "but at the same time, I thought that your father was making me expiate my crime to the utmost. To me there is nothing so dreadful as being talked at. I proposed an adjournment into the library, in hopes of some respite, but all of no use; once he fell asleep for a few minutes, and I congratulated myself that he would wake to some more pleasant subject; nothing of the sort, he started up suddenly from the depths of his easy chair, as if from a dream, and half asleep, he began again,—'Have I not made a name for myself amongst literary men?'—'Am I not a member of the Scientific Societies of Edinburgh and London, and of many on the Continent?' The footman bringing in tea stopped him for a few minutes, but he

was only getting up his steam for a renewed attack after tea. I will tell you what my sufferings that night reminded me of. Do you remember Horace's Satire, where he speaks of the man who nearly talked him to death?"

"Oh, to be sure I do," said Mark, "the man who tackled him on the Sacred Way."

"Well," said Thorold, "I used to think it a poetic exaggeration, but after that night I quite sympathised with the old Roman, and, more than once, I called to mind that simily, where he says, 'that he laid back his ears like an overburdened ass, and submitted to his fate.'"

Oliver and Mark were yet laughing over Thorold's recital of his past distress and anguish of spirit, when the door opened, and the butler announced "Mr. Tinker."

With great warmth and pleasure, Thorold congratulated Norris on his perfect recovery; and the latter assured him, that he had determined that his first visit should be to the house of his old friend.

They had an hour's pleasant and lively conversation in the drawing-room; then old Mrs. Scruton came in, and by-and-bye, the chaplain and the two boys. They made a merry party at lunch. Subsequently, Mr. Scruton left the room, and reappeared with some fossils, which he had collected in Sicily. Norris, to whom he showed them, proceeded to tell him all about them, and plunged deeply into geology, causing Mrs. Scruton to exclaim to Thorold—

"Dear me! what a clever man Mr. Tinker is; there is nothing you can speak of but what he can give some information about."

"Ah, my dear madam," said Norris, who had caught her words, "but I have been too versatile—at least, so my friends have kindly told me:" and here Norris paused, and looked reproachfully at Thorold, who groaned audibly. "I have made," continued Norris, "according to those candid and outspoken friends, one fatal mistake: Instead of taking up with several subjects, I should have stuck to one thing."

CHAPTER LX.

BREWOOD MERE.

LIKE a sheet of crystal, Brewood Mere lay stretched out in the red sunlight, its waters bound in icy fetters, while its steep banks were covered with thin wreaths of frozen snow, every lake tinted with rainbow lines, as each flashed and sparkled in the dazzling sunbeams.

The black, naked branches of the trees had lost their weird look,

or every bough and twig was encrusted with white hoar frost, and long icicles, assuming fantastic and beautiful shapes hung from the leafless branches.

A small party of skaters were amusing themselves on the ice and foremost amongst them the two sons of Piers Thorold. They were all youths and boys, their number under a score; for the Mere was in a sequestered place, and also private property. There was an old man, feeble and tottering, amongst the women and children who were looking on. The snows of eighty winters silvered his head; but he had found his way down the bank from the little hatched cottage on the height, to see the young Thorolds skating. He had been a servant in their family from his boyhood, and felt the strongest attachment and devotion to the Squire of Brewood and his boys.

But as he stood on the borders of the Mere he looked troubled and uneasy—he shouted out, now and then, to the skaters to beware of certain portions of the ice; but poor old Richard's weak and feeble tones were drowned in the laughter and merry voices of the little party on the Mere, and he shook his head and locked his hands nervously together, as he exclaimed to a woman standing by him,

"I wish I could ha'e spuch o' young Mr. Piers—I would warn him to look after his brother, Master Hugh; that lad is over-venturesome, there are springs in a many parts o' th' Mere, and the ice is weak in those spots."

About an hour later Reuben Okey and Jacky Hayes found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Mere, being on their way to a farm of the Brewood estate.

"We'll just take this turn to the right," said Okey, entering, as he spoke, a short lane; "it will bring us out at the top of the bank, at the head of Brewood Mere, and we shall see if there is any skating going on."

A few minutes sharp walking brought the two men to the end of the lane, where the ground sloped down abruptly, and far beneath them lay the broad waters of the river.

"I'm afeard there's summut wrong!" exclaimed Hayes.

Before the words were well out of his lips, Okey had begun the descent of the steep precipitous bank, heedless of every obstacle, in his frantic and eager haste.

Something wrong indeed—so wrong that every face looked white, and scared, and terror-stricken; the women and children were crying and sobbing, and the old white-haired man was on his knees beside the prostrate form of Piers Thorold's youngest son, a fair-haired boy of fifteen, lying now with stiffened limbs, and ghastly pale, looking still and death-like.

In a moment the whole appalling, dreadful truth, burst upon the mind of the old soldier, and, strong man as he was, Okey wept tears of the bitterest anguish, when he found no sign of life in the stiffening form at his feet, and knew that yonder, beneath the treacherous ice, where the water was now bubbling up, lay all that remained of the heir of Brewood.

In a few agitated, disjointed sentences and lamentations, Okey gleaned that whilst Hugh Thorold was skating the ice had suddenly given way beneath his feet.

One of the skaters had rushed up to the old man's house, and had brought down a ladder, and with this he had made several attempts to reach the boy ; but all in vain, and he had nearly lost his own life in the effort. Then, disregarding the cries and entreaties of those around him, who saw that he would sacrifice his own life, Piers Thorold tore himself from the hands of those who would have held him back, and making his way to the fatal spot, had almost succeeded in his noble effort to save his brother, when the treacherous ice, yielding beneath his weight, he sank, and never rose again.

Still with a lingering hope that life was not quite extinct, Okey raised the cold, rigid form of the boy in his arms, and, leaving Hayes to the melancholy task of trying, with the other man, to recover the body of young Piers Thorold, he made his way, at his utmost speed, to the Hall.

There he was met at the very entrance by poor old Mrs. Scruton, whose grief it would be impossible to describe. Her son had gone up to London, the day previous, to transact some little business for Thorold, and the latter had gone to Liverpool early that morning, and was not expected home till late in the evening.

Okey at once despatched one messenger in search of the nearest doctor, and another to Buckhurst Hall, to apprise Norris of the dreadful calamity ; and then he proceeded to try every means he had ever heard of, for the purpose of restoring life in such a case, but all in vain.

The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and Robert Norris paced up and down the long, dusky old library, with its sombre oak pannelling, the corners of the room falling into shadow or only lit up when a tongue of flame shot from the huge logs smouldering in the stove.

He was alone, dreading and yet wishing that night would come, and that the task which he had imposed on himself were over—a task more painful than any he had ever had to accomplish throughout the whole course of his life.

He had undertaken to break to his friend the cruel intelligence

that he was now childless ; and, again and again, as he paced up and down that lonely room, he groaned out the words—

“How shall I tell him? What shall I say?”

In a distant chamber, the mother of the priest kept her vigil beside the remains of the two boys. Her tender hands had paid the last duties to the dead, and had prepared the pale, cold forms for their last long home.

In the general gloom and darkness of the house on that memorable night, the steady stream of light from that one window attracted the notice of Piers Thorold, as he descended from the carriage, and he marvelled what was doing in the oratory at that hour. But his wonder was changed into an awful foreboding of coming evil, when, on crossing the threshold of his home, he saw the weeping servants and his friend, Norris, pale and agitated.

“What is it? What is the matter?” asked Thorold, passing his hand over his forehead, as though he were awaking from a dream.

Norris made no answer, but, taking his friend’s arm, he gently drew him to the library, and there he assayed to tell his dreadful tidings, but the words died away on his lips, and, strive as he would, he seemed for a few moments to lack the power of speech.

“Norris, my friend,” said Thorold, uttering the words with difficulty, for his throat was parched and his lips dry, “speak, for God’s sake, and relieve me from this terrible nightmare. What is the meaning of your presence here at this late hour, of the terrified looks of my servants, the gloom and darkness and desolation of this fated house, in which ruin and sorrow always seems to dog my footsteps? I am a man, I can bear to hear the worst, come in whatever form it will. Better know it than live the life that I have done for all these long years past. I have so often anticipated this moment. There can be but one cause for the distress you feel for me to-night, and I have expected the blow to fall for so long past, that when it comes the reality is less dreadful than the picture which fancy has painted.”

Norris looked in sorrowful amazement at Thorold ; had he received any intelligence of the fearful calamity which had befallen him, and was his strong mind wandering? He laid his hand on his arm, and said, in a trembling voice—

“Piers, my old friend, may God help you in this hour of sore distress—may He sustain you—and may He inspire me with words to tell you of your loss ! Your boys——”

“What of my boys?” exclaimed Thorold, springing up from his chair with a look of wild horror on his face, “they were innocent ; there was no blood-stain on their pure hands. I will not hear you, I will not believe that aught has befallen them. I am raving!” he added, suddenly clasping his friend’s hands tightly

within his own ; " but your words have raised a terror in my heart that far surpasses everything I have ever felt. You are here to-night to tell me of some fatal mischance that has befallen my noble Piers and my bright haired Hugh ; but do not tell me they are dead, Robert—the young green saplings cut down, and the withered, barren tree left standing !" and the speaker groaned in bitter despair.

" Pure and fresh, they were fitter than such as us to be suddenly called from this world," said Norris, as he wrung the cold, nerveless hands of his friend within his own. " Try, Piers, in this hour of your great sorrow, to draw strength from God ; for human sympathy and comfort, alas ! must seem, I know, like a mockery. God help you to enter into the spirit of those words, ' The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His holy name.' "

" But I cannot ! I will not !" shouted Thorold, whilst his whole countenance was convulsed with grief and despair. " God has burthened me beyond my strength. I am marked out for woe and misfortune. Thrice accursed be the day when I set foot within the doors of Brewood Hall again ! And the climax of my evil fate, is to find myself suddenly deprived of all that made life dear to me. Fool that I was ! My fears pointed only to self. My guilty terror revived, and when I looked at your sorrowful face, I thought that at last my secret had been discovered, and yonder in that dusky corner, the gibbet that so often haunts me, seemed to grow out of the shadow and to rise up strong and palpable. "

As Thorold finished speaking, he fell heavily into the chair beside him, and his looked white and rigid. When he next spoke his words were broken and disjointed.

" I have no strength in my limbs, Norris, and a numbness and faintness seems creeping over me. How did all this happen ! Where are they—my boys ? " and the tears rolled down the haggard cheeks of the sorrow-stricken man.

With all the loving sympathy and tender words he could call to his aid, Norris told his sad tale, struck with a great fear for Thorold as he watched him ; for the incoherency of his previous words, and the vague terrors he hinted at, made him suspect that reason was tottering under the blow.

" Childless !" muttered Thorold, in a low tone, and shivering as though in an ague-fit. " He has had his revenge at last. If he could have looked up from his snowy shroud, he would not have asked for a better. All these years, Norris, waking and sleeping, his finger has pointed at me, and he has stood often before me, gibing and gibbering, as he did on that fatal day when he provoked me to slay him ; but he did not show, with all his grisly pan-

mime, from whence the blow was to come that should strike me down; he did not point to my boys—only to the gibbet!”

He remained for a few moments silent, and then Norris caught the words, “Poor Teresa!” A moment after, raising himself, as though by a great effort, he said, as he seized his friend’s arm—

“Norris, I feel I am struck for death—I have no life in my lower limbs; but I cannot die in peace without seeing Teresa Ayleworth. Promise me that you will send for her. She will come, I know, and she will make clear to me what is dark at present. My death will unite us at last.”

In faltering, broken tones, Norris gave the required promise; but all through the long hours of that weary night, whilst he watched by his friend’s bedside, for Thorold had been struck by paralysis, he heard him murmur, at intervals, “Poor Teresa, poor Teresa!”

CHAPTER LXI.

TERESA’S SECRET.

At all times and seasons, the Shap Fells presents to the eye a bleak and uninviting prospect. This is the case even in summer, when the sun gilding their barren sides, purple with the bloom of the fragrant heather, lends a touch of life and beauty to their barrenness and desolation; but in winter, when the rivers and streamlets are ice-bound, the ground covered with snow-drifts, and a leaden sky lowering over the dreary solitude, nothing can well surpass the gloom of the landscape.

On a bleak February day a post-chaise which had achieved about half the distance from the village of Shap to Kendal, was brought, at length, in spite of its three horses, to a standstill; for at this point of the road the snow, which had fallen heavily the whole of the previous night, had formed a barrier which seemed to check all further progress.

The two postilions dismounted, and a gentleman who had emerged from the interior of the chaise, after a short discussion with them, despatched one to a solitary cottage, at a little distance, to procure assistance to aid in the laborious task of cutting a path through the snow-drift.

Inside the chaise, with pale, anxious face, sits Teresa Ayleworth. Every moment of delay seems like an age, since the hour when Okey brought to her, at Newhaven, the tidings of Mr. Thorold’s dangerous illness, and his earnest wish to see her.

She would have travelled by night, as well as by day, had not Okey pointed out to her, that did she not consult her strength a

little, she might break down, and never reach the end of her journey.

But, with feverish impatience, she counted the lapse of every minute, and watched the waning light of the short winter afternoon.

Sad and painful images filled her mind, and the bleak, savage nature of the surrounding scenery oppressed her with a still greater sense of gloom and desolation.

Heavy grey clouds, just coloured with a yellowish line, were piled up in the sky in strange, fantastic shapes.

On either side, the road, which wound at this point through a valley, rose up hills, almost mountainous in their height, but rugged and bare, not a tree or a shrub breaking their barren uniformity. Here and there the snow, whirled away by the north wind that swept over the Fells, left dark patches of stone; but in other places, where the drifts lay deep, the naked rock lost its unsightly, rugged appearance as it lay entombed beneath that dense white shroud.

Over this dreary, melancholy tract, sweeping through the openings in the hills, the wind came in wild, fierce gusts, dying away in the distance, till it sounded in the ears of Teresa like the wail of a departing spirit.

Beyond the dusky forms of Okey, the postilions, and a couple of labourers from the cottage, delving away in the snow, all seemed lifeless and inanimate. The stillness of death appeared to linger over the Fells during those intervals when the wind had died away sobbing and moaning amongst the hills. The waters of the beautiful Trent, winding onwards to Kendal, were now ice-bound and lay, a frozen track over the boulder-stones, amidst which they had leapt and sparkled in the bright days of summer. As for Teresa, she appeared like a breathing statue, only that now and then there fell from her white lips broken prayers and earnest aspirations for that man whose image had still remained graven in her heart when the shrine had been despoiled and ravaged.

Once again they were on their way, and at length, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, Teresa saw, glittering like stars through the darkness which had suddenly fallen on the snow-covered hills, the lights in the town of Kendal, laying, in picturesque beauty, at the foot of a mountain as lovely in all its surroundings as the Shroton Fells were grim in their desolation.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

IN California's garden, on wide Sonoma plain,
Where flowers bloom around, as if dropped there by the rain,
Stood a little cabin, in the leafy shadows hid,
Where all day long the woodpecker, and at night the katy-did,
Kept the woods from seeming lonely, by their lively noise,
And the manzanita bushes echoed back each voice.

In the manzanita bushes, where the red contrasts with green,
Dodge and dart the humming birds with their gold and ruby
sheen,
And underneath the chapparel, the rabbits hide and run,
And the many-coloured lizards lie basking in the sun,
And in the rich madsona trees, where the darkest shadows fall,
Sit expectant robins, waiting for the parents' call.

Inside the lonely cabin, on a little wretched bed
Lay a dying miner : his flushed and burning head
Tossed restlessly about, discontented everywhere,
Yet beautiful with his bright and floating golden hair ;
He picked with restless fingers at the woollen coverlet,
As if searching to do something that he always would forget.

" Mother, darling mother," whispered he so very faint,
You'd have thought it but the sighing of some little rustling
plant ;
" Mother, darling mother, why don't you come to me ?
Or are you here, and is it then so dark I cannot see ?
Mother, mother, speak to me, put your hand in mine ?
Then, though the room be dark to me, your love will make it
shine.

She does not answer me, alas ! and does not see this tear,
For I know she'd not refuse my dying hour to cheer ;
No, she is in the old homestead, and I am here alone ;
And the voice that I once loved so well, I'll never hear its tone.
Mother, tell me, is it true ? am I ill ? and must I die ?
And in this little cabin till the last alone must lie ?

" Then, who will close my eyes for me ? who will breath a
prayer ?
And who will tell my mother, and will my mother care ?

I do not care so much for that, I am not afraid to die
But who will take to you, mother, my last and long

It's growing very cold, mother, and no one comes to
I wish that I written, but it's too dark now to see.
I will try to find my pencil"—he sought and found
And with a hand that trembled, a hand claw-like and
He traced, with dreadful effort, on the wall—"I die
Won't some one write to mother, and send her my

It was morning in Sonoma, the birds in millions thronged
And chanted to their Maker their loud, harmonious
The crickets chirped right merrily, the sun shone
clear,
And nothing showed in Nature that a man was dead
At noon one of his miner friends made a rough mine
And found the silent cabin, and the writing on the

"OLIVE



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALGERNON DARCY.

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE days after the event related in the last chapter, the inspector called on Darcy. He began to talk of the Théâtre Français, and the piece which was then being enacted. He had been there the night before, and had admired it highly. "This is the plot," said he:—"Sir John Valdemar, an Englishman about the tenth century, went to Italy to make the grand tour, and in Apulia he became connected with the Conde Aquapendente——"

Darcy interrupted him—"I shall go to the Français to-night, and see the play; so don't tell me the plot. Rather tell me how your own little drama has progressed. How is our friend Eugène? and has he given you the information you asked? Has he told you where his brother is?"

"That was what I was coming to."

"Indeed; rather, I think, in a round - about way. Is it necessary you should go over the five acts of Scribe or Jules Simon?"

"You will see," said the inspector.

"The Conde Aquapendente—I pray you, recollect the names—had a son, Osric, a brother, Father Benedict, and a daughter, Alicia."

"Well, well," said Darcy impatiently.

"Sir John Valdemar," continued the inspector, heedless of the interruption, "falls in love with Alicia. The Conde won't allow the marriage. There is a scene—a quarrel—the pit are in tears. Sir John goes to the Crusades, with your Richard Lion Heart—or Joan of Arc—no matter which. Alicia marries Baron Furioso. But the Baron dies in childbirth—I mean, he dies leaving his widow and a child. Sir John is not killed by the Turks, but

"I see," said Darcy, "you are fond of tormenting me with your cursed play."

"After Sir John's marriage to the Lady Alice, he came with her to England, and was President of the Board of the King's First Parliament. For several years he lived with his wife, but there was a curse on Sir John. His father had murdered a Druid, and the consequence was he became jealous of his wife, and with some reason, for she was in the arms of Petro Rienzi. He did not kill her, but divorced his wife before Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and went away from England, back to the Holy Land. Meanwhile Mead had been swallowed up by an earthquake, and no young Count Aquapendente, and his uncle the Prince of No property, Apulia, as I said, being swallowed up by the earthquake, the young Count had gone to London under the name—John Smith, or something like that. Under another name and a title, and appeared in quite a different character. Sir John comes back a second time from the East, meets Petro Rienzi, and with the assistance of Guinevere, murders him and throws him into the moat, and he vanishes. Some one else is suspected of the murder, but gets off. This is one of the most telling scenes in the play, which would have interested you much—'Verdict, not guilty.' The party goes to the Crusades, meets Sir John, and Father Benedict; something is discovered. Very likely he murders somebody, and, I suppose, after all, the story ends well."

"Really," said Darcy, "this farce is tiresome."

junior, and Father Benedict, and if you recollect the story, so much the better."

"Are you mad or drunk?" said Darcy, abruptly.

"Neither the one nor the other. I never was in more complete possession of my faculties than I am at the present. You recollect the names?"

"Well," said Darcy, laughing, spite his annoyance, "I do; what then?"

"Repeat, then, Sir John Valdemar, Gurth, the swineherd, Alicia, Count Aquapendente, Father Benedict."

"Quite right! and now for Eugène Bazas."

"He says that his brother is at present in Venice, as custodier of the Pallazzo Nerini, and it is necessary that you should go and see him."

"That I should go?" said Darcy; "what can I learn from him."

"You will learn the truth from him," said the inspector, "if you give him this letter from his brother, and at the same time show him this from me, which you will observe is a request to the Austrian police to arrest him and send him here. You had better start to-morrow morning; and you are sure you recollect the names of the *dramatis personæ* of Scribe's drama at the Français?"

"This is not fair," said Darcy. "I am not a child, and there is no use for all this mystery and, permit me to say, tomfoolery. Tell me plainly what the connection is between the idiotic story you have told me and my mission; for I see there is some connection, as I don't look upon you as a fool."

"I am inspector in the first order of the French police," said Goudot, smiling. "I will tell you, so far, the connection between the story I have told you and your mission."

"The police in Venice have an ugly practice of opening letters, and so, *entre-nous*, has my chief here. Now, I wish to keep to myself the entire credit of the discovery I think I have made in your case, and as I will have frequent occasion to communicate with you, I mean to use the names we have learned by heart. You will find them fit in remarkably well with the persons you will have to come in contact with in the course of your inquiries; and, to begin, Gurth is Leon Bazas. You will have no difficulty in recognising the other personages; and if you had paid attention to my very elegant *precis* of the incidents of the drama, you would find that it would afford a clue to the discovery you will assist me in verifying."

"I should like you to be more explicit," said Darcy; "what is his discovery?"

"That," said Goudot, "I decline to tell, because as yet it is only a theory. If corroborated, as I think it will be by your inquiries, you will be one of the first who will know it; and I will write you frequently so as to keep you on the proper track in the course of your investigations. Moreover, I have selected two of the forces who will act as your servants, and whom you will find exceedingly useful and obliging. They will go with you."

"Darcy determined to start the next morning. He was, however, delayed by a letter from Brian, regarding his property in England which required a good deal of consideration. Brian's letter, otherwise, was mysterious. It was evident from it that the feeling among the public, at least among those who still canvassed the case, was becoming more adverse to Darcy; and the theory that Sir Philip Warden had perjured himself, started at first by an obscure paper, had been taken up by some of the leading journals, and treated in a way which showed that that solution of the many difficulties was not considered improbable.

Darcy had noticed this himself in the few English papers he looked at from time to time, but in reality it did not distress him much. The first unpleasantness of his position was over, and conscious of his innocence, there was a certain romance in his position which had its attractions. Moreover, the exclusively French life he had been leading suited him well, and was unattended by any embarrassments from his equivocal position. He felt hurt, certainly, at Bella's want of confidence; but we have failed to convey a just idea of our hero's character, if it is not apparent that a philosophical indifference, a determination not to aggravate necessary unpleasantness by impatience or fretting, was one of his chief characteristics. Nay, having once satisfied himself that the misfortune had happened and could not be got better—or, as he phrased it, once he saw he was in for it—he set himself industriously to work to banish the disagreeable subject from his mind altogether; and I verily believe that had he been sentenced to death at his trial he would hardly have thought on the subject till ten minutes before the unpleasant ceremony was to take place, and that, had he lived in the good old times when the condemned criminal was treated to a special sermon by the ordinary, he would have occupied the time of its delivery in an unimpassioned mental criticism of its merits as a rhetorical composition.

Brian, in his letter, said that Mrs. and Miss Legh had left Edinburgh, and without informing him or anyone else where they had gone to. "Indeed," wrote Brian, "I am no longer legal adviser—I am no longer the friend of Mrs. Legh. In short, we have had a quarrel with which you were connected. I cannot bring her to think as I do on a certain subject. There is no quarrel, however,

between me and her daughter, and who, on the same subject, I find much more reasonable. Indeed, she is one of my converts or one of yours. I have tried to ascertain whither they have gone, but as yet unsuccessfully. I should not be surprised if you should fall in with them on the Continent."

It was a beautiful morning in the month of April, when Darcy left Paris. His journey was uninterrupted by any adventure, and he reached Venice in two days. Having deposited his luggage at a hotel, Darcy took a gondola to the Palace Nerini, which he soon reached. I am not going to describe it nor Venice. The palace of the old Nerini family was, like the other historical houses in Venice, used in its lower stories for a warehouse, in which, however, there was no merchandise—the upper stories were let for lodgings; but at this time only a fourth of the spacious rooms it contained were occupied. Trade in Venice had not been flourishing lately—there is not life in the town. The old society has left, and the officers of the Austrian army, well aware of the detestation in which they are held, though good fellows in the main, and more gentlemen, in the English sense, than the officers in any other Continental army, are quite aware they are detested by the native population, and, therefore, are not so frank and *debonnaire* as they otherwise would be.

Darcy inquired for the Custodier by the name of his office, and not for Leon Bazas, it being his cue not to know anything of Leon Bazas or his antecedents. He was shown into a large vaulted room, in which some choice statues and a few pictures of Titian yet remained, the vestiges of a collection the best of which English money had long since secured to a country where works of art, if not more highly appreciated, are more highly valued than in their native homes. He had not to wait long ere Leon Bazas, or at least he presumed Leon Bazas, made his appearance.

Physiognomy is by no means a certain science. It is said that man's life writes itself in his face; but there are other authors at work on the same sheet. A strong digestion keeps the cheeks lump, and does not allow the development of the lines of the mouth, while a bad digestion has the contrary effect. Moreover, nature gives a man an ugly face at his birth, and the features develop the original type as the child grows to the man. So that the commonest thing in the world is an amiable, prepossessing face in a man of the most brutal selfishness and good humour—a fine rattling fellow, incapable of friendship, incapable of anger, and of strong animal spirits. Such a *bon garçon* will sacrifice you with a mile; do a calculated baseness with great self-approval, and will tell the truth when it suits him. Another exceedingly common phenomenon, is a man with pinched features, a mouth which never shows his

teeth, lips tightly drawn down, hard eyes, melancholy, reserved, austere manners, and a most bilious constitution; and yet when you know this disagreeable-looking fellow, you will find him the very pink of honour and generosity,—a man who, with a grim countenance will exercise a self-denial, a patience in suffering, and wrong a generosity of forgetfulness and liberality, which, taken together, will make a character, in point of Christianity, worth a million of hail-fellows well-met. In one's own experience, also, of the fairer sex, who has not found ladies who did not deserve the adjective which our politeness pressages? who were not fair at all, but positively plain, nay, decidedly ugly, and yet very angels in every amiable feeling, and thoroughbred ladies in every thought and action of their lives? And oh, ye beauties! how many of you with your dove-like eyes, your pencilled eyebrows, your mouth so sweetly wreathed in smiles, your supple, elegant figures, are absolute fools, and often somewhat worse, hard, unfeeling, selfish, and vulgar.

And all this, by way of preface to Mr. Leon Bazas, whom we will now describe. Six feet two in his stockings, the Custodier was the tallest Frenchman not exhibited as a giant. His figure was elegant, implying both strength and activity. Rich black hair, curled naturally on a finely-shaped head, which if, perhaps, smaller than corresponded to the height of the man, would, nevertheless, have been accepted by the phrenologist, brother humbug to the physiogomist, as indicative of more than average mental power,—a conclusion corroborated by a pair of black, knowing, piercing eyes shaded by eyebrows which would have been the envy of many gentlemen fired with the noble ambition of being a ladies' man. Such an ambition the full, silky moustache and curled beard would have assisted, and which the clear, but dark-brown complexion would have ensured of success. Nor were the gentleman's manners out of keeping; how these courtly manners had been acquired was a difficulty, for much of Leon Bazas' early youth had been spent in the hulks.

Darcy felt somewhat puzzled at the imposing appearance, and grave, polished manners of the Custodier. Was there no mistake? Could this be Goudot's *mauvais sujet*? If so, certainly, thought Darcy, the French surpass us in works of art, and in nothing more than the quality of Ticket-of-leave, or, rather, Ticket-without-leave, (men), for Leon was in that category they turn out. However, it was his rôle to speak to Leon as he appeared to be, and accordingly he addressed him with even more than the amount of ceremony he would have used to a man in his position.

"You are, I suppose," said Darcy, "the Count's *charge d'affaires*?"

Leon bowed.

"I am desirous," said Darcy, "to take apartments in the palace: are there any disengaged?"

"Yes, sir," said the Custodier, in good English; "there is no want of apartments now: allow me to conduct you over the palace. You may have nearly any of the rooms you prefer."

Darcy was not long in fixing, and that day, having removed his luggage from the hotel, he was installed in his new abode, which he took in the cosmopolitan name of Smith. Next day he asked the Custodier to do him the honour to dine with him, and the invitation was accepted.

Darcy received Leon Bazas with the greatest courtesy. M. Bazas acquitted himself creditably. There was no assumption in his manner; on the contrary, there was, throughout, a tacit admission of social superiority, which, however, had nothing in it of a servile manner. A grave, educated schoolmaster dining with the lord of the manor could not have conducted himself with greater propriety. Darcy keenly scanned the countenance of his guest; but except an occasional twinkle of the eye and a grave watchfulness, he discerned nothing at all corroborative of the character the inspector had given him. Could it be that, after all, his guest was another man? He would soon make the discovery.

"Have you been long," said Darcy, "in Venice?"

"Only two years."

"I thought so! I presume, from your manners, you have travelled extensively? The Count Nerini, I suppose, has been in England?"

"Yes, but I was not with him. I, however, know England. I was in the employment of Lord Beaucham for some years, and can speak your language tolerably. I wish I was back. Venice is not a town for a man with any energy, or who requires amusement and society. Not that I have any reason to complain of my master. The Count is a liberal man: but, after all, this is Venice, and I am a Frenchman."

"Is not Lord Beaucham's place in the county of Hampshire?" said Darcy. "I think it is near Elervesy, belonging to Sir Philip Warden."

This was a guess on the part of Darcy—a random shot. A slight start and no response on the part of his companion satisfied him he had hit the mark, and he went on—

"I was very intimate with Sir Philip at one time. He was a remarkable man, and I daresay, from your residence in the same county, you must have heard a good deal about him."

"I think you are mistaken," said Bazas. "I recollect no

such name, and my Lord Beaucham's residence was not in Hampshire, but in——"

The fellow hesitated. Darcy concluded that, so far as Bazas knew, Lord Beaucham resided nowhere. He went on, however, seeming not to notice his hesitation—

"I don't think I can be mistaken: I have frequently met his lordship at Sir Philip's; but perhaps his property might be in one of the neighbouring counties. But I am surprised at your not having heard of Sir Philip. He was a man of mark at any time, and there was an event which took place some months ago in England which has made him more a topic of conversation than ever. Do you ever see the English newspapers?"

"Never," said Bazas; "they are not allowed in Venice."

"Oh, then, I will tell you the story," and Darcy proceeded to give his companion the outlines of the Westminster tragedy.

"At the trial the case," said our hero, "was proved dead against Darcy, and there could have been no doubt as to the verdict, when suddenly Sir Philip Warden steps forward, and tendered the evidence of himself and his servant. Their testimony was allowed, and Sir Philip and his servant swore to an *alibi*. They both said that Darcy, at the time the murder was committed, was in Sir Philip's house in Grosvenor Square. Sir Philip's servant was very particular in his evidence, and mentioned sundry circumstances which made a great impression on the jury; and, indeed, if Sir Philip and his servant were to be believed, there was no doubt Darcy could not have committed the murder. Now, Sir Philip was a man of high character for veracity, and of great social and political position; and he was believed, and, in consequence, Darcy was acquitted.—But you are not taking your wine—a glass of champagne. You look fatigued."

Bazas did not look at his ease, but drank his wine and said nothing.

"Well, then," continued Darcy, "the strange part of the story is yet to come. I have it from Darcy's own counsel, who is a friend of my own, that not one word of this testimony was true, and this lately has been generally admitted in England, and is thought to be corroborated by the abrupt departure of Sir Philip, who left England next day. I suppose by this time a warrant has been issued to arrest him and his servant; but when I left England no trace had cast up of either. I heard, however, in Paris, that the servant was supposed to be somewhere in this town.—Bless me," said Darcy, suddenly, looking Bazas in the face, "what is the matter with you? you look as pale as a corpse. The wine must be poisoned!"

Now, it so happened Bazas was not in the least pale nor discom-
sed, and he knew it. After getting over the first surprise, his
nerves were too strong to allow of a second *lapsus*, and, in point of
it, before Darcy made the observation, he was as cool and
collected as Darcy himself; but Darcy's abrupt assertion at once
destroyed his assurance, and for a moment he became as pale as
Darcy said he had been.

"I am not very well," he said to Darcy. "You will allow
me to retire and leave you to your repose. I have to apologise
for forgetting. You must be in need of rest after your journey."

"I am not in the least tired," said Darcy. "Let us give up
the wine and try a little brandy-and-water—it will do you good."

"Thank you," said Bazas; "I think I had better retire."

"Stop a little!" said Darcy, rising, and stepping betwixt Bazas
and the door; "your conversation is so agreeable that I really
cannot hear of your leaving so soon."

A sudden change came over Bazas's manner. Darcy noticed his
eyes gleam, and saw him put his hand to his bosom. But our
hero was on his guard; the stiletto was hardly in the bravo's hand
before he saw pointing towards him a pistol, with which Darcy had
taken care to furnish himself.

"Be seated," said our hero, still in a tone of *moqueur* polite-
ness. "I really cannot allow you to part so soon; and, pray, put
that knife of yours, or it may make my revolver go off!"

Bazas looked round the room with the eyes of a lynx, and
seemed to meditate a sudden spring; but the cool, confident smile
remained on Darcy's lip, and the pistol was still pointed at Bazas'
head. He was subdued, and sat down sullenly.

Darcy poured out a glass of wine to himself, and another to
Bazas, and having drunk his own, he said—"You must have been
staken in supposing you did not know Sir Philip Warden. Now,
it strikes me that you have a remarkable resemblance to his
son; for I was at the trial, and his face was not unlike yours,
my friend."

"I think," said Bazas, respectfully, "that you are over-
tired with your journey. Forgive me for saying it,—you are not
very coherent in your ideas. Allow me to advise that you call in
to-morrow; strangers do not at first agree with Venice."

"I thank you," said Darcy, "I am not in the least tired nor
embarrassed, Mons. Leon Bazas!"

The Custodier started. He saw that he was known and recog-
nised, and that his game was up.

"What do you wish?" said he, driven to despair. "I see you
now who I am. Let us come to plain-speaking at once. Who
are you?"

"Be it so," said Darcy, sternly. "I am not disposed at present to give you the information you ask. Suffice it that I have a letter from the Minister of Police in Paris, which will be paid every attention to by the police in Venice. Whether, or not, I shall use it depends on your frankness. I wish to know where Sir Philip Warden is at present."

"Sir Philip is at present in Venice. I will fetch him to you."

"Not so fast: I do not wish to see him immediately—not for a day or two. There is still some information I must get from you. Nay, do not rise. You are not to leave: you are in my power. My servants have orders to prevent your escape. They will also in the meantime take your part as custodier, so that the Count will have no reason to complain of any neglect of his interest. It will be necessary therefore that you give them the keys."

Darcy rung the bell, the two servants whom Goudot had given him answered the summons. "M. Bazas," said Darcy, "has expressed a wish to be relieved from the duties of custodier during our stay in the palace; he will accompany you, and give you the keys. You will arrange where M. Bazas is to sleep, and take care he wants for nothing."

The two gendarme exchanged intelligent glances. Bazas did not move.

"Leon Bazas," said Darcy, "you asked me to state plainly what I want. I see there is no use keeping up the farce; you must give my servants your keys, and submit to their control, or I give you up to the police. It is much the same to me; but the private way in which, in the meantime, I would prefer managing the affair entrusted to me by the French police is more convenient, and may be more agreeable to you. I shall see you again to-morrow."

Bazas was trapped, a blank feeling of despair and apathy came over his face; but, without more a-do, he rose and prepared to accompany Darcy's servant.

"There is a letter to you," said Darcy, "from your brother; you may read it at your leisure; it will make you more communicative, I doubt not, to-morrow."

Darcy wished calmly to reconsider what he had learned. Clearly this witness, Sir Philip Warden's servant, was a man who would stick at nothing. That was his character, and upon that character had for a long time depended his living. According to Goudot's account, he had committed every variety of crime, and Darcy knew he had committed perjury—could it be that Bazas had also committed the murder? If so, what connection had Sir Philip Warden with it. Darcy hardly put the question before he withdrew it with a shudder, and yet it involuntarily recurred. Sir Philip could

re had no connection with the murder ; but it was probable he had learned the truth about it—had discovered that Bazas had been one of the assassins, but having insufficient evidence to convict him, he had forced or bribed him to assist in saving his ward.

Our hero had hardly arrived at this not very satisfactory theory to account for the facts, when he heard a knock at the door, and his valet entered. The gendarme Loiret was excessively courteous and deferential, in every respect a model servant. Darcy was delighted at his acquisition, and it did not in the least detract from his satisfaction that he knew that the servant kept a minute journal of every thing the master said and did, for the private perusal of Monsieur Goudot. Darcy had told Loiret that he knew such was the practice, and he did not object to it : and indeed, he would have much pleasure, subsequently, in perusing the journal, should his valet be so kind as to give him an opportunity.

"Monsieur," said the gendarme, "I have come to give you a piece of information. The Count Nerini, the owner of the palace, resides in it ; we have just seen him, and he does not seem to understand the new arrangements you have made in the palace. We have informed him, however, that his custodier has gone into the country for a short time, and that we are friends of his, who have agreed to take charge of the palace till his return. This, in the meantime, he has accepted as an explanation ; but I don't think he will be long satisfied with it. In short, you must so far let the Count into your plans as to convince him of the necessity of subjecting his servant to some restraint."

"What sort of a man is the Count ?" said Darcy.

"He looks his rank," said the gendarme ; "but he does not look a Frenchman. If I might be allowed to make a guess, I should say he is neither French nor Italian, the former of which he speaks accurately, and the latter, so far as I can judge without knowing it myself fluently, is not his native language—the impression of myself and my coadjutor is that he is an Englishman, and no more Count Nerini than you are. We have telegraphed our chief, and he will doubtless get a reply which will explain matters."

And he was right in his anticipation, for that evening, Darcy received a telegraphic despatch in the following terms :—"Gurth is the servant of Sir John Valdimer ; look out for the Lady Alicia."

The next morning Darcy had Leon Bazas into his room. He was sullen and dogged, and refused to answer any question put to him.

"Very well," said Darcy, after vain attempts to extract any answer to his questions ; "since I have taken the law so far into my own hands, I will take a few more liberties ; and, as we are in business, I may be inclined to pursue the methods of inquiry, sug-

gested by the *genus loci*. You will return to your room, and ~~the~~ instructions to your guardians are to allow you to pass the ~~next~~ twenty-four hours with an unlimited supply of water; if ~~you~~ want anything to eat, you must be prepared to answer a ~~few~~ questions."

Leaving this *regime* to be carried into effect, Darcy ordered his gondola, and left the Palace Nerini. The boatmen by his orders rowed to the Place St. Mark. It was in the middle of the day, and the intense heat forced Darcy within the awning of his gondola. He wished to have time deliberately to consider his position, and, drawing the curtains, he lighted his cigar.

Soon, however, his thoughts became confused; his cigar dropped from his mouth, and he was just disposing himself to slumber, when his gondola rubbed against another going in the opposite direction.

This awakened him, and he was in the act of drawing aside the curtains when he heard a woman's voice in the other boat say, in English—

"I know, dear uncle, that he is here; I have it from the best authority. I have traced him from Paris."

When Darcy opened the curtains some hundred feet intervened between the two gondolas; but he discerned in the mist which the hot sun drew from the water, the indistinct outline of a woman and a priest, engaged apparently in anxious conversation; but he could make no further discovery. Could the conversation he had heard relate to himself? and who were the speakers?

That night there was a masked ball at the Palace of St. Mark, which Darcy attended, more with the view of getting over the time till he deemed the discipline to which Bazas was being subjected had its effect, than with any expectation of amusement. There were the ordinary costumes present; devils, monks, moving stars, the conventional Englishman and Englishwoman, and sundry masques meant to insinuate the natural scorn and dislike of the Venetians towards the Germans, though it required considerable *finesse* to appreciate the intention, it not being safe directly to lampoon the ruling powers.

Darcy, who wore a suit provided for him by the foresight of Goudot, and which, whatever character it was intended to represent—and that Darcy never found out—was, at least, a complete disguise, met with and reciprocated the usual persiflage; but his mind was distraut, and he did not enter heartily into the amusement. Moreover, neither his Italian nor his German were of a kind to make conversation easy, so that he kept himself apart, and at last when it was found no amusement could be got out of him, he was let alone.

He passed the time watching the different groups and listening the morsels of conversation which he heard as he passed along. When so occupied, a young lady, clad in a gorgeous Greek tunic, passed him. She was alone. She turned and cast an expressive glance upon him, and, by a gesture of her hand, beckoned him to follow.

He did so, and she conducted him to a recess in the hall at some distance from the crowd, and which a heavy pillar cast into deep shade.

When they were withdrawn from public view, the lady lifted her mask, and, to Darcy's unspeakable astonishment, he saw Bella before him.

"Hush! hush!" said she, as he eagerly stretched out his hands. "There is time only for one object. Let me speak without interruption. You are known to be in Venice. My mother is here, and is using her utmost efforts to find out where you are. I speak simply to warn you. Your life is in danger. The relations of Count Grenville are powerful here and unscrupulous. They believe you guilty, and have sworn to revenge the murder. My mother is in the league, alas! alas! If it be as she says, I cannot blame her, and ought almost to blame myself for speaking to you. But, oh, Darcy! say once more you are not guilty!"

"Dearest Bella," said our hero, "I am as innocent as you are; and, moreover, I expect soon to prove it."

"Ah, Darcy, would to God you could! You cannot conceive what a relief it would be to me."

"But, Bella," said Darcy, "why is your mother so inveterate against me? Tell me that, dearest. She used to like me, and I never thought there was anything but mercy in her nature."

"Ah," replied Bella, "it is quite true my poor mother is all heart; but she is an Italian, and, Darcy, I will tell you her secret which has changed her gentle nature, and made revenge nearly a duty. The Count Grenville, the murdered man, was her own brother. She only discovered that a few days before the trial; for, in these unhappy times, for Italians, her brother had been a fugée under different names. She believes you were his murderer. She says the evidence is clear, irrefragable; but yet he sometimes appears to doubt, and but yesterday said to me that nothing else but the clearest evidence could have convinced her that one whom she considered noble and generous should turn out a mercenary assassin."

"That is some consolation," said Darcy. "Could you tell her you had seen me, and that I pledge my word I shall clear myself in a short time, and find out the true murderers; that I am on the track?"

"I wish that I could tell her," said Bella; "but it would be most dangerous. Her uncle is here, and he is a man who will stop at nothing to avenge his family. If she mentioned to him what I told you—and she would feel it her duty to do so—it would only subject me to persecution to tell where you are, and then my uncle, though a priest, is a nobleman and an Italian, and revenge is a family instinct."

"But," said Darcy. "you don't know where I am to be found. You tell me they know I am in Venice, and to say you have met me here gives them no further information than that which they already possess, for I shall be careful in leaving this place to avoid observation."

"I doubt if you can. Your manner and your disguise have alike attracted attention, and if it were known that you are the party they are in search of, an inquiry among the gondoliers would quickly lead to your discovery. We must bid adieu; already we have talked too long; we may attract attention if we linger longer. Nay, dearest friend," she added, as Darcy retained possession of her hand, "let me go; we will meet again, I am assured, under happier auspices."

"But," said Darcy, "can we not meet soon? You do not know how lonely and isolated I feel, or you would know how dear to me this interview has been—how I will long for another!"

"I will be at St. Mark's next Sunday. Be you there too. Your disguise will do—I do not think any one but I could have found you out. If I can get an opportunity, I shall speak to you; but do not speak to me till I address you. And now adieu."

She replaced her mask, gently drew her hand from Darcy, and, leaving him, was soon lost among the revellers.

Darcy remained some hours longer, vainly expecting to see her again; but she had left the ball-room almost immediately after bidding him farewell.

Darcy felt his spirits lighter as he was rowed back to the Nerino Palace. He felt sure he had the clue in his hand which would lead to a discovery of the Westminster murder. He was convinced Leon Bazas was concerned in it; but he was at a loss to discover how that gentleman's natural reluctance to criminate himself could be overcome. Starvation was, no doubt, a severe ordeal, but as well starve as be hanged; and, so far as Darcy saw, without that inconvenient *dénouement* for the Custodier he could not get that complete vindication of his character which was necessary.

On his arrival at the palace, his servants informed him that they had strictly acted up to his orders, but recommended that the interrogatory should be suspended till next morning. They also

mentioned that the Count Nerini had left Venice for a day or two, that the necessity of an explanation with him was postponed.

That evening Darcy despatched a letter to his solicitor in London, asking whether he could obtain authority to offer a pardon to one of the murderers of Count Grenville, if he turned Queen's evidence against the other.

Next morning Bazas was again brought before him.

"Are you now disposed," asked Darcy, "to be more communicative, or must my friends resort to some other expedient of the French police, by which so often the truth is elicited? You know what these are yourself, having had the experience of being *au secret*, and you recognise in my servants two of the French police."

Bazas turned pale. He well knew what it was to be *au secret*.

It is considered essential in French criminal justice that a detailed and accurate narrative of all circumstances of a crime be drawn up in the *Acte d'Accusation* and when the materials for his narrative are wanting, but there exists little doubt of the guilt of the party accused, he is placed *au secret*. In this position he is visited frequently by the agents of the police, and subjected to perpetual interrogatories. Facts which he thought unknown are stated or implied, and he is asked to reconcile them with statements he has made. His own statements, from time to time carefully taken down, are compared, and he is asked to explain any discrepancy or contradiction. In this way the fabric of lies, by which a criminal nearly always attempts to support himself, is eaten down, and, in his confusion and dismay, he is often induced to confess. If not, facts are gradually eliminated from the mass of falsehood, and the gaps in the *Acte d'Accusation* filled up. If, instead of falsehood, the accused has recourse to sullenness and silence, another method is resorted to. He is not allowed to sleep, and is subjected, even though he does not answer, to repeated interrogations. If this method threatens to become tedious, starvation is resorted to, and at last, as it is quite clear to the accused that there is to be no cessation of this treatment, he abandons silence, and either makes a clean breast of it, or else tries the fruitless resort of falsehood. Thus it is only a question of time with discipline *au secret*.

It need hardly be remarked that this method of procedure, like the old methods of torture, from which in reality it is separated by a very marked difference, may occasionally force an innocent man to confess to guilt; but there is this difference between the ancient practice and the more refined modern procedure, that formerly the torture was commenced at once, without any previous investiga-

tion into the guilt of the party—at least, without a degree of evidence sufficient to produce moral conviction on an unprejudiced man ; whereas a strong probability of guilt, and, indeed, evidence, must, in the first place, be collected, to a degree which would leave little doubt to an English lawyer of a conviction. It is, after all, only a piece of pedantry in French jurisprudence.

Now, it was quite true that Bazas had at least once in his life been in the secret police ; so that he knew what it meant, and he was convinced that he was at present as completely in the power of the French police as if he had been in a Paris prison ; and here he was utterly helpless, threatened with the same infliction by agents who were adepts in the process, and it did not lessen his terrors that his capture had been effected in the irregular and mysterious way Darcy had resorted to. On the contrary, he concluded that he would not have adopted so bold a procedure had he not had the countenance of the Venetian police.

These thoughts passed through Bazas' mind as Darcy sat coolly at the opposite side of the table waiting for a reply. He saw no chance of escape, no hope of mercy, on the cool, placid face of his judge and accuser ; but he had yet a card to play.

"If I tell you all I know," said he, "will you promise to allow me to escape?"

"I make no such promise," replied Darcy.

"And yet," said Bazas, "I can tell you what will clear your name of every stain. Yes, I know who you are ; you are Algernon Darcy, suspected murderer of Count Grenville. If I do not speak, you remain under that suspicion ; but I can clear you. I can restore you to the good opinions of society ; to all your enjoyments and pleasures. I ask you only for life ; I ask you to let me escape," he added. "If you knew what I suffer, you would not refuse this boon ; you would grant it as a punishment ; all I ask is misery and life."

There was a real pathos in his accents which convinced Darcy that he was speaking the truth. Darcy hesitated ; there was name, comfort, happiness offered to him, and only the condition of allowing a miscreant to prolong a painful existence for a year or two ; but he remained firm until the answer from England. He could give no promise.

He refused, but mentioned to Bazas, the application he had made to England and a green colour spread over the face of the criminal—a look of utter despair and terror. He was silent for some time. At last he said—

"Let me alone to-night ; give me food, and to-morrow, if I do not tell you all you wish, you can do with me what you please. I am in your power."

Darcy complied.

Bazas was removed to his place of confinement, and given as much as he could eat.

Next morning Darcy left his bed, after a sleepless night, to visit Bazas early.

That worthy was confined in one of the ancient dungeons of the palace, under the level of the canal, capable of being lighted only artificially. The walls were unplastered, and the huge stones of which they were composed gave them a massive appearance, which impressed on the prisoner the hopelessness of escape. The floor, too, was of stone, covered with the dust of half a century. An iron bedstead, a chair, a table, and a wash-stand constituted the furniture there, also two or three rusted iron rings, rivetted into the solid masonry, from which depended rusted chains, which indicated that additional and apparently superfluous methods of restraint had been sometimes employed in this gloomy chamber.

Darcy found Bazas still in the same subdued frame of mind. His two guardians had complied with Darcy's orders, and given him food; but as our hero had neglected to state that other restrictions used with respect to a prisoner *au secret* should be relaxed, the two police officers had thought it their duty that Bazas should have as little sleep as possible. He was bloodshot in his eyes, and with a restless, nervous look about him, showing that during his enforced vigilance his thoughts had not ran on pleasant subjects.

Darcy began his conversation by asking if he had now made up his mind to make the necessary disclosures.

"On one condition, I shall do so," said he. "You would not promise me my life or liberty yesterday, if I told you all. But you said you had written to London for authority to admit me to the privilege of Queen's witness, which, I suppose, means this, that if I betray my confederate, I shall be pardoned this time. Well, provided you get authority from England, do you promise, notwithstanding the confession I am willing to make to you at present, to let me have the advantage of being Queen's evidence?"

"You may safely promise that," whispered Loiret.

"I promise," said Darcy.

"Well, then," continued Bazas, "I shall make my confession by one o'clock. Meantime, would you order these gentlemen to allow me to sleep quietly till then, for I require to be refreshed to tell my story correctly."

Darcy looked at the two *agents de police*.

"We did not consider it wise, sir, to abandon the treatment

au secret, except to the extent you ordered, especially when its effects were so successful."

Bazas smiled grimly.

"I promise you, gentlemen," said he, "that the relaxation I ask will not alter my resolution, which is to tell everything, trusting to the promise of Mr. Darcy."

Darcy gave the required order, and, to make sure that the prisoner should not be subjected to any alternative persecution, he told his two servants that their prisoner was to be let absolutely alone. They were only to take care he should not escape.

"I should not try," said Bazas, "even though I were allowed. You do not know the effects of treatment *au secret*."

One of the effects were visible enough, for in a minute Bazas was sound asleep.

The door was locked and he was left to his slumber.

It might be expected that the interval till one p.m. should be spent by Darcy in a state of restless anxiety; but we have failed to portray this hero properly if the reader should think he betrayed any symptoms of such feelings. On the contrary, he got over the intervening time quietly by conning over an Italian novel with the occasional use of a dictionary. He lunched, as usual, at noon, and by one p.m. was sitting quietly in his room waiting the entrance of Bazas, on whose confession depended everything which man holds dear. But an interruption occurred, which for a time shook even Darcy's equanimity. There was a sonorous ring at the bell.

Darcy listened; he heard the street door opened, heard the voices of several people, among which he distinguished that of Loiret's, steadily asserting that his master was not at home, and that it was unnecessary to enter; but as they did enter, and Darcy heard the sound of several footsteps ascending the stairs, it was clear the new-comers insisted on ascertaining for themselves the truth of the servant's statement.

Darcy was indignant. Such a forcible entry, to an Englishman, is intolerable. It was, therefore, with flashing eyes he rose from his chair as the intruders entered.

His surprise overpowered his indignation, for the first who entered was Mrs. Legh, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, and by five of the Venetian police.

"There is your prisoner," said the ecclesiastic to the police, pointing to Darcy; "secure him!"

But the arrest did not seem so simple a proceeding. Darcy's servants, accustomed to face any danger, flew to his side, and each drew from his bosom a revolver; Darcy took Loiret's.

Look ye, gentlemen!" said he sternly, "I am not a man to be meddled with with impunity. Advance one step and I fire. The assailants drew back, but they too were armed, and more than one death would have followed had not Mrs. Legh stepped between them.

"Mr. Darcy," said she, "it is vain for you to resist. The killer of Count Grenville must be avenged by his countrymen. He escaped in England, but you must stand your trial here."

Mrs. Legh," said Darcy, "God knows, if the trial would bring me to light, I should myself court it, but I doubt the result; conscious of my own innocence, I shall protect myself from risk. I am here under the protection of the English Embassy, this letter will probably inform the leader of your party that I am also under the protection of the Police of Venice. So saying he handed the letter to the Sergeant of Police in command of the party who had brought him to the trial.

"It is quite true, madame," said the Austrian functionary, "I have been carefully perusing the latter. Monsieur is entitled to protection; we cannot arrest him."

There was silence for a short time, which at last was broken by the priest.

"Mr. Darcy," said he, "I am uncle to Count Grenville, whom you are accused of having murdered. I am a man of peace, and I do not seek human revenge. Besides, I condemn not a man without a trial. I have read over the evidence of the English trial, which must yourself admit is against any other theory than that you perpetrated the crime; and if there were any doubt, the fact now established, that the evidence of Sir Philip Warden, to which you were acquitted, was false from beginning to end would of itself settle it. This, I say, is the view taken generally of your case. I was at first, that unhesitatingly believed in by my niece, and it was the conclusion to which I arrived without the slightest hesitation, until this hour when for the first time I have seen you. The reason which makes me now doubt the correctness of the general opinion is nothing more nor less than your expression and manners; so, of course, I cannot urge that as any reason to induce others to alter their own mind against the conclusion of reason. I should like, therefore, to hear whether you have anything to say for yourself which I have not yet heard, and which may fortify my favourable opinion I am at present induced to entertain."

This speech, made with perfect coolness, was to Darcy's own surprise.

"I thank you," said he, "for your candour and for the favourable impression you are disposed to entertain, and the more so as I can use it in my power at present, if I am not mistaken, if not

to deepen this impression into conviction, at least to make it less fleeting than you tell me it is likely to be.—Bring in," said he to his servants, "Leon Bazas."

Nothing was said till that worthy entered the room, and then Darcy desired that the gendarme should withdraw, in the meantime keeping guard to prevent any one escaping if they thought proper.

SMITH, BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

"Oh, that I had a title good enough to
Keep his name company!"

Merchant of Venice.

SMITH! Brown! Jones! Robinson!—who cares
For commoners with names like theirs?
Or seeks to make acquaintance with
A Robinson, Jones, Brown, or Smith?—
But clap a coronet upon
Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson,
And see how quickly honoured is
Each *nomen multitudinis*!
In Strangford, Smith obtained renown;
Kenmare and Sligo brighten Brown,
Making its noble number four
With Lords Kilmaine and Oranmore;
While Ranelagh's old peerage owns
Its kindred in untitled Jones;
And Robinson's redoubled ray
Shines forth in Ripon and De Gray.

Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, behold
Your names by Bernard Burke enrolled!
And all our nobles numbered with
Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Smith!

EDMUND LENTHALL SWIFT.

VISIT TO THE ISLE OF AMSTERDAM.

SOPHIA MARKHAM had not quite recovered the good looks of which she used to be so proud, and was, if anything, rather *embonpoint*; but her late residence in England and on the Continent had greatly improved her appearance. She had large black eyes, her cheeks were somewhat of a brunette's, her hair was glossy black, and her features regular. She was above the middle height and her appearance dignified; but she was of that class, so numerous in India and elsewhere, also to be found,—women who cannot live without some sort of excitement. When the poet who was himself a cynic, and whose life was a long disease, said of the sex that "every woman was at heart a rake," he was not very far from the truth; and had he known the ladies who are the staple examples of Indian life, or spoken of the women who form the generality of society in colonial settlements, he would have been justified in his censure, though, happily many homes in the United Kingdom, may shew exceptions to it. Eliza confided to her friend parts of her little history, and Sophia found her thoughts turning to a new theme, and they went over the subject again and again.

The third day after their arrival, Mrs. Markham was not sorry to hear from the agent the news that he had selected a ship, and that he thought it desirable she should visit it.

"It will be," said she to Eliza, "such fun going over it; we can take a boat to the docks, and then return by the City; and as the agent tells me the hour when the captain is to be on board, we can time ourselves so as to be there and see all the arrangements.

The next day was fine, and they both decided upon going by the river. On the sail down, Mrs. Markham showed Eliza the different buildings on each side of the Thames, and they soon reached the wharf where they were to land, at which place the agent was ready to meet them, and conduct them to the dock, where the vessel was lying. They went along with this cicerone, and walking on board from the dock, were introduced by him to the captain. Mrs. Markham saw her cabin and approved of it, and it was told her that the vessel would sail in about a fortnight; but that she need not go on board until they reached Portsmouth. As everything she saw met her approbation, she said that she would engage the cabin. They walked over every part, went through the cuddy, the different decks, and Mrs. Markham explained all to Eliza. After

they had had their curiosity satisfied to the full, they proceeded, under the agent's guidance, to a stand, where they got a cab and drove back to the west end. On their way back Sophia kept telling Eliza all the details about sea voyages, and both during this drive, and all the other's which they took together in town, they conversed constantly together, and never tired of each other's society. The feeling of friendship between them seemed to become cemented day by day. Eliza said that evening after dinner, that she felt a sense of trust in Sophia, and were it not for that she never would have had courage to venture upon such a thing as making a voyage to India, though, indeed, she added "I have had numerous letters from a person there, who is most anxious that I should go out." Seeing Mrs. Markham's curiosity roused, she said, "My mother is exceedingly anxious that I should be married to this young man, who is rich enough, and you must know that I have already once refused him; but he knowing my mother's wishes is incessant in his solicitations that I should think better of it. In fact, I suppose he is really most anxious. Now I, to tell you the truth, candidly do not like him enough to accept him as a husband."

"Then," said Sophia, "is there another more favoured rival in the case? or is it only from a bashful reluctance to this man, or a dislike to him, that you refuse his offer? Who is the man that has made you so many offers? and what is his occupation out there?"

Eliza said, "He is a civilian—a judge."

"That," said Mrs. Markham, "is a very high office, and he must have an excellent salary; but, of course, I could not say anything about it, unless I knew all the circumstances."

"Then, I do not fancy him," said Eliza, "and I really think that I would prefer poverty with one I loved to immense riches with this man."

"But who is the more favoured being?" said Sophia. "Does he also reside in India?"

"Well," said Eliza, "as I have gone so far, and as you have shown me such proofs of your undoubted friendship, I must tell you that the man of my heart is, I believe, in India; but I never hear from him; and it seems to me so hopeless, indeed, so vague to think of him even, that I scarcely like to do so. He is a young E. I. officer, and I have known him from the time I was a child. Before he went away he told me that he would never cease to think of me, whatever might be his fortune, or whatever changes might pass over him. My mother does not approve of my thinking of him, and urges me to accept the rich civilian's offer; but I cannot say that I have made up my mind to do so, and I cannot but cherish a recollection of the young cadet. But he is only a youth, and I am told

t there is no placing any confidence in young men's affections."

"Well," said Sophia, "as both of them are in India I am sure are now taking the right path to reach the prize that may await you, whether it be a small one, or whether it be a great one. On my part I shall not offer a syllable of advice on the point; and whatever step you may take, I shall have but one wish, which is that you may find that you have made a happy choice. We shall have a great number of things to do this next fortnight; but as to going to Portsmouth, before three weeks from this time, I shall not think of it. It is not pleasant as a residence; but here we must make our outfit, as the men call it, and it will require hours and hours shopping. How fond I am of shopping when I am not tired! But it fatigues one, and then the people try so much to take one in."

The agent was of most extensive use in giving them the list of shops to go to; but the task of selecting, which, indeed, to most women, is a pleasure was such as took up a great deal of time. Days rolled on and Eliza heard every now and then from her mother, but at last the time came that they received notice of the intended sailing of the vessel from the docks, and as they had sent their cabin all the articles which they required, and had left to the captain and ship's officers to order the arrangement of it for their accommodation, they said that all that remained for them was to proceed in a few days to Portsmouth, and take only a portmanteau and bonnet-boxes, so as to be ready to go on board at an hour's notice. To Sophia it was all comparatively easy, she had been in the habit of travelling since she had been a girl, and with her husband in India also. She had come from India unaccompanied by any friend, and reached home by herself, and after that had been on a visit everywhere that she wished to go on the Continent. So she was not in the least put out when she left London, and taking a chaise for Portsmouth determined to make two days' journey of it as the most convenient way of escaping fatigue. The same process of extortion which travellers met with on the road from London to Dover, such as Dickens described as being fleeced at Epsford, cheated at Rochester, rifled at Sittingbourne, pillaged at Canterbury, and plundered at Dover, prevailed in the different inns which our two travellers stopped at, and, for all that my experience can say, seems to be in all hotels the normal practice throughout England; but they reached Portsmouth without further inconvenience, than having paid about three times as much as they ought to have been charged, and finally put up at the house of another extortioner in the great naval resort. They soon heard here of the arrival of several passengers, who were also going to sail in the company's ship, "*Queen of the Sea*." They were very little

tempted to go out, and the place did not offer much attraction to lady visitors ; but after staying at the inn two days, they had a visit from the friendly captain of the "Queen of the Sea," to say that his ship had arrived at Spithead the night before, and that he should sail the next day if the wind continued fair. Then the captain entered at large upon the subject of the vessel's sailing, and the prospect before them, and numerous other things, about which he was quite at home, and told them what time it would be most advisable to go on board, and took his leave to visit some other passengers.

Mrs. Markham said to Eliza, "I hate staying in this odious place—I hate seeing the soldiers and sailors walking up and down the street, and the vulgar, low tone of the assemblages which one sees. I am sure I shall not be sorry to go on board after luncheon to-morrow. You know, you must make up your mind for dreadful sea-sickness, and an awful tossing about. In fact, it will be a new phase of life to you ; but it is what we all must all go through. You know, there is no help for it ; it is positively incurable. It is, however, too late to repent your wish."

When the time arrived for the departure of the two ladies to go in the boat which was to take them alongside the "Queen of the Sea," the weather was fine and mild, and the scene certainly presented nothing repulsive in its appearance, though, it was trying to the nerves of a lady, who had never seen before anything resembling it, or even looked at the sea before that time. But Eliza did not mind any part of it, until the time came for getting into the ship and being heaved up in triumph by the sailors ; the anticipation almost made her shriek, and when she was wafted in mid-air just previous to the elevation of the whip to the taffarel it required her utmost courage to refrain from crying out. When, however, this momentous ordeal of trial to the nerves had been gone through, and she was landed safely on deck, the sensation which her extreme beauty caused to the passengers and the sailors who were on board was such as almost to make them exclaim ; but as Mrs. Markham had gone through the process of elevation before her, and was ready on deck to receive her when she came, she fortunately had not much to suffer, and the captain told the stewardess to lead them to their cabin, which was between decks, one near the stern. The party on board were a mixed assemblage ; there were old officers, pompous, formal, and notwithstanding their long experience of life and their having travelled very much, idle and superficial. There were young officers who were not nearly as intelligent as young men of their own age in other walks of life, albeit they were generally better-looking, and more fashionable—at all events, much more insolent and self-sufficient ; there were old civ-

lians, whose guineas were yellow and so were their cheeks, as the song says; and these last old gentlemen, if not as formal, and as pompous, or what radicals call, as stuck-up as the officers, were more priggish, more particular, and more unsocial; there were half-caste ladies, which some one remarked were of the yellow hue—that is, neither one thing nor the other,—too fair to be wholly Indian, but too brown, “for a fair praise,” as Benedict said; none of them beauties, nor yet were the five ladies—only three of them young, by justice of their number of years (who indubitably belonged to that middle class of life which swarms in England) such as could be called pretty. They might have had a school education, but they wanted the unspeakable refinement of manners which an English patrician home and its influences imparts to ladies of high birth. The male passengers, the doctors, and the ship’s officers, were all unanimous in admiring the extreme beauty of Eliza, and her amiable, unsophisticated manners. Even the three young civilians, with all the *hauteur* and fastidiousness which belonged to Haileybury, and the consequential airs that had been instilled into them by their parents (who having been in India before them, had a full sense of their pride of place) condescended to notice the fair visitant, who seemed, amongst all of them the star of the goodly company. That night at tea, when all were assembled and took their places in the cuddy, the ladies and gentlemen were either proudly condescending, or familiarly formal, and vied with one another in saying civil things, to try and make the party less constrained. But as they were all English people, the most reserved of mortals, and the icy-cold formality was scarcely broken, as they all belonged to that community, so silent, so well-bred, so inanimate, so respectable, and so impassive. But soon after this wearisome meal the vessel was borne out into the channel by a favourable wind, and every landsman, and woman on board began to suffer the overcoming heaviness of sea-sickness. The two ladies found every attention paid them by the stewardess, and she procured for them the services of a soldier’s wife to attend to all their wants, till their arrival at Calcutta. The wind blew very fresh, and increased during the night, and, being favourable, soon took them out into the channel; but none of the passengers on board could come into the cuddy, and indeed, the little that was eaten was prepared in one of the large pots which the cook kept in the galley, and ladled out by the steward to the servants, who took it down to the different cabins, and this mess, which for the first two days was almost altogether rejected—together with tea, arrowroot, and brandy—were the only sustenance of the two ladies. They consoled with one another in faint voices, and wondered when it would get calm enough to allow of their rising from their cots; but by degrees the wind lulled, the swell in the sea became less and less, and if longer



beauteous nautilus on the surface, skimming like a
myriads of porpoises, and the dolphins and bonitas.
was given to all parties to view these different objects
sailors had not much to do in the management of
much was done for them by the favour of the trade
bore the ship along on its course. By degrees
individuals began to become better acquainted, and
which, if people only knew how to use it, is the great
life, become more general; every one of the young men
tried to ingratiate himself into favour with the two ladies
incomparably the nicest people on board. The elders
also, some of whom were unmarried, seemed bound
object, and had in one respect, a great apparent advantage
at table and on deck they could offer advice and
conversation which youngsters were both unable
position to undertake; but when there was music and
their restraint of a coremonial *sederunt* was shaken
was the youth who could either get into conversation
or with Mrs. Markham, or join the former in the dance
was very much the same as another, and all
tedious to the idle and the vacant-minded; but
steadily pursued any employment, whether it was
languages, a course of reading, playing at chess
to nautical subjects, the time hung much less heavily
were all, young and old, soon convinced that it was

Sometimes, after the six o'clock dinner, when it was, as it were, the breathing time of day for all passengers on board, the ladies used to sit on the poop, one of the civilians, who was an exquisite in his way, used to begin thus—

"Don't you find it dull, Miss Wilson, this board-of-ship life?"

Then she would say, "Well, Mr. Vavasour, I cannot say that I do. I read and I work!"

Then he used to say—"I think reading a bore!"

Then she would say—"I think it much depends upon the book one reads. Then," she would add, "perhaps you like chess?"

He would answer, "No; I think chess a bore."

"Then, are you fond of drawing?"

"No; drawing is a bore."

"Then, do you like music or singing?"

"No; I think each of them is a bore."

This young man was dressed remarkably well, and was decidedly handsome, but his complete vacuity of mind, and dislike to enter with interest on any topic, made those who were associated with him consider him, what he himself considered so many things to be—"a bore." Then there was an old officer who used to describe at full length the sort of country they might expect to see at Madras, and seemed almost to forget that he had told them the same thing the day before. He would then go into the different eatables which Madras was famed for, its mullignatawny, its fruits, its vegetables, its capons. His conversation generally commenced by the question, "whether she did not think the sea-air gave one a good appetite," and after this prelude he got into his usual strain of describing the living at Madras.

Mr. Meadows, a captain of infantry, had a fine set of teeth, and never stopped either repeating jokes, which made him laugh himself, or drawing out some risible remark from some one else, and responding with his usual laugh. He had a patronising laugh, and a courtier-like and an approving laugh, and a buoyant laugh, the result of good spirits, which was very easily got up indeed. The joyous wild play of the young cadets, and their constant practical jokes, and their frequent going up the rigging, formed a great fund of amusement also.

Everyone who has been on a sea voyage to India round the Cape knows how serene all usually is from the time of first reaching the trades until very near the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. Plenty of local scandal, tittle-tattle, the small talk, which is the life and soul of common-place minds, pervaded most of the company; even "hard words, jealousies, and fears" were very near making feuds amongst those who were in such close contact to one another, and who suffered so much from the bane of idleness.

Mrs. Markham and Eliza, however, were able to keep a good understanding with the other ladies, by being always well-bred, but not by any other means familiar with them.

The captain, who was a good songster, often amused them in the evenings with his songs, and one of them was a parody on "Beautiful Venice, the Pride of the Sea," and one of the verses went this way :—

" Oh, how I feel blessed ! while cleaving the wave,
I dare the wild storm, the elements brave ;
To watch thy trim sails, all thy tackling to see,
Beautiful vessel, the Queen of the Sea !
Thy keel cuts its way, so lightsome and fleet,
Through ocean's grim tide, all its dangers to meet ;
All changes of climate I'll welcome with thee,
Beautiful vessel, the Queen of the Sea !"

Several other verses, much similar in regard to meaning, and all laudatory of the vessel he was repeatedly singing ; and, certainly, as long as the ship held her foamy track through the trades, all was pleasant and peaceful ; but near the latitude of the Cape, after having had a voyage of about six weeks, and it being then the month of November, the face of affairs underwent a change. The wind, which had favoured them so long, left them, and they found it very stormy, and what was worse, the wind blew exactly in the opposite direction from what they wanted, in order to keep her course. In place of the fine, sunshiny days, and the awning over the poop to keep off the sun's rays, and the studding sails all set to increase the impetus which was requisite to bear them onward, it was all tempestuous and dark, the port-holes always shut, the sea so rough that the passengers could not walk the deck or scarcely stand on it ; the poor ladies kept wholly prisoners to their cabins ; the ship now, with every tack of carvass reefed up, being borne about by the uneasy surge ; the captain and sailors gloomy and discontented, and at their wit's end for want of being able to take observations.

The fortune that awaits a young man, for the most part, if he engages as a cadet in the E. I. Service, depends upon his application. Of course, on some rare occasions, the brunt of war called forth examples of courage and undaunted resolution, and was instrumental in giving to the world such men as Clive, Edwards, and the Lawrences ; but the normal task of arriving at wealth and preferment was open to all of moderate abilities who studied, and, certainly, that service was more eligible for friendless men, and more fraught with incentives to emulation for any class of men, than one in which wealth alone was the means of ensuring advancement.

Clarence Hervey made the study of the languages so much his occupation, that after a world of care and pursuing the task most unremittingly, he succeeded in passing the regulated examination, and was declared qualified as an interpreter, or to serve on the staff. He felt very joyful on the occasion. He had attained to a position which made him eligible for any lucrative staff employment. But his toil had really been tremendous. It brought on a reaction, and, for the first time since he had been in India, on his return to Barrackpore, after leaving the hall of examination at Calcutta, he found himself suffering from a low fever, such as makes a residence in the swampy air in the neighbourhood of the Ganges very dangerous; and the doctors advised him to get sick leave, and, if possible, to go as far as the Cape of Good Hope as soon as he was well enough to leave the house. When this was the fixed decision of the medical men, and, moreover, there was no immediate prospect of an appointment, no place being then vacant, Hervey sent in his application for leave; and when it reached the commander-in-chief's office, the general said, immediately—

"Oh, if the officer has passed his examination in the languages, I shall have no objection to his going where he likes, or even as to the length of time he may stay away."

Such was always the expression of opinion on the part of all the authorities in India, with regard to such cases. But though the situation bore its claim to merit, and though the laurels gained by it had their charms, yet there were drawbacks to Hervey's felicity, and that of his ill-health was, to his mind, though apparently the greatest, yet the circumstance of his being obliged to leave Calcutta, was the most ill-omened to his hopes of any thing that had happened to him. His friends had all congratulated him, on his arrival, upon the occasion of his having passed the examination, and most cordial was the greeting of Sleeman to him when he first saw him.

"I think, he said, "that now you will find little to come between you and your most ardent wishes."

But two or three days afterwards came on the untoward attack of illness, and then, of course, health was the first consideration. A great source of uneasiness, also, to Hervey was knowing, from what he had heard at Calcutta, that Sharman was making the most extensive preparations for the reception of his lady and her friend from England, and that he had already invited a civilian and his wife to welcome them to his home. When Hervey had been at the Fort for his examination, he received several invitations from the civilian. He had declined them all, yet he was perfectly aware of the grand and sumptuous style that he was living in, and that he was in full expectation of being rewarded for his trouble, in

having the supreme felicity of entertaining his long-expected lady-love.

In a place like Calcutta, where, it may be said, the inhabitants live on gossip and scandal, or tittle-tattle, there was not an English inhabitant, male or female, that did not descant upon this topic. There, in fact, no single gentleman is a welcome visitor at a lady's house who has not some small talk to retail to its mistress relative to English society. As women always give the tone to society, and as no detail of native life in India is in the slightest degree interesting to them, or to the male sex either, they are forced to find topics of conversation by talking of one another, and this they do to an extent that prevails nowhere else. The anxiety which Mr. Sharman felt for the appearance of the ship that was to bring out his affianced bride was a standing joke with all parties.

It was with feelings of much lassitude and almost of despair, that Hervey, accompanied by his faithful friend, went on board the ship, about to make a voyage to the Cape. Sleeman, with his characteristic cordiality and good-nature, congratulated him upon his having passed so favourably, and talked of the sea air being conducive to his recovery. Hervey, indeed, suffered more from weakness than from anything else, and there was every reason to look forward to the air being most beneficial to him. But, indeed, just at that very time it was very sad for him; that just when the halcyon dream of seeing the vision that had been the darling object of his heart—the morning star of his youthful hopes, in his mind's eye—he should be baulked, disappointed, and cut off from the prospect! “Oh, mia gioia, si bella perduta! Oh, mimbranza si cara fatal!” was instant to his thoughts and feelings.

He had engaged a berth on board of one of those vessels commonly called a clipper, as being one most eligible for him, his primary object of consideration being to escape the air of the Mahratta ditch, and to breath the purer air of the Indian ocean as soon as possible. Both the medical adviser and he himself felt that there was nothing like inhaling the sea air, however hurriedly he might be borne through it. The extreme quickness of the sailing in these clippers reminds one of the progress of the “Henrietta” from New York to Cowes. There are instances of such celerity of movement on the ocean being prejudicial to health, and the death of Lord Cornwallis was attributed to his quick voyage; but seldom would such motion affect a young man.

Very soon after Hervey's embarkation, the “Waterwitch” (which was the name of the vessel) was skimming through the waves in the Bay of Bengal. She was a vessel of 400 tons. Her captain, an experienced sailor, was anxious to reach the Cape of Good Hope as soon as possible. They had few passengers on

board, and they were mostly foreigners. But day by day the freshness of the breeze, the exhilarating nature of the change from the torpor of an Indian climate to the bracing influence of a sea life, had their effects upon Hervey's spirits, and he was soon as active and healthful as ever he had been, though his mind never for a moment lost sight of its paramount object.

So far as regards a party of pleasure, a marine excursion where ladies are present is certainly charming, but when it comes to actual work, when every man wishing to walk the deck is obliged to have his sea legs, when the breeze is fresh, and the white horses abundant, it is desirable to have none but the rougher sex. So, also, in camp—whether at Wimbledon, notwithstanding the prevalence of fast ladies' presence - or on the march, when you shift the canvass from day to day very early—or in the barrack, or at a mess, or even at a political meeting, bright eyes are *de trop*. "Transports," says Ralph Nickleby, "interfere with business; so, also, do the cause of most men being transported and excited—namely, women."

There were no women on board of the "Waterwitch;" but Hervey did not feel the loss of their society. As the days passed on he became every day more strong and active, and the revivifying effect of the sea air made him quite a different man. The rate at which the clipper went before the wind was something astonishing; it was also surprising that the breeze should have continued so long wholly in their favour. The transit from the Bay of Bengal to the latitude of the Mauritius, was effected in a lapse of time shorter than it had almost ever been done, when the swell and the bad weather, which usually one must expect near that stormy sea, came upon them. But Captain Sparshott was a first-rate sailor, and they had the sails reefed, the tackling properly shifted, and the vessel righted for rough weather. The driver was the only sail up, and the sea was so high that they required two men at the helm. With a craft so well timbered and so seaworthy, and with an open sea, there was no manner of danger, but great privation and trouble, as well as much anxiety. Also, the grand object was to keep a sharp look-out as to her position, and to make out by observations taken from the sun, as to whether they were well clear of the latitude of any rock or shore.

The bad weather which impeded the progress of the "Queen of the Sea" continued for some time, and during the gusts, and considering, also, the extreme swell which, as it were, guarded the approach to any of the bays in the vicinity of the Cape, the captain was quite averse to nearing it, and, so far as it in his power lay, stood out to sea, giving the continent, in his own language, "a wide berth." It was fearful sailing. The luckless passengers were

told to keep below, and not think of coming on deck to interrupt the seamen at their work. The hatches had to be battened down; the ship was like a gloomy prison below decks, but without the sense of security which even in the worst of times may comfort the minds of the inmates of a dungeon. The howling wind scarcely ceased its weird wailing night or day; the sunless day, was only one degree less frightful than the night. The mountainous waves bore aloft, like a piece of cork, or a minute plank, the spacious "Queen of the Sea." The danger rested with the incertitude of their situation. They might be drifted, by such a violent sea as then roared, to a lee shore, and then the largeness of the craft would only be more perilous to their hopes of keeping clear, and more replete with the imminence of destruction, in the event of their coming foul of any rock or sand-banks. Not the best of navigators could tell for a certainty whereabouts they were on the fourth day of their not having seen the sun at noon, having been deprived of the means of making any observations.

'Tis all very well in poetry to talk of "daring the elements to strife," but sailors know that such is all talk. The captain had every precaution taken, and kept her head before the wind as well it possibly could be done; but the wind was very powerful, and the best of pilots could not say what they might look forward to if the foul weather lasted. But the captain said he knew they must be to the nor'-west of the Cape of Good Hope several leagues. Then, after the four days tossing about, and being driven to and fro before the wind, there arose a new cause for fears, and one just as terrible as any that can betide a vessel in such circumstances—she had sprung a leak; and notwithstanding the difficulty of standing to the work, and the continual labour which it involved, the men had to ply the pumps without intermission. The condition of the poor ladies was deplorable. They, of course, could not rise. Mrs. Markham said that she felt so deeply having been the cause of bringing Eliza out, to go through such a terrible trial, and Eliza, said—

"Oh, my dear Sophia! do not say so; as to what is to happen to us all, it is under the decree of Providence; and ought we not to take all that comes as His sending, and be content therewith? It is like an impious railing at the dispensations of the Almighty, to repine. Whatever is ordered for us will happen for the best: ought we not to know in Whom we believe?"

"Yes," said Sophia, "but the dreadful shock this gives to one's nerves almost takes away one's senses, and it is almost too much to expect one to be tranquil under the circumstances."

After the leak had sprung, the captain found it impossible to keep the passengers from coming on deck, or holding on by the

ckling, and looking aghast at the fearful turmoil of the elements. One of the hatches being open, all the men, young and old, issued through it, and then, as the wild waves were every minute washing over the deck, they covered it over with the tarpaulins, and spread the tarpaulin over them. But some hours after the leak took place all on board felt a tremendous shock, and neither landsman nor seaman could stand upright. The ship went over to one side, having been drifted on a ledge of rocks, and the dashing waves went over her fast and furious. The sailors got out into boats as quickly as possible, and some of the men went down to the ladies' cabins, and pressed them to hurry up as fast as they could put their clothes on. They put the first boatful off, consisting of all the ladies, except Mrs. Markham and Eliza, and most of the passengers, with about three-fourths of the sailors. These all went into the boat, the land party sat down in the afterpart. The sturdy sailors strained at the oars, the bursting eyes of the fear-ridden passengers looked upward at the stormy skies. One mountain of a wave came and dashed over the little skiff, and they were swept away into the frightful deep, and not one left alive.

The captain, however, as the waves were dashing over the vessel, and she could not live long afloat, hurried the survivors on deck into the other boat, and went last himself. He managed to weather the dreadful elements better, but it was only owing to a lull having for a short time taken place. However, the sailors tugged hard at the oars, the helmsman kept her head so as to cleave the waves, and she just lived rough for about an hour and a half, when the captain, who had a glass, was able to see at a little distance that they were near some shore, and said that he thought it must be the Island of Amsterdam. As this was something to go upon, they joyfully sailed in the direction that he showed them. As he knew that there was one creek there that would allow of the entering of a small boat, he desired the steersman to keep the boat's head in that direction; and soon, after wonderful exertion on the part of the rowers, they neared the shore, which being a very high land all around, and some parts quite precipitous, gave them a sort of shelter from the storm from which they had suffered so fearfully the last few days. They had two barrels of biscuits and two fowling-pieces, a barrel of powder, and some fishing tackle, a keg of spirits, also a sk of beef, and the captain said that there was fresh water at Amsterdam, though there was, to his belief, nothing else which would at all recommend it. And not only fresh water, but hot springs were there, and the sailors pulled wistfully. They found that, aided by the shelter of the cliff, they gained ground as they neared this wonderful uninhabited island; they soon reached a sort of glen between

JUNE.

JUNE! the month of roses bright,
Untold charms now greet the sight;
Nook and glade, and glowing noon,
Ev'rything proclaims 'tis June!

M. A.

SHORT PAPERS ON MANY SUBJECTS.

II

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

I.

Bribes.—Few practices are more inimical to the happiness of society than the pernicious custom of giving bribes. Fraud, servility, deception, and unfairness are thereby encouraged to an extent difficult to estimate. Those who have influence, and are independent of the caprice and criticisms of society, should fight against a custom which undermines the independence of the working classes, and encourages injustice and dishonesty among rich and poor.

What I have especially in mind is this—you wish to have something done, and you are told the market price is half-a-crown. On tendering that coin in payment, believing, if experience has not taught you wisdom, that that is sufficient, you are informed that one or two other people have also a claim against you, the amount of which rests with yourself. Perhaps you decline to pay these unexpected demands, intending thereby to protest against a vicious and dishonest system, and you find that you deprive one or two humble persons of part of their daily wages. Let me give an illustration or two. A few months ago I was at Worcester, and having a box with me, told a cabman to take it to the house where I purposed staying. The distance was a mile, perhaps rather less, and the fare, I was informed was half-a-crown; in Birmingham or in London a shilling would have been ample remuneration. In addition, I handed the man a few pence. Instead of thanking me or appearing in any way pleased, he asked what he was to do with the three-pence. I replied that he was to keep them. Then the man's rage knew no bounds. He flung the money on the ground, and commenced abusing me at the top of his voice. At last, he seized my luggage, and was just putting it in the cab to take it away, when I took it from him, and closing the door left him outside. My first intention was to complain to the authorities, and I half thought of having the man taken up on a charge of running off with my property. On making inquiries, however, I found that the cabmen in that loyal town are not under the supervision of anyone, and that they are paid three shillings a week wages. It

seems it is customary, so at least my informants said, to give the cabmen sixpence or a shilling for themselves, and they depend on these gratuities or bribes for a livelihood.

Another case as bad came under my notice in London, that of a private hotel, where the servants were not paid wages, but depended on the sums of money they contrived to extort from their master's customers. Anything more objectionable I do not know. Nearly every one could recall abundance of similar instances.

Common sense and justice demand that in all cases there should be a fair and fixed rate of remuneration for services, and that gratuities should only be given, as a favour, to persons whose unusual skill or great willingness seems to entitle them to such a mark of kind feeling. Gratuities and bribes should never form part of anyone's regular wages; still less should any one be allowed to depend exclusively on them.

II.

INDIGENCE.—In a magazine article I once remember reading that in some parts of the East End of London it was not unusual for the very poor to purchase one boot at a time, and that few persons in some streets were ever able to buy a pair of shoes except by instalments. Let us hope that comparatively few of our humble brothers and sisters are reduced to such beggary as to be unable to purchase a pair of cheap boots. Unfortunately, it is not at the East End of London alone that penury abounds. Towns and districts far more favoured than Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, have tales as dreadful and heartrending to tell, proofs as awful to give of the luxury of the opulent, the indigence of the poor.

A friend of mine, a thriving boot manufacturer in Birmingham, was, a few months ago, telling me of a dreadful incident, corroborated by his wife, which had come under his notice nine years ago, in a low part of the town, when he was keeping a little retail shop, and sometime before he had raised himself into his present influential position.

A poor Irishwoman, one day, came into his shop, bringing a very old pair of shoes, which he had sold her a few months before. His customer looked deeply dejected: the boots had not worn well, and, if my friend had himself made them, no one who knows him would be at all surprised. There are few things, let me say, of which he knows less, and this is saying a good deal, than of his old trade—making and mending boots. The woman complained that she had paid three shillings for the shoes, three-pence more than for the former pair, and they had not worn well. "You charged," she indignantly burst forth, "three-pence more because you measured me for them; but if you knew you could not make a good

for the money, why did you not say so? On my word of honour I would gladly have paid you another penny to ensure you a really good pair." How many people are there to whom any would be of so much importance as to this poor Irish woman? One half the world does not know how the other half contrives to live. Were some of those people, who have succeeded to large fortunes and whom chance has, for no merit of their own, placed them in that the world calls a good, enviable position, and who know nothing of and care less for the struggles and sufferings of many of the poor, now and then to leave their luxurious homes and go into the low courts and alleys, where drink, disease, ignorance, squalor, and vice reign supreme, they would learn something that would shock and sadden them, and see sights that would sicken them to death.

III.

CASH PAYMENTS.—Few things would more certainly conduce to independence, honesty, and economy, especially among the working-classes, than cash payments.

When a man feels that he is not only out of debt, but that he has money to meet current expenses, how untroubled his mind becomes, what ample choice and freedom are his when he goes out to purchase what he needs! What inducement, too, the provident man has to put money away for a rainy day, when he knows that he will be expected to pay cash for what he buys! Every shilling he does not spend, every little gratification he denies himself, adds to the fund he is accumulating. With money in one's pocket one can always buy to the greatest advantage in the cheapest market, sometimes sell in the dearest. He, who like Longfellow's village blacksmith, can look every one in the face, for he owes no one a cent, fears not the tradesman's call, and can, like a man, enter any shop or warehouse in the town in which he lives, and buy and pay for anything he may require.

Debt forces a man into deceit. I will defy any man, whatever his integrity and veracity, to go through a month without being guilty of endless subterfuges and mean shifts, if he is heavily in debt.

Daily he will be asked for money, and daily he will have to wait for time, and to tell plausible strings of falsehoods.

When a man, besides being free from debt, has a small store of money on which, in any emergency, he can draw, he can look forward into the troubled and untried future with calmness and confidence.

In the event of trade being bad, he can keep the wolf from the door for months. In the still more trying event of sickness befalling him or those dependent on him, he can keep his head above water for many weeks. Should favourable openings occur elsewhere, he can, without borrowing from anyone the funds necessary

more elevating hopes and objects. Business is the chance of speedy death smaller, the enjoyment of life more unalloyed, when the mountain of debt, the dread of insolvency, do not press out of a man independence, and peace of mind.

What a blessing, too, to tradesmen, were they met at once ! How many thousands of pushing and desperate in trade have, in the last three years, been forced into bankruptcy-court, simply because they have not had ready to meet their liabilities ; though, perhaps, could they have met it in, more than enough was owing to them to suffice for it.

What a drawback to many a man's early career cannot prudently try to get on in the world, because his resources are too small to enable him to conduct a large business on unbounded credit to all who ask for it !

Then think, again, of the loss and expense entailed by the system, which society defends and asks for, the establishments of clerks, bookkeepers, and collectors employed to attend to the accounts, and to keep within like reasonable bounds the propensity, everywhere displayed, of running into debt and asking for credit. There are cases in which ready-money payments would absolutely increase the purchasing power of an income from ten to twenty per cent. in addition to the benefits I have pointed out in the preceding paragraphs.

• For my part, I shall have little hope for the world, if it is not reformed from head to foot, and if it is not

take into consideration the cost of food, house-rent, clothes, and houses in those parts of the world, where the labourers' services appear to be liberally paid, and where the tradesmen's returns seem so large?

The wealth of a nation depends on the industry of its people, not on the amount of money in the country. Wherever people work hard and long, there must be abundance of wealth. The happiness of a nation—a very different matter from its wealth—depends on the proceeds of industry being fairly distributed among all classes, and on a good and wise use being made of them.

Large money wages have little to do with the wealth, prosperity, contentment, and happiness of a community; until this truism is more generally remembered and acted upon social reformers and charitable persons, anxious to improve the condition of the poor, will waste nearly all their time, not clearly knowing how to set to work, nor comprehending the nature of the problem they have taken in hand.

Suppose, that in New England a working man who, in this country, might receive thirty shillings a week, is paid as many dollars, does it necessarily follow that his circumstances are improved or that his happiness is greater? If there is the same disparity in fortunes which obtains in this country, if there is a rise in prices proportionate to the higher rate of wages, his position may be, I do not say that it is, practically unaltered. For all I know to the contrary, the labourer is better off in America and in Australia than in this country; but stronger proof of this is needed than that money wages are double, treble, or quadruple as high in the former as in the latter.

All travellers concur in expressing their amazement at the disagreeably high prices in the States. Let me give a few proofs. Mr. W. Forsyth, Q.C., speaks of a surtout coat costing £12, a silk umbrella £2, a pair of gloves six shillings, the hire of a carriage being six shillings per hour, and washing being extravagantly dear. He mentions that skilled labour commands from £3 12s. to £4 10s. per week. If we assume, as we may safely do, that, in England, in the towns at least, skilled labour commands from thirty-three shillings to three pounds and upwards per week, it is more than probable that the high wages of America do not make up for the higher price of food and of manufactured commodities.

Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, a keen though rather cynical observer of men I am afraid, and a man whose statements are occasionally loose—as his warmest admirers in England and America must confess—speaks even more despondingly than Mr. Forsyth. Mr. Dawson thinks that a dollar in the States will purchase no

more than fifteen pence would here; that, too, in spite of the great rise in prices in this country of 1872 and 1873. Assuming that his estimate is correct, it follows that the condition of the labouring classes must, on the whole, be far worse in the States than in Great Britain; for, while wages are little more than double as high, the cost of food and clothes is more than three times as great. But few observers have painted American prices in the gloomy colours Mr. Dawson has used.

Some near relatives of mine, who have settled in Richmond, in Virginia, have, from time to time, favoured me with lists of the prices of things out there, from which I have gathered at least two pieces of information,—that though everything appears dearer there than here, some commodities are only slightly more expensive than in this country, while others are five, ten, or fifteen times as dear; and that, while food is little dearer in Richmond than in Birmingham or London, manufactured goods are many times as dear.

Intending emigrants might do well to ponder these facts. They should find out not only whether they are going to have larger wages, but whether the increase in pay is sufficiently great to make up for the increased cost of everything. A very important, though more indirect application of the same principle would be, when offers of higher wages are made or apparently greater advantages are presented, in a distant part of this country, to carefully ascertain, before taking the fatal step of accepting the offer, whether the apparent gain is real, whether, in short, the increased cost of living, the longer hours of work, the heavier responsibility, may not far outweigh the larger wages, or the better social status promised.

V.

A GREAT WRITER'S INFLUENCE.—It would be almost impossible for us to understand the difficulties which beset investigators and thinkers long centuries ago. They had to wander forth into a great unexplored desert, and to write down their impressions, crude and often worthless, of what they saw. This was until recently the case, as everyone will admit, in scientific investigations, when all was dark and uncertain. It was long the same with inquiries into religion, politics, history, art, and literature. The explorer, for surely he deserved the name, who determined to write a book on something, had to construct his own definitions, mark out his own field of labour, find out for himself what was essential and what was not. It was only after tens of thousands of scholars had wandered hither and thither, often losing themselves in objectless and interminable discussions, and wearying themselves and everyone else by conjectures, when knowledge was the only thing admissible, that

method became possible; then, and not till then, did progress become real and rapid.

We, who now live, would find it hard to estimate what we owe to our untiring and accomplished predecessors. It may be true that many things are now known to every young child, which the wisest of our ancestors did not know; but, it is none the less true that we are what we are only because of what they did for us. The value of what they did for the world we can never over-estimate hardly, indeed appreciate.

Those great modern books to which we turn with deep reverence and love, because they embody the wisdom of the past and present, and convey it to us in a concise and readable form, would lose nearly all they have of importance were everything expunged which the author had obtained from his predecessors. So much we may admit. But the influence for good, and alas! sometimes for evil, of a great writer is, perhaps, more durable and far-reaching now than ever before. Everyone turns to books for information and guidance. Everyone knows where to find books which will give him just the knowledge on any topic he needs. Hence, though modern writers owe so much to those who have gone before them, they stand in a peculiar relation to the rest of the world, a position of absolute importance which writers never occupied in darker ages. More depends now on books than ever, because, though the popular admiration for the great and wise of the past, is keener and more intelligent from year to year, it is the most recent work which alone is generally read, and which alone, therefore, helps to mould the opinions and customs of the age. The influence of a great writer is early more marvellous, so, too, in a certain sense, is that of a second-rate author. Surely, no right-thinking writer, will dare to waste or abuse his opportunities,—opportunities the importance of which, for good or evil, few can fully appreciate.

VI.

THE VALUE OF GOOD BOOKS.—A few days after the death of Sir Arthur Helps a friend of mine, not remarkable for his delicacy or depth of feeling, and not given to over-estimate the value of books, said to me, that when he heard that Kingsley and Helps were dead he felt that he had lost dear and wise friends. He could hardly find words to express his sorrow, and he added, that many persons—not much greater or more ardent admirers of books and authors than myself—had, he felt sure, looked on Kingsley and Helps as friends to whom they could always resort for counsel and sympathy.

My friend was perfectly right. There is something in the writings of these accomplished men, and of many others too, which

makes them the first of teachers and the wisest of counsellors. There is something in any good and great book, which makes it a gift to the human race worth more than the acquisition of a great empire, or the opening up of new branches of commerce.

In this age, when everyone reads and so many write, when everyone feels some interest in the great social and religious problems of the day, it is all-important to have good and wise books to turn to—books which, in the kindest and pleasantest conceivable manner, throw light on difficulties, and remind men that they are all brothers, all weary watchers for the daylight, and all struggling into the haven of rest. In the great books which our late years have been given to the world there is a practical piety that one might seek in vain in earlier triumphs of human genius. Not that we can claim for any of the illustrious writers and thinkers of the present generation those transcendent abilities, that far-reaching knowledge, which distinguish Milton, Spenser, Shakespere, Locke, Newton, Adam Smith, and Sir Walter Scott; though we have recently lost men, who fell little behind their predecessors in learning and talent. But it is the kindness, the goodness, the love for all mankind, pervading many of our modern works, which makes them such priceless treasures, such eloquent sermons.

There are many books, in almost every refined house, which breathe a tenderness for all mankind, and convey reverent lessons on the greatness and wisdom of God, hardly approached in our greater books which were the delight of former ages. It is the spirit of many recent essays and writings which makes them of such value to the world, and the influence these works have exercised shows how vast, how marvellous, is the value of really good books.

VII.

A WRITER'S RESPONSIBILITIES.—It may take a week to write a short paper, which the reader of it gallops through in ten minutes, and forgets in the course of the next half-hour. Hours and hours of thought are needed to supply matter enough for half a dozen pages of manuscript. Nothing that is worth reading was ever quickly written. Professor Henry Rogers, the eminent Edinburgh Reviewer, and the author of the "Eclipse of Faith," mentions that Blaise Pascal spent twenty days in writing and correcting—the latter is often the more troublesome and important—some of his incomparable Provincial Letters. Most magazine articles contain more matter than the longest of those wonderful compositions, which have been read and re-read by generations of wondering and delighted scholars.

The writer's work never ends. All day long he revolves in his busy brain the thoughts which, when they have assumed shape, he proceeds to commit to paper. For weeks, perhaps for months, these thoughts may be ground and re-ground in his mind and sharpened and polished for use; then, in good season, they are turned to count.

The greatest literary triumphs of the past and present cost the gifted artists who executed them, labour, thought, care indescribable. A thousand guineas may seem a large sum for a little work which is read through in a few hours; but if it be remembered that perhaps the gifted author gave to that creation of his genius a large amount of time, and brought to the task the finest and most admirably-trained abilities, which devoted to a trade might have brought in twenty times as much money, why, then, the remuneration seems very small, instead of exorbitantly large.

No one should rush into print, unless he has something to say worth listening to, and, what is almost as important, unless he understands the responsibilities of his task. His words may influence thousands and bear fruit, for good or evil, when he and his generation are passed away. I have more than once heard would-be authors, boast of the ease and rapidity with which they could write off an article or a poem. From such compositions, were they ever to get into print—a notoriety few of them attain—every one could turn with disgust and indignation.

Really good magazines are not likely to accept articles which have not some merit; but inferior publications are much less particular, and are much more likely to publish essays, not because they are of any service to anyone, but because they are handed to the editor by persons whose influence or wealth is too great to be safely disregarded. This is especially the case with the organs of the countless parties and associations trying to get the ear and support of the public. Strings of falsehoods, the most garbled and distorted statements, the most wilful misrepresentations, are by some of these party organs given to the world; and the best interests of truth and morality may be sacrificed. Of course, the wise and learned are not likely to be led astray, but how many of this class are there in the world? and, perhaps, badly written and untruthful papers, coming from people who have a little local eight, and whose name is known to thousands of people of their way of thinking, are placed in the hands of the very ignorant, and help to lead them still more astray.

No writer should think labour thrown away, which contributes to the clearness, accuracy, and perfection of his articles and works. No editor should object to careful and reasonable revision of proofs. If editor and contributor, if publisher and printer, cannot work well

and harmoniously together, if they are not alive to the importance of what they are doing, woe to them, woe to their unfortunate readers.

An editor once wrote to me that the readers of his magazine cared little for corrected articles. Anything, he hinted, would do for them and him. At the first opportunity, I ceased to have anything to do with him and his readers, not that I claimed any great merit for anything I wrote, but certainly it seemed waste of time and thought to write for people who were so easily satisfied.

A physician of good metropolitan repute, a year ago, asked me for an article. "Send up anything, it does not signify what it is," was the substance of his letter. The readers of his magazine, principally scientific and medical men, would, no doubt, have been flattered had they known how high he rated their intelligence. As for me, I declined to attend to his pressing request. I, at least, had no wish to contribute articles for the benefit and instruction of people whom anything would satisfy. Of all callings writing is perhaps, in the present state of society, the most responsible.

VIII.

MENTAL TRAINING.—All kinds of knowledge are useful because they expand the mind, and make a man better able to enjoy life, and to think for himself. A well-trained mind has breadth, an independence that great abilities alone cannot give. Judicious mental training, in short, teaches a man how to use and to economise his talents; it calls into activity those talents which might otherwise lie idle; it strengthens and develops those which are capable of improvement.

But I would not have it supposed that mental training alone will enable a man to rise in the world, or to heap together money. A clerk who studies, and masters botany may thereby give interest, a dignity, an object to life which it had not before. It does not follow that his pecuniary value as a clerk will increase *pari passu* with his knowledge of flowers and roots. He gets mental training, his powers of observation are called forth and strengthened, he derives pure and real pleasure from the study, but if he cannot turn his knowledge to practical use he cannot make money of it, and he must not expect to be paid or rewarded just because he knows more than his fellows. The highest forms of education should teach a man to do something well and useful, not merely to know more than his fellows.

Warren de la Rue is not a worse stationer because he is a profound astronomer. William Spottiswoode is not less distinguished or prosperous as a printer because he has immortalised

self as a natural philosopher. Sir John Lubbock is not a
eminent banker, a less influential legislator, because he is also
pe scholar, an original and powerful thinker, a successful writer.
does it follow that these three eminent business men earn more
ey and are more thriving, because they give much thought to
ntific pursuits? May it not rather be that they would prosper
e in commerce had they only to think of the accumulation of
es?

On the other hand few of the great men who have cultivated
nce and letters, in addition to their own profession or trade,
ld point to any pecuniary gain they have derived from the
ner. But has their time been wasted? Are they losers?
tainly not. They have made the world wiser; they have made
mselves happier; they have done a good work, and, in one
se, they are amply paid.

But if it comes to heaping together riches, why, then, often the
mental training the better. Just plod on in any honest trade,
ve a heart as hard as flint, an intellect as keen as Girard's, a grasp
money as close as poor Elwes's; trust no one who cannot give
d security, give to no one, never unnecessarily spend a penny,
l, if life is spared and chance losses are avoided, a colossal
une may be counted on. Mental training may actually lessen
chance of commercial prosperity—in practice it often does, for it
erts the thoughts from the pursuit of riches, and concentrates
m on matters of greater importance.

This is why, in all manufacturing towns, one finds many
grant, uncultivated men who have forced themselves into a posi-
i of influence, and have become very opulent—they have
lected everything except the accumulation of riches.



MANTJE ! MANTJE

PART II.

WHEN Squire Dobson heard of the invitation received from Mrs. Dallocourt, he fretted outwardly, and requested to be informed privately therefrom. Matilda, who never in existence had derived much pleasure from being consulted, puzzled to reply ; but her aunt, a bustling matron, whose good graces Mrs. Dallocourt had received, answered in a voluble harangue, of the perfections of her would-be hostess, and of the respect which must needs be afforded by the guest to the person, in such forcible and well-chosen language, that he succumbed, and contented himself with saying to his wife that he was sure no good would come of it. He replied, " Very likely not."

" But I don't suppose," continued she, " that any good will come of it, either. And I have been told that it would be unwise to behave too coldly to her, as it may be of immense use in chaperoning Matilda, and so on, where neither of us care to go, as it is so near to our daughter's age."

" Suitable to a fiddlestick !" cried the Squire. " Matilda can content herself very well with Mrs. Dallocourt either."

Mrs. Dobson's eyes, which at the time she had shown symptoms of closing, regained their usual appearance.

" Very possibly," rejoined she, while she was in a shut condition. " But the invitation was given not only to Matilda, but to your children ; and you will agree with me, that you ought to throw no obstacles in the way of their going, ever incompressible it may appear to you. I can conscientiously undertake to say (at least at this time) that they will enjoy their evening, as they possess the enviable faculty of enjoying themselves, not universally acknowledged disagreeable. They will be quiet in their absence, and that, for the sake of your nerves, is a consideration not to be overlooked."

Her arguments admitted of no reply; and Mr. Dobson, had he been already vanquished by the eloquence of his sister, would be deemed a position of resistance quite untenable. So the light of Lufferton Hall shone upon the *soirée musicale*, and Mrs. Dallocourt was radiant and triumphant. Everything went well.

She had taken pains about the selection of her guests, and the result was pre-eminently satisfactory. The singers, the players, the talkers, and the actors mingled harmoniously under her skilful superintendence with mutual amusement and admiration; and Miss Dobson, being Miss Dobson, was everything that could possibly be expected. Leonard alone, while playing a fair part in the entertainment of his visitors, was less mirthful and more contemplative than was his wont. He was thinking dubiously of his mother's recently-declared projects, and wondering, as he watched Matilda, what those hidden perfections might be of which Mrs. Dallocourt had spoken. Once, when the contagious hilarity of the party seemed to have warmed even that chilly damsel into something approaching to life, he attempted to inveigle her into conversation. She listened approvingly to his discourse, agreeing with every opinion he expressed, and occasionally doing him the honour of repeating his observations by rote; but of this honour Leonard was most ungratefully unappreciative, and withdrew from her side, still ignorant of those mysterious charms, only shrouded, as he had often asseverated, by reserve.

"They must be imaginary," thought Leonard. "My mother is always good at imagining." And he fell to wondering what feelings would be were he installed at Loughborough Grange with Matilda Dobson for a wife—Matilda as she actually existed, or as fancy would represent her. "It might not be so very bad," he reflected. "One can't have everything in this world."

There was one part of Mrs. Dallocourt's scheme which was very acceptable to him. The extensive and flourishing farm surrounding Loughborough Grange, as well as the Grange itself, would be vacated by its present tenant at the Michaelmas of the passing year; and Leonard, according to his mother's cherished day-dreams, was to succeed this retiring agriculturist, but to occupy a far higher and more important position, in virtue, not only of his ancient aristocratic lineage, but of his near alliance to the wealthy heiress, his landlord. That alliance, in young Dallocourt's eyes, was the only blot upon an otherwise paradisaical sketch; but he saw that without the blot the sketch would fade into nothing; that the farm would be rent free was in Mrs. Dallocourt's imagination so evidently a matter of course, that it was hardly necessary to mention it. She only regretted that, owing to a most

inconvenient and vexatious entail, it was impossible that the Koughborough estate should form a portion of Matilda's dowry.

"But never mind," she had observed, after briefly bewailing this circumstance; "she will be amply dowered in another manner, and you may be able to do better by-and-bye. In the meanwhile Koughborough will do very well to begin with."

According to Leonard's less-aspiring views, it would likewise do very well to finish with.

"A cool idea!" he remarked, when the scheme was first propounded to him. And his mother had volubly assured him that ideas of equal coolness had very frequently developed in realities.

"You know, Leonard," she said, "you always took interest in agriculture, and were fonder of cornfields than of classics; and you must confess that Koughborough Grange would be a much more comfortable sort of place to settle in than those horrid backwoods of the west, where savages grow up like weeds. Besides, you would be near me, and would be useful to the girls when they come home from school.

"It sounds all very well," responded Leonard; "but, you see, it takes two to make an ordinary bargain, and it strikes me that this will take three, without counting yourself and Mrs. Dobson. Pray, what do you suppose Mr. Dobson will say to this remarkable proposal?"

"That's his business," Mrs. Dallocourt had retorted; "and yours is to push your own interests." And then in a flowery and inflated tirade she had set forth all the brilliant prospects which such a marriage would open to her son, and had overwhelmed him with her description of that exalted destiny which he felt it was not in him to accomplish.

He felt that it was not in him to become a leading statesman or a giant of debate; but, on the other hand, he could see no reason why, provided Mr. Dobson was propitious, the earlier and less visionary portion of his mother's scheme should not be carried out to the letter; and while standing in the cottage drawing-room affecting to be listening to a brilliant fantasia, he ruminated upon these things, and fell a-wondering whether he, who had hitherto continued headstrong, notwithstanding the charms of the beautiful and the bright, would ever find it possible to fall in love with the dingy diamond of Hufferton.

"Perhaps," thought he, "we could get on pretty well together without much love; or, perhaps, we should like each other better after marriage than before. I have heard people say that the spooniest lovers don't always make the happiest couples."

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Dallocourt!" cried a vacuous lady at his elbow; and Leonard, awaking from his reverie, aroused himself to a consciousness of present things and of the inexpediency of appearing distrait. He did his utmost to render the *soirée* agreeable. He sang comic songs, he assisted in the performance of charades, he talked small talk with an inexhaustible fluency which a clever man might have envied, and had it not been for the chance utterance of a common saying by the master of the Hufferton Squire, it is probable that no further thought of Matilda Dobson would have occupied his mind that evening. But Matilda's aunt, as fate would have it, threw the last little weight into the vacillating scales, and unintentionally gained a suitor for her niece.

"How very frequently one finds," remarked she, "that the best consorted pairs are those which are composed of opposites! Indeed, they almost seem destined for one another; and when you see a husband and wife leading a cat-and-dog existence you generally observe some striking similarity between them."

Leonard, overhearing this, laughed so heartily at something just said to him by some other lady, that she marvelled at his excessive mirth. But Leonard hardly knew what she had said, and found a difficulty in answering to the purpose. His fancy had been tickled by the observation he had overheard, and he was thinking how uncat-and-dog-like would needs be his married life with Matilda, were the doctrine just propounded reliable.

He looked in the mirror upon the wall; he saw his large form and laughing Saxon face, he saw the little figure, the dark and sombre countenance of Matilda, and a greater contrast could hardly have been imagined.

"Depend upon it," thought he, "we are destined for one another! A strange thing! a very strange thing! but then, there are so many strange things in this unaccountable world of ours, that it is only on a piece with the rest."

The die was cast; and half in earnest, half in jest, the making up of his mind had been accomplished. When he handed Miss Dobson to her carriage that night, he did so with the firm intention of presently beginning to woo her, and the only difficulty that troubled him was, how this wooing was to be accomplished.

"It will be awfully hard," he remarked to his mother; but Mrs. Dallocourt only answering "Nonsense!" he met with no sympathy in his distress, and began to devise ways and means. These were more plentiful and more easy to be found than Leonard at first imagined; for the presence at Hufferton of Horace Alder, the younger of Matilda's cousins, afforded an excuse for frequent visits, which otherwise would not have existed. The elder cousin,

a lady, left with her mother very soon after the little gathering at the cottage; but Horace, a carrot-haired youth of some twenty summers, remained for several weeks, and having taken a violent liking for young Dallocourt, became unconsciously instrumental to the furtherance of Mrs. Dallocourt's designs. The dislike which Squire Dobson entertained to Leonard's mother was not extended to Leonard, whose constant presence at the Hall, in the capacity of his nephew's friend, he encouraged and unsuspectingly approved of as long as Horace stayed. And, by the time that Horace left, the slender tie of acquaintanceship which had before connected the Hall with the cottage had grown into a powerful chain of familiarity, a chain of familiarity, that is, as powerful as could possibly be the case while the heads of the families kept apart as though each feared contamination from the other's touch. Leonard was often at the Hall; Matilda, inveigled by numberless pretexts of Mrs. Dallocourt's designing, chiefly relative to fancy-work, was not unfrequently to be found at the cottage; but between Mrs. Dallocourt and the elder Dobsons the gulf still yawned undiminished. Mrs. Dallocourt had considered the matter, and decided that to bridge it was unnecessary: she could attain her ends very well without; and no advance was made upon Mrs. Dobson's part, which might have conduced to a contrary decision. Far from this, Mrs. Dobson, when upon two or three occasions she carried out the intention she had intimated to her husband, and made use of Mrs. Dallocourt as a chaperone for her daughter, expressly charged Matilda to represent her as a nervous invalid, totally incapable of either paying or receiving calls. Mrs. Dallocourt did not believe a word of it, and secretly writhed under the degradation of rendering services to a lady whom she insisted upon looking on as an inferior, and who yet was too indolent, or too supercilious, personally to offer her thanks. Self-interest, however, induced her to stifle pride; and she took very good care while officiating as Matilda's chaperone that no one should supersede Leonard in the good graces of that taciturn damsel—a precaution which was rendered excessively easy by Miss Dobson's unattractiveness and unimpressionable nature. She had abundant opportunities for the fabrication of artfully-devised nothings to promote intercourse betwixt the cottage and the Hall; and so well did she understand how to use them, that the departure of Horace Alder from Hufferton was hardly felt as an impediment in her path. Nevertheless, the courtship progressed but slowly.

"It is so difficult," Leonard would say sometimes. "I assure you, mother, she is an awfully difficult person to make love to." And now and then he would go more fully into particulars, and describe the hinderances that beset him.

He came home one day full of a story of a bunch of flowers which he had plucked and offered to Miss Dobson.

"I wanted, you know, to say something nice and pretty—something sentimental, you know, which might lead to something by degrees as it were, and without jerking. And so I plucked a few flowers and made them into a little nosegay and gave them to her, and said in a careless sort of way, as though I hadn't been thinking about it beforehand—'We see more of these things every now. They are budding and blossoming all round us, and if you could only understand, their language, would tell us stories that might be sweet to listen to.' Now, don't you think that that was a good idea of mine? Wasn't it pretty and appropriate?"

"Very good, indeed," replied Mrs. Dallocourt; "very pretty and appropriate. Really, Leonard, it does you credit!"

"Well, and what do you think she said? She just put out her hand and took the flowers, and said, 'Thank you;' and there was an end of it. And my beautiful speech, that was to lead to something better, led to nothing at all, and might just as well have been said to a post."

"That girl is always saying, 'Thank you,'" continued Leonard in a grumbling tone; "always! I believe she looks upon it as a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, that will answer all manner of purposes, and fit itself accommodately into any hole. What can a poor fellow do with a girl who is perpetually saying 'Thank you'?"

Mrs. Dallocourt bethought herself of that uncalled-for remark which Miss Dobson had once made to her—"It seems to me that you and I sit very often together;" and she could not help regretting what a sad pity it was that Miss Dobson, who said so many things, should thus have wasted a fine leading-up observation on an occasion which was completely unworthy of it.

"If she had only kept it a few weeks longer," thought Mrs. Dallocourt, "and said it to Leonard instead of to me, how well it might have improved the opportunity! how gracefully it would have helped us on! But no; the perversity of all that is mundane would allow of nothing so delightfully *à propos*. So do the round things get into the square holes, and things by the million into the jangling imbroglios!"

But Mrs. Dallocourt said nothing of all this to her son. It would have been highly impolitic if she had; for he was quite sufficiently inclined to be desponding without being made more so by his mother, and had already begun seriously to doubt the wisdom of Mrs. Alder's axiom.

"What humbug it is," said he, "to say opposites ought to be brought together! Why, if one liked sight-seeing and the other hated it, they'd begin to quarrel on the wedding trip."

"If one were obstinate," retorted Mrs. Dallocourt, "and the other yielding, there would be no quarrel at all."

"At any rate," said Leonard, "if I am destined to marry an opposite, it needn't necessarily be Matilda Dobson."

"There is no occasion in the world for you to marry an opposite," replied Mrs. Dallocourt. "That is only Mrs. Alder's rubbish. I am sure, I hope for the sake of the comfort of a people who ever meet them together, that her husband's style of conversation is diametrically opposite to hers, lest the sanity of their auditors should be endangered. Marry an opposite, indeed! Marry Mr. Dobson's daughter, and live at Koughborough Grange."

"I thought, mother," observed Leonard, "that you were more sentimental."

"So I am," returned Mrs. Dallocourt, "when it does not interfere with more important things. But sentiment is a luxury one can't always indulge in."

"I wish to goodness," observed Leonard, "that I were a little more sentimental."

"Why?"

"Why, because then I should be able to make love better. Then I should be able to put a little poetry in sometimes. A touch of that sort of thing now and then is a wonderful help to fellow-sinners in my predicament; and girls generally like it. If they don't understand it they think it's fine, and it's all the same to the fellow who says it."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallocourt. "Hosts of girls have been wooed and won without anything of that sort. Besides, you are sentimental. Pray, what could have been more sentimental than your speech about the flowers?"

"Ah, but that was in prose."

"Well, what of that? there it was. A pretty sentiment is a pretty sentiment, all the world over; and it is not a-bit better in poetry than in prose."

"It sounds a good deal better," persisted Leonard. "I know I should get on faster if I could talk poetry, only I don't know any poetry to talk, except Gray's *Elegy*. There is nothing in Gray's *Elegy*—is there?—that would be suitable to say."

"Not that I know of," replied Mrs. Dallocourt.

"No, I think not," said Leonard; "it is all about a churchyard, if I recollect rightly. A precious dry thing, that, to write about. Then there's 'The Spanish Armada'—I think I could remember pieces of that if I tried; but I don't believe it would do a bit better."

"Not a bit," echoed Mrs. Dallocourt, interrupting with a slight laugh, something very nearly approaching a yawn.

"Oh, it's all very well to make fun of it," cried Leonard; "but I should like to know what is the good of poets if they can't write things that other people can make use of."

"If other people don't know how to use them," returned Mrs. Dallocourt, "that is not the fault of the poets. I advise you, Leonard, to let poetry alone. You are capable of getting on without it."

"I could get on a great deal better with it," rejoined Leonard. "Don't you think, now, you could tell me of a few little tit-bits, some nice little extracts out of Tennyson, and Byron, and so forth, that I could stick in when occasion required?"

But this Mrs. Dallocourt positively refused to do. There were limits, she reflected, to all earthly things, and though quite willing, as had been abundantly proved, to do everything that lay in her power to facilitate the making of love by her son, she would by no means undertake to teach her son how to make it. She only surmised his difficulties, and urged him to persevere.

So Leonard, accordingly, did persevere; and when he had persevered for three months without any perceptible result, it occurred to him that it would be highly desirable to put that state of things to an end. So one morning when he had walked over to Hufferton, charged by his mother with a message to Matilda relative to pillow-lacework, in which mysterious art Mrs. Dallocourt was that young lady's instructress, he introduced the subject which lay so heavily upon his mind, and fairly asked her to be his wife.

It happened in this manner. Matilda was standing by the library window, looking out upon nature in general, and Leonard, spying her from the drive, swerved from the path he had been pursuing, and instead of advancing to the hall-door and going through the ceremony of bell-ringing, walked straight up to her and said, "Good morning!" Miss Dobson said, "Good morning!" too. It was a warm April day, and the window was wide open. It opened down to the ground. Leonard stood on one side of the opening—the garden side—and Matilda stood upon the other.

"Won't you walk in?" said Matilda.

And then young Dallocourt walked in and sat down upon the nearest chair. His manner was more embarrassed, his words came less easily than usual, because of the weight that was upon his mind. Miss Dobson, on the other hand, was more than ordinarily glib.

"Papa is not at home," said she. "He is gone to the Petty Sessions."

For it must be mentioned, that Leonard's visits to Hufferton had been not unfrequently made under pretext of bearing messages

to the Squire from the retiring agriculturist; the eyes of the retiring agriculturist; and the ingly amiable young gentleman; while as his walking-stick of what was good, he wondered now and then why the messenger trouble himself. "I suppose he has," he, and with that supposition, dismissed him.

Upon the present occasion Leonard, explaining that his errand was to Miss Dobson; and he transmitted to her as a letter which he bore from his mother, containing, as he had been informed, a bobbin, and having listened sedately to that she quite understood them.

"It is more than I do," observed the parrot that repeats the words it has been the idea of what they mean."

"I hope Mrs. Dallocourt is quite satisfied with the way of a reply; and Leonard, annoyed at the way, muttered his "Quite well, thank you," which was what ungracious. Then he returned to the parrot.

"It is very nice to understand one."

"Yes," assented Miss Dobson, "very."

The observation rather puzzled her, and she desired explanation. Things every now and then and she was in the habit of remaining perplexed, the subject was forgotten. Leonard, however, an immediate elucidation, or rather a remark.

"For instance," he said, "it would be to understand me."

Matilda, more puzzled than before, and her companion's sanity.

"I do understand you," said she.

"Excuse me," returned Leonard; "I do not. I have often tried to explain to you, but I have always made some stupid hash of it. I am much cleverer than I, and only seeing a little sense, have never understood me yet."

Dobson, how very earnestly I love you, like you to be my wife. Miss Dobson,

Then Matilda blushed. It was very much to her nature was moved sufficiently to allow her to look anxiously at her as the matter deepened, as the usually expressionless

a transitory excitement, thought that never, to the best of his recollection, had he seen her to such advantage before. "If only she didn't look quite so scared," was his mental addendum. And just when his reflections had arrived at that point Matilda commenced her answer.

It was delivered in sundry short phrases, each separated from the other by an embarrassed pause, and accompanied by an air of wilderment.

"Oh!—oh, Mr. Dallocourt!—I am sure I don't know. Just fancy!—I never thought of such a thing before. Do you really want to marry, though? Dear me!—don't you think you had better ask papa?"

"I will ask him afterwards," said Leonard; "but I should like to have your answer first."

"Dear me!" repeated Miss Dobson, to all appearance, still in the extremity of perplexity; "I am sure I don't know. Dear me! how ever should I feel, if I were married?"

"I can't possibly be expected to tell that," thought Leonard, and so remained silent for awhile; but marvelling, upon second thoughts, at his own stupidity, he hastened to make a suitable reply.

"I hope," said he, "you would feel very happy—that is, provided you were married to me. I trust and believe that under such circumstances you would feel extremely happy."

"Do you really think so?" asked Miss Dobson, with an amount of artless simplicity that might have fitted her for immortalisation in verse. And Leonard replied that he really did.

"But I thought," said Miss Dobson, who was evidently giving all the powers of her mind to the important subject under discussion, "I thought that people ought to be in love before they married."

"I am in love," replied Leonard.

"I don't think I am," observed Matilda. And Leonard was more discouraged by the statement than he would have believed possible, seeing that it conveyed to him nothing that was new. He had never for a moment imagined that Miss Dobson was in love, and he had not been prepared for so unadorned a denial of it.

"Then I suppose you won't marry me," said he in a tone which was considerably altered.

But Matilda had had no intention of expressing quite so much that, and had not yet made up her mind into any shape whatever.

"Oh, no!" cried she, "I didn't mean that exactly. And yet I didn't tell,—perhaps I did? I am sure I don't know; only I mean, you see—you see, I mean—I mean, you see, that I am not in love."

"Perhaps the love will come afterwards," said Leonard. "Yes, it will. The more I think about it, the more certain I am of it. Only promise to be my wife, Miss Dobson, and I assure you that the love will follow."

The audacity of that assurance aroused Miss Dobson's astonishment. It did not offend, it did not amuse -- it simply amazed her; and raising her eyes from the bobbin upon which she had stedfastly fixed them, she looked full into Leonard's face. And then slowly, but surely, there proceeded from her inner consciousness three distinct and well-defined ideas. The first was, that there was something in Mr. Dallocourt's aspect especially pleasing to behold; the second, that though she was not particularly fond of him, there was no man in the world, as far as she knew, putting her father and her brother out of the question, of whom she was at all fonder; the third, that if her destiny required her to marry, there existed no visible reason why Leonard should not be her husband. He would do as well as any other, she thought, and possibly better than a good many. It was under the influence of this last impression, that she opened her lips to reply. But Leonard, meanwhile, had grown tired of waiting for an answer.

"Don't you believe me?" said he. "Don't you believe that we should be happy together?"

"I dare say we should," replied Matilda, who, by this time, had recovered her customary tranquillity. "I am sure I don't see why we shouldn't be. I'll marry you if papa likes. But, you see, he is gone to the Petty Sessions."

This was Miss Dobson's mode of accepting her suitor's proposal. Mrs. Dallocourt, when she heard from her son a circumstantial account of the interview, declared that it was a brilliant success.

"It was pretty well," said Leonard. "The girl is not so bad, after all. But she can't talk sentiment, and no more can I. I can begin, but I can't get any further. I wanted to tell her to-day how happy we should be when we were married (because we neither of us seemed over and above jolly as lovers), and I tried to make up a pretty story about how we should enjoy each other's company as husband and wife. I began at the breakfast-table, but couldn't get on a-bit, and stuck hard and fast at the tea-pot. And then she told me that she didn't like tea, and always drank coffee; and so I told her that I liked coffee pretty well but preferred chocolate; and then we had a regular talk about all three. We got on finely with that conversation; but, you know, it wasn't in the least to the purpose."

But Mrs. Dallocourt, notwithstanding this, adhered to her original opinion that the interview was in every way satisfactory; and when Leonard, upon the following day, stood lingering at the

den-gate before starting upon another expedition to Hufferton, ran out unbonneted to him, and reiterated her encouraging assurance.

"If you manage matters with the father," said she, "half as well as you have with the daughter, your success is positively certain."

Leonard, swinging the gate to and fro, looked down upon her with an uneasy air.

"I wish the father were at Jericho," he remarked. "I wish Mrs. Dobson had been a widow. Pray, what am I to say to the old fellow if he asks me from what sources my future income is to be derived, and what means I shall have of supporting his daughter."

"He ought not to ask anything so ridiculous," replied Mrs. Dallocourt, in an authoritative tone. "A man of Mr. Dobson's fortune ought to give his daughter a marriage portion sufficiently large to enable her to support herself. And as for any impertinent questions about you and your income, I think, the mere fact that you are a Dallocourt ought to be quite sufficient to secure his favourable acceptance of your offer. It is not every day that a country squire of three generations has an opportunity of welcoming into his family the representative of an ancient and honourable house whose members stood high in rank and were influential in the councils of the realm while his own ancestors were nameless boors." Mrs. Dallocourt tossed her head sideways as she concluded, with an air of conscious dignity unutterable.

His mother's mighty pride of his father's lengthy pedigree had always been a source of amusement for Leonard. Herself a collateral branch of a recently ennobled family, she had ever spoken with far less exultation of the existing magnates of her own time, than of the departed and forgotten Dallocourts who had adorned the centuries that were past. It might be because her idol-worshipping instincts found a greater scope in the contemplation of the dead, who could do nothing to damp the ardour of her admiration, than in the observation of the living and the sinning, who were constantly becoming the subjects of her lavish criticism. But, whatever the reason, the fact was indisputable; and Leonard laughed more than once at her grandiloquent allusions to his ancestors. He laughed now, but less heartily than he generally did, because of the perplexity that was troubling him.

"I don't suppose Mr. Dobson would be any more likely to say, for my reminding him of that," observed he; and Mrs. Dallocourt, who could not but see the wisdom of the remark, was unable to advance a contrary opinion.

"At any rate, Leonard," cried she, "the least you can do is to make the best of things; the best of everything connected with

you, but, more especially of your future prospects. I don't advise you, as yet, to say anything of our idea about Koughborough; there will be time enough for that by-and-bye. There seems to be no one in treaty for the farm just now, and it is not well to ask too many things at once. And perhaps, upon the whole, it would be better not to mention farming at all just at first, because it might lead to awkward questions; and things are done best by degrees. But when you remember that my first cousin, William, has church patronage, and that my second cousin, Oliver, has interest with Government, and that either would be happy to assist you, if you were in a position to accept of their assistance,"—this was Mrs. Dallocourt's delicate way of alluding to Leonard's failure at his examinations—"I think that if you can't invent for yourself some well-sounding prospects it is a pity."

Leonard looked hard at his mother. Anxiety and excitement were visible in every feature of her face, and he noticed that her hands were trembling. He thought at that moment of Squire Dobson's hat, and wished that he had been miles off when it had been in danger of falling into the wayside pool. "Had it not been for that hat," thought he, "things might never have come to such a pass, and over-anxiety upon my account, never have led to the advocacy of such despicable artifices." He knew that he had gone too far to withdraw now, but he resolved that he would not proceed in conformity with such advice.

"As for your second cousin," said he, "he has plenty of need of relations to patronise before me; and besides, I can't pass the examinations. My passing is past hoping for, and it is all humbug to talk as if it were not."

"Between you, and me," returned Mrs. Dallocourt, adopting in her excitement, phraseology which she would have shrunk from in cooler moments, "it may be humbug; and I would be very sorry indeed, for you to say anything which could justly be called false; but it is quite true that I have relations who would be able and willing to advance you, provided you were in a condition to accept of such advancement as they could offer. There are some cases in which people, though bound to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, are by no means bound to speak the whole truth; and this is one of them."

Leonard thought otherwise.

"I shall not say anything about your first cousin," said he, "nor yet about your second. I shall not say anything about my prospects of advancement; and I don't think I shall mention farming, or say anything about Koughborough."

"Then, what will you say?" cried Mrs. Dallocourt, in desperation; and Leonard replied that he did not know.

Mrs. Dallocourt lost patience.

"It is no use talking," cried she. "The sun is outrageously hot for April, and I have no parasol. Say what you can; and may your better genius prompt you!"

She flitted back into the cottage; and Leonard, her parting words ringing in his ears, betook himself to Hufferton Hall, watching anxiously on his way there for that prompting of his better genius, to which allusion had been made. But watch and wish as he would, no prompting worth having came. A few suggestions there did arise to him, but each was rejected as worse than the last, and the first as intolerably bad.

"I might represent myself desperately in love with her," he reflected, "and talk as the fellows do in the plays about being willing to work for her to the last drop of my blood; but then, if she were to ask me what I meant to work at, I should be done—quite done—that is, unless I talked about Koughborough, and I don't want to do that." The idea of asking for Matilda and the arm upon one and the same day was too distasteful to be for a moment entertained.

In a state of mind muddled and unsettled beyond expression, he arrived at the end of his three-mile walk, and perceived Mr. Dobson in the garden.

"Now for Mantje! Mantje!" said Leonard to himself. "My oulder looks slightly put out. The water, if I rightly remember, ought to be getting stormy by this time."

He tried to bring the whimsical comparison into a properly-adjusted, business-like form, and to ascertain whether he was about to ask for the imperial, or for the papal, or only for the regal crown; but his head was too confused to allow of a positive decision, and while still hopelessly entangled in the confusing repetitions of the Dutch legend, he found himself shaking hands with the Squire, and affirming that the sun was hot in a manner truly imbecile.

Squire Dobson agreed that the sun *was* hot; in fact, he was very much put out with the sun for its unusual vigour at that early season, and angrily dissented from Leonard's observation that it was an improvement upon the cold of the winter.

"If you like to be half melted," cried Mr. Dobson, "it is more than I do. It is bad enough in summer, but in April it is simply monstrous."

How young Dallocourt, leaving the discussion of the weather, led the conversation into its destined channel, and requested Miss Dobson's hand, he never afterwards could remember; but he did remember perfectly well the stare of undisguised astonishment with which his proposal was received. So strange was the idea to

Squire Dobson's mind, so sudden its introduction into it, that he appeared altogether unable, from sheer amazement, to do anything but interrogate and exclaim. The exclamations, to Leonard's ears, were by far the most agreeable of the two; for, unflattering though they might sometimes be, they at least required no answer. The interrogations were less easily managed; and at last came the question he had foreseen, that question for which he had so vainly sought to provide an answer throughout his solitary walk.

"Pray," inquired Mr. Dobson, "putting my daughter out of the question, what right have you to ask any girl in the world to marry you? what means do you possess of decently supporting a wife?"

Then, for the first time since he had issued from the cottage gate, Leonard felt the prompting of that better genius to which his mother had alluded; it came upon him suddenly without notice of its coming, and forth from his lips there fell an answer which his mind had had no hand in framing.

"I have no means in the world," he answered. "I am doing a thing which I hardly feel justified in doing. It is true that if I marry Miss Dobson she will have a husband who will make it the object of his life to prevent her from repenting of the match; but I am quite aware that the benefit and the advantage will be all upon my side."

Leonard spoke as he felt. The genuine ring of sincerity in his tone, the frankness and simplicity of his avowal, touched a secret chord in Squire Dobson's nature, and arrested upon his lips the angry refusal which would otherwise have been thundered forth. He was startled, he was taken by surprise, his mind was disturbed from its equilibrium, and for a moment he stood in hesitation. There was something in Leonard's manner which awoke in him an involuntary admiration, there was something in his look and in his words which would not let the "no" find utterance that waited for pronun-iation upon his own lips. He felt that there was that in the outspoken, noble-looking youth before him which should outweigh every sordid consideration; and he felt at the same time that he was a con-uminate idiot for so feeling. Angry with himself, angry, for the moment, with every person and thing connected with him, he turned abruptly away.

"We will talk about it at another time," said he. "I'll think about it. You shall have your answer at another time. I can't ask you to luncheon, because we are to lunch out." And then he walked away without leave-taking of any description.

When a few yards off he stopped and turned.

"You needn't trouble to walk over about it again," cried he. "I'll send you a note by the post." And with that he turned back.

re vexed, irritated, and annoyed than he had been for a long time.

was vexed with himself and annoyed at Leonard, and by things in general. He was irritated by the heat of the

when Mrs. Dobson, on the way to the luncheon party, inquired what the matter was, he only railed bitterly at her, and said nothing of Leonard Dallocourt. It was his not to mention the subject either to his wife or to his until after he had repaired what he considered his weakness by refusing Mr. Dallocourt's offer in black and white; and all them of it casually as an unimportant matter of which he was satisfactorily disposed. But chance and his wife together brought him in this intention. Mrs. Dobson from her boudoir had beheld the interview in the garden, and it occurred to her very evening to inquire what it was about.

"seemed to me," said she, "that the conversation was very interesting."

"was not interesting at all," replied Mr. Dobson quickly. "It was particularly foolish and nonsensical."

"Oh, but what was it about?" inquired Mrs. Dobson. "It only speaks ill for the tastes of the human race; but foolish things are very often a great deal more interesting than the serious ones."

"It is all owing to *her*," asserted Mr. Dobson. "I don't like that young fellow a bit."

Dobson knew that the *her* alluded to could be none other than Leonard Dallocourt.

"What has Mrs. Dallocourt been doing now?" she inquired. "Leonard, the Squire, reflecting that if he did not himself satisfy himself, Matilda, in all probability would, relinquished his intention and told Mrs. Dobson all."

"More barefaced and impudent thing," cried he, when he heard the facts of the case, "I never heard in all my life. I never for my daughter with one breath, and tells me with the next he has not a penny to keep her with!"

"Oh, but," said Mrs. Dobson, raising herself upon the sofa with an appearance of unusual animation, "you know, Charles, we have plenty of pennies that we could give him. It would be all the same to Matilda whether they came from him or from us."

Dobson glared round upon his wife with a face that scarcely less astonishment than he had exhibited to her in the morning.

"You are in favour of it, are you?" said he. "You are in favour of having a beggar for a son-in-law?"

"Charles, he is not a beggar."

acting in an exceedingly foolish and unwise manner."

"Oh! do you?" cried the Squire.

"Yes, I do," replied Mrs. Dobson, whose nervous aff not prevent her from speaking out her mind upon occasions. "I have foreseen this offer, Charles, and have always thought I have hitherto made no allusion to the matter, that Matilda's union with this young Dallocourt would be the best thing that could happen, both for her and for me, in my delicate state of my nerves I think I ought to be considerate."

Mrs. Dobson lay back, like one exhausted, upon her cushions, and her husband stared at her in semi-incredulity.

"You foresaw it?" said he. "You foresaw this proposal?"

"I foresaw it," echoed Mrs. Dobson, faintly.

"Then, why the dickens did you not tell me you foresaw?"

"I thought, my dear husband, that it was quite unnecessary. I thought that you could see, and draw conclusions from the facts, quite as well as I could. Young men don't run away and forwards for nothing, as Mr. Dallocourt has been running backwards and forwards to this house for the last two months since January, in fact; ever since the Alders were staying, and Mrs. Dallocourt went with them to the Hawclaves in our carriage."

Mr. Dobson started to his feet, as though a blow had struck him.

ODE TO THE SKYLARK.

EVER singing as you rise
To the realms of joy and light ;
Winging upwards to the skies,
Like a wandering minstrel sprite,
Bursting from the gloom of night.

In successive stages thou,
Risest from thy lowly bed,
Singing as thou soars, and now
Higher mounting over head,
As by happy phantom led.


Trembling wings and quivering breast
Mark thee as thou soarest higher ;
Zephyrs are beneath thee prest,
As to Heaven thou dost aspire,
Like a sweetly sounding lyre.

Touched by gentle spirit hand,
Vibrating each trembling string ;
Thrilling forth a song so grand,
Such as larks alone can sing,
While breathless lists each living thing.

Thou hast vanished from my sight,
Though the sky is free from cloud,
Lost thy form amid the light,
Brilliant sunbeams thee enshroud,
Yet thy notes on my ears crowd.

Louder songs come from yon grove,
Songs of rich and varied tone ;
Telling tales of joy and love,
Yet they equal not thine own,
Livelier, purer is its tone.

What entices thee to soar,
Child of song, and child of air ?
Singing ever, ever more,
As thou mounts to regions fair,
Floating on the amber air ?



Is it that the glorious burst
Of the music of the spheres,
Can alone quench thy soul's thirst,
As it thrills upon thine ears,
Chasing all away thy fears ?

And when thou again resumes
Heavenward, thy wondrous way,
Heaven's light streaming on thy plume
And thou pourest forth thy lay,
Mounting to the source of day.

Is it that a distant note,
Though unheard by man's dull sense
Wandering from those climes remote,
Falls on thine, and lures thee hence,
To those realms where thy quick glance

May with joy expatiate,
O'er the glories we but dream,
And thou wanders near the gate,
Through which Heaven's glories stream
Whilst fair angels chant their theme.

A DAY'S DREDGING.

In late years, the practice and amusement of dredging has been brought into prominent and popular notice ; and when we consider the amusing, instructive, and healthful nature of the sport—if we may so term it—we begin to wonder that its value, educational and otherwise, was not sooner appreciated and recognised. In the active prosecution of a dredging excursion we unite the pleasures

of boating with those of investigating the treasures of the deep ; and it is wonderful to find how even the most uninterested and scientific members of the company will begin to lend a hand in pulling at the dredge-rope, and to peer over the boat's side in the endeavour to catch a glimpse of the curiosities we snatch from the very varied store in the depths of the sea. And when once the heavily-weighted net has been safely hauled on board, tumbled overboard, and its contents spread out to view, it is amusing in the highest degree to watch the eager fingers searching out the more prominent objects which meet the gaze ; and to hear the many exclamations of surprise and delight, when anything of stranger form than ordinary, has been captured amid the general haul. But

the naturalist, eager to supplement his book-lore by close observation of nature in her every aspect, the dredging excursion is always fraught with interest and delight. From his dredge he secures the specimens in full and in perfection, which his seaside rambles present to him in part or in half-detail only. And from the stores of animal and vegetable life collected from the sea-depths

the dredge, the naturalist recruits his aquarium-stock, and watches in his miniature sea, at home the further life and development of his pet forms and organisms. Then, by means of the dredge, we have been made acquainted with many organisms, which, without this mode of investigation, would have been wholly unknown to us. Witness in proof of this, the interesting discovery in deep-sea researches of certain *Crinoids* or "lily-stars"—wondrous forms connecting a curious present with a still more curious past, and which serve to render the story of the geologist still more susceptible of correct interpretation and proof. And think, also, of the new and exceedingly anomalous forms, which, as we write, the dredgers on board H.M.S. "Challenger" in her circuit of the globe, are bringing to light. Wonderful sponges, and still more wonderful crustaceans, and many fishes hitherto unknown to us, besides hosts of lower forms, which make up a considerable

part of the population of the sea depths. in ideas and opinions respecting the distribution have recently been wrought, the limits article forbid me to speak ; but the science chance, here peruse what is intended technical individual, will fully endorse the remarks.

On the very obvious principle that is attained without experience and care, a and knowledge is requisite before one dredger. As a rule, the care and management be vested in nautical hands ; and the management should thus be concentrated on the dredger where the naturalist and his friends are confined to the management of the boat. The unscientific part of the crew may be dismissed ; however, the acting naturalist in a dredger confine his attention solely to his own work, whether the boat be manned by sailors or should be separate from, but at the same time and direction of, the scientific "staff."

The description of boat to be preferred is dependent on the means, taste, and address of the dredger. If a small steam yacht can be made to become independent of the petty miseries of capricious winds, currents, and tides, the amateur contents himself with a sailing boat. We have found an ordinary fishing yawl or with a mainsail and jib, and manned by a few sailors, a very convenient boat for dredging. The preferred, I think ; partly on account of its simplicity which enables it to sail very close to the shore, with a lug-sail the dredger has not to suffer from a cumbrous mainsail with its great bulk interfering with his comfort in the stern.

Much of the dredger's success will depend on the time in which he proposes to dredge ; but as the dredger himself acquainted with the nature of the grounds he intends to visit, I need say nothing of the wide and comprehensive part of the subject.

Dredging is best conducted at low water, the flow of the tide. The absence of strong currents, the exploration of the sea-bed, constitute the best time for dredging operations. But in

may pursue his work at high water, although his difficulties in the way of getting the dredge to work well, are materially increased.

The kind of dredge now universally employed in scientific dredging is known by the name of "Dr. Ball's Naturalist's Dredge." The great advantage of this dredge is its capability of adapting itself to its work in whatever position it may touch the ground. The mouth of the dredge is so placed that it is unlikely to foul, to "swallow" its net, or to become otherwise complicated, and so to destroy the dredger's pleasure and peace of mind. The mouth of this dredge is formed by two broad plates of iron, secured together by a transverse bar at either end, and placed so as to open outwards, and at an angle which admits of the sea-bed being conveniently scraped. Attached to the cross or transverse bars of the mouth-piece, we find the highly-important apparatus to which the rope is attached. This latter apparatus consists of two stout iron rods, securely fixed by a moveable joint to the cross bars; and these rods meet in the middle line, where they can be fastened at will by a strong screw, which also secures the swivel-ring, to which the rope is attached. And then, lastly, to the iron scrapers of the dredge-mouth we attach the net, which may either be of stout cord or of cord and copper-wire links—a combination securing strength and stability, and largely employed in the dredging operations of oyster fisheries. The rope should be of a strong, elastic description; and as upon the quality of the rope the safety of the dredge mainly depends, the dredger will do well to see that the rope is of first-rate quality. Penuriousness in the matter of the rope, will, in all likelihood, cost the dredger dear, by causing the loss of his dredge. Precautions are frequently taken to ensure the safety of the dredge, by placing an indiarubber or hempen joint at the point where the iron rod of the dredge joins its mouth. The object of this or similar precautions consists in the fact that, if the dredge is overladen, the indiarubber or other joint will break—its strength being less than that of the dredge-rope,—and the dredge will then tilt over, and empty itself, whilst it can be pulled up by the dredge-rope, which, of course, still remains firmly attached to the frame. But I have personally found, that by using ordinary care in preventing undue strain on the dredge-rope, and by using thoroughly good hempen material, the chances of the dredge being lost are reduced to the minimum. The dredger should have in readiness additional length of rope, and also a spare net, with which to replace the net of the dredge, when it is injured or even torn away altogether.

And next, as to the fitting-out of the naturalist's department. Presuming that it is the object of the dredger to secure live-stock

for the aquarium, as well as material for museum-preservation, for microscopic examination, he ought to provide himself with series of bottles or jars, securely fitted, into which his treasure can be dropped, and in which they may be preserved. A very simple but convenient and efficient apparatus for this latter purpose may be constructed out of an ordinary deal box, by placing a few spars across its interior so as to make divisions or spaces for holding jars or bottles in a secure position. My readers have seen wine merchants' boxes constructed in this way; each box divided in the inside in this fashion, being, in fact, a portable wine-bottle case. Such an arrangement will keep the bottles or jars from being displaced, and a rope handle at either end of the box will enable the dredgers to transport their treasures at once conveniently and safely to any place, and almost to any distance.

The kind of bottles employed to contain the live-stock or delicate specimens need cause no trouble or perplexity. All that should be attended to is the thoroughly clean character of the jars and their corks or stoppers. Old pickle-bottles, prune-jars, or even jelly-pots with large bungs, to secure the contents, will suit. The same and allied vessels will serve every purpose of the dredger, as well as more costly apparatus. Many objects (*e.g.*, crabs, sea-anemones etc.) will not require to be immersed in sea water for preservation; such forms may be easily carried in an uninjured and healthy condition, and for considerable distances, by being loosely packed with wet sea weeds. I have known such organisms packed in this manner, make a long journey by post or rail, and arrive at the destination safely and in good trim.

And lastly, I need hardly inculcate upon the dredger the duty of cultivating a cheerful mind, under all the mishaps which may befall his little expeditions, as well as in those undertakings involving more serious outlay and having more important objects in view. The great secret of successful dredging is the doing of everything in a quiet, orderly manner; the avoidance of all fuss and worry and the setting of the mind upon the thorough enjoyment of the recreation, which if rightly pursued, will renovate and amuse the powers and faculties alike of the body and mind.

In a future paper we may accompany the dredger in his expedition, and devote a little time and space to the description of the more prominent objects which the scientific search generally yields.

ANDREW WILSON.

A MYSTERY.

I.

ALL science teaches that we never die !
We know death only as a change of *Form*,
And not of *Being* ; for, when at rest we lie,
When we have weathered Life's uncertain storm,
Then other laws shall re-assert their sway
O'er the organic ; and they will impel
The ever-shifting particles of clay
In other beings, in other forms to dwell !

II.

We never die ! but in the scented flower,
The glistening dew-drop, and the waving grain,
In the fair tendrils of the summer bower,
And spring's sweet blossoms, we shall live again
Through all the ages ; till what *we* call time.
And space shall be forgotten ; when we see
Those mighty waters, fathomless, sublime,
The trackless ocean of Eternity !

III.

And if this structure frail of molecules,
The *Body*, never dies, how fares the *Soul* ?
Say, ye bold sceptics of our modern schools,
Where do you fix the *spirit's* final goal ?
Brain function only, mere *intelligence*,
Shall with the brain itself decay and die ;
But the *atomic* being shall vanish hence,
The *inner* self—the *real* immortal “ I.”

IV.

Then disembodied, and released as well,
From these imperfect senses, we shall learn
When the soul entered it's material cell,
Or if that soul was hidden in the germ ;
What those germs are, and where the souls of those
That never ripened to organic life ?
To eager ears Omniscience shall disclose
These mighty problems of polemic strife.

The universe is boundless—so the rays
Of light reflecting every earthly scene,
That has been since creation's earliest days,
Are shot into the starry vault serene,
And there move on *for ever* ! So, in space
Is *somewhere* painted *every* secret deed,
Each crime or virtue of the human race,
A record for Omniscience to read !

VII.

Should some pure spirit, but desire to see
Some drama of a thousand years ago,
At such a star-world must his station be,
Where light would take that term of years
From this our planet ; and he would behold
That drama re-enacted ! Clearer far
The meaning of Omniscience will unfold,
As such a being would *flash* from star to star

Exeter, 1875.

F. B.

THE HUNCHBACK CASHIER:

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

THE MASQUERADE.

PURCELL'S cousins had sent their chariot to take the ladies, and it was with a feeling of exquisite relief that Rose inhaled fresh air of a balmy summer morning, after the stifling, close sphere of the masquerade rooms.

Mrs. Purcell's nephew, a Mr. Darlington, was with them in the cot, and, as they could only advance slowly in the crowd, he leaning from the window, exchanging jokes with the masquers, he suddenly drew back, and pushing his aunt forward, said—
“Look at that old fox-hunter, on the opposite side of the way; is it your Winchester admirer, Squire Bramber?”

“Good lack, I declare it is!” answered Mrs. Purcell; “why has brought the Squire to London? I should never have thought he would have ventured himself in this den of thieves, as it is called.”

“In truth, he looks quite lost,” replied Mr. Darlington. “Let Oliver run across, and persuade him to exchange his seat on back for a place in our chariot.”

Mrs. Purcell willingly assented to this proposal, and Oliver was dispatched with a message to Squire Bramber, who, when he and those who were the occupants of the chariot, at once dismounted, leaving his horse into the care of his own servant, and working his way through the crowd, saluted his country friends with a boisterous “y-ho!” to the great amusement of all the masks in the vicinity. Squire Bramber was a man of middle height, with a florid, sun-burnt face, and a pair of merry, twinkling blue eyes. His estate consisted of some land owned by Mrs. Purcell, and this had been the subject of so malicious tongues averred, which had caused him to direct his addresses to the fair widow. However, he did not employ very great ardour in the chase, and never flattered the lady; rather spoke his mind, in his usual blunt fashion, a little too freely sometimes.

“Whatever has brought you to London, Squire?” asked Mrs. Purcell, when the latter was seated in the chariot.

“Aye, you may well ask that,” replied the Squire. “I didn’t

think ever to have visited this Babylon again—I made an oath I wouldn't, the last time I was here—but for my misfortune. I have got into a confounded law-suit about that little property my uncle left me; and a fine belly-full I shall get! The lawyers will leave me nought but the bones, I'll warrant ye, after they have picked them clean. And now I have answered your question, ma'am, I might ask you, as to what brought you and Miss Rose, and your nephew here, in these outlandish costumes, when you ought to be in your beds? but I know, though I didn't half an hour ago. I have heard tell of masquerades; but I never should have fancied, unless I had seen it, what a set of born fools a parcel of sensible, honest people could make of themselves."

"I suppose you don't admire my costume, you naughty, rude-spoken man," said Mrs. Purcell, playfully tapping him with her crook.

"Ads, bobs!" exclaimed the Squire, "if I must speak the truth, I'll tell you plain, ma'am. I think all that tinsel frippery becomes you mighty ill,—as ill as a fine laced coat, and silk breeches would become me. We are both of us, you and I, too plain-looking, and of too mature years, to ape, the one the mincing airs of a girl of sixteen, and the other the follies of a young man of fashion."

"Now, then, Squire, if you have done your preachifying," interrupted the friar, with great irreverence of tone and gesture, "which, by the bye, will be of no mortal service to my aunt, I shall be glad to hear when you arrived in London, and how long you had been looking at the masks, instead of being in your bed, where you had as good a right to be, as we had."

"I arrived in London about an hour ago," replied the Squire. "I travelled by night, to avoid the dust and heat. I got in a little after daybreak. But i' fackins!" he added shrugging his shoulders; "t'will be long before I forget this fine scene. Why, when I got near the Haymarket, I didn't know what to make of it. The first thing I saw was a running footman, carried in a chair, followed by a waterman in the same kind of vehicle. Well, thinks I, this is a mighty fine thing, these young bucks of fashion are not content with indulging themselves in every kind of extravagance; but, forsooth, they must send their servants about in chairs."

"Oh, Lud, man, you will be the death of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Purcell, indulging in a long burst of merriment over the Squire's delusion, whilst Rose herself could not forbear laughing.

"Pr'ythee wait a-bit," said the Squire. "I'll warrant you'll laugh more yet, you and your friar, who looks more like some crooked knave of a Puritan, by the way, than a jolly friar of Orders Grey. I had only gone a little way, when a clumsy sweep passed, also in a chair, with three footmen running before him. Every fresh

figure was more surprising and wonderful than the last, and I was mighty amazed to see a great number in rich morning gowns, for I know the ways of you quality folk," he added, nodding his head at young Darlington. "You turn night into day—leastways, so I have heard—and day into night; and there you are sipping your chocolate out of doll's cups, when we country Squires have breakfasted off a round of beef and a flagon of ale, and have been in our saddles for hours."

"Don't be quarrelsome, Squire," said Darlington, in a jocular tone. "If you find any amusement in preparing yourself for death by apoplexy, or a broken neck in a leap over a five-barred gate, don't be angry with us because we don't care to share in your diversion."

Squire Bramber looked contemptuously at Darlington, but vouchsafed him no answer, and went on with his relation.

"I was quite as much astounded to see lawyers in their bar gowns, when I knew from my almanack that the term-time was ended; but while I was puzzling over this, a hackney-coach passed by, and four bats popped their heads out all at once! Well, I'm not particular fond of those birds, and my horse was of my mind; for he shied, and was desperately frightened, and I was a-bit taken aback myself. However, thinks I, I must cure Bluebottle of these starting fits; so I spurred him up to the side of the coach, and then there was such a yelling, and laughing, and hooting from the bats, as never you heard! You see, they thought I was one of the masqueraders on horseback."

"Well, really, your costume would have been admirable!" remarked Darlington, falling back to survey it. "Long whip, horsehair perriwig, jockey-belt, and coat without sleeves. Capital, my dear Squire! vouchsafe me the loan of it for the next masquerade."

"I'll give ye the whip, jackanapes!" answered the Squire, good humouredly, shaking the weapon at Darlington. "However, you've not heard all my surprises yet. Thinks I, all these people, in these strange dresses are French mounseers, I'll warrant. A pest on them! why can't they stay in their own country, instead of coming over here to laugh at an honest country gentleman like myself? But i'fackins! I soon found I was making a great mistake; for I heard several voices speaking very good English, and amongst them a shepherdess, who was quarrelling with her coachman; and threatening to break all his bones in a very masculine tone? So ma'am," he added, turning to Mrs. Purcell, "if that's the kind of language, and if these are the manners common in Arcadia, I'll take good care my Patty and my Moll shan't come up to Lunnun to mix with your pastoral nymphs."

"This is better than the masquerade," exclaimed Mrs. Purcell, wiping the tears from her eyes, after a hearty laugh. "Well, go on, Squire! what did you see next?"

"Oh, plenty more fools!" replied the Squire; "there was no lack of 'em—harlequins, scaramouches, punchinellos, fauns, and dryads, and devils too, and a thousand others! However, by this time, I had got to the Haymarket, and I saw what hive all these silly wretches were pouring out of; so, thinks I, I'll join in the crowd, and hear what they have to say. And, to be sure, they were making themselves merry over their betters! The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin nearly touching each other. Well, says I to myself, an old lady of her years ought to be ashamed to be seen in such revels as these,—however, may hap, she has got some young wench of hers she is obliged to keep an eye on. I'll not forget my good breeding, at any rate, before these town folk, and give 'em room to laugh at the old fox-hunter. You see, I thought she was some woman of quality so I doffed my hat to her, when, lo, and behold! madam pulls off her mask, and there was one of your pretty fellows, as you ladies call young men in these parts! Next came a female Quaker, a pretty lass enough, ads bobs! she quite took my heart by storm, and I could not help saying to the mob that it was a thousand pities she wasn't a Churchwoman. After her came half a dozen nuns, who filed off, one after another, up Catherine Street. Now when I observed the preciseness, of their dresses, a new thought struck me; I've hit it, thinks I,—this is a nest of sectaries; I have heard London is full of them. However, to make sure, I asked the porter what religion these people were. The fellow, put his tongue in his cheek, and then said, 'They are no religion, this is a masquerade,' Oho! oho! thinks I, so these are mummers! pretty doings indeed! What are the justices about, that they don't lay some of them by the heels? I'm one of the quorum, you know," added the Squire, drawing himself up with dignity; "and, I know how to make the bench respected! If I were a Middlesex justice, I would send those nuns to Bridewell; and as for those bats, they should put their heads out of the pillory, instead of a coach window."

"Bravo, Justice Shallow!" said Darlington, clapping the Squire on the back.

"My name is Bramber, sir," exclaimed the Squire, with a magisterial air. "I suppose Justice Shallow is one of the mummers you have been making free with to-night. I saw, with my own eyes, one fellow, dressed as a judge, who rapped out a thundering oath at his footman; and a drunken bishop, who reeled from one side of the court to the other, and was making love to an Indian queen. Nice doings, truly! no respect for either Church or

ate! What will all this end in?" and the Squire looked pathetically at his audience.

"I daresay the world will go on much the same, Squire," answered Darlington, "in spite of all these atrocities. But you are looking very well pleased, though rather dazed, when I first caught sight of you. What had mollified the storm engendered by the violence offered to your magisterial feelings?"

"Why, you see," replied the Squire, "I was just then looking at a very lovely milk-maid. I was inclined to be merciful to her, for a pretty face always gets over me; but I may well have looked dazed, for, in faith, some of the standers-by suspected her to be a duchess! Well, that's the end of my adventures, and I shan't forget what I have seen this morning in a hurry."

"Many thanks, Squire!" said Mrs. Purcell; "the relation is so amusing, that I'll get some one of the poor authors I know to write an account of it; and I'll give him a guinea for his pains. But here we are at home," she added, as the chariot stopped in Grosvenor Street. "You'll come in? My cousins will be delighted to see you, and we can get some breakfast, which we will have before we go to bed."

"Well, I can do with a snack," answered the Squire, modestly, preparing, as he spoke, to descend from the chariot; but suddenly stopping to put his hand in his pocket, his florid face turned quite pale, and he fell back on the seat with an expression of dismay and anger.

"Dear me! Squire Bramber, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Purcell, rather sharply, as the Squire's sudden movement thrust her crook nearly into her eyes.

"My purse! my almanack!" exclaimed the Squire.

"Lost?" asked Mrs. Purcell.

"No, madam," replied the Squire, indignantly, "stolen!"

"Oh, of course, by the mob," answered Mrs. Purcell. "It is really your own fault," she continued, adding to the Squire's wrath by imputing his misfortune to his own folly, and proceeding to enlarge upon her own superior wisdom. "You should never go to a crowd with a purse in your pocket; I never do."

"No ma'am; it was not one of the mob!" shouted the Squire, in a tone of fury; "it was one of your confounded hummers! It was a fellow dressed like a cardinal! He passed close to me, and made a jest at my appearance, forsooth! whilst he was picking my pocket. But I'll find my way to the justices," continued the infuriated Squire, descending from the chariot, amidst the ill-concealed mirth of Mrs. Purcell and her nephew and the footmen, who had opened the coach-door. "I'll not taste eat or drink till I see that fellow in the hands of the constables!"

He shall swing for it if he were a real good wager he was a prick-eared Presby had him here, I'd make him cry out C with the Rump!"

CHAPTER 1

STAND AND DEL

At six o'clock in the morning masquerade, a post-chaise started from a single postilion. The interior of Purcell and Rose; outside, the roof was filled with Mrs. Purcell's personal effects. Beck, the waiting-woman sat perched a young footman, whom Mrs. Purcell had

It was a glorious summer morning, ing gaily amongst the branches of the and then, at a turn in the wall, where round, a group of deer would be seen through the foliage, till startled by some passer over the smooth sward, scattering the deer would seek the banks of the fine stream whose clear waters reflected back the gleaming antlers of the deer.

On through Kensington drove the even in those far-away days; with stately and elegant white villas, shrouded in ivy on every side. At one turn in the road and near it Ranelagh. Strongly-marked stood out the wall of the noble hospital many a brave, worn-out old soldier sat Ranelagh looked more indistinct, the trees girding it in on every side, and glimpses of the walls of the Music House

"I don't know, I am sure, Rose, but after the diversions of London," sighed back in the chaise; "everything will be the country; and then one has no more shall not be greatly surprised to see gentlemen, who have been so attentive to appearance in Winchester. What do you

"Well, ma'am, you best know what any intimation to that effect."

"Why, thou little simpleton!" replied given me such a hint, I should have been to follow me; so, of course, they would

om me. But, Rose, if ever I saw distraction written on the face of any human being, I saw it written on that of Sir Andrew Larford when he bade me farewell; and I will not answer for what I will do!"

Rose, making no reply to this announcement, Mrs. Purcell fell into a reverie, which lasted whilst they passed through the pretty little village of Hammersmith, and the market town of Brentford; and they had left Hounslow behind them, with its red-brick walls and quaint stacks of chimnies, peeping out from amongst the trees before she broke her long silence. Her communication, brief as it was, seemed both to startle and terrify Rose.

"Oh, lud! my dear, child, what if we meet with a highwayman!"

The young girl started, and the colour fading from her face, left her cheeks and lips ghastly white. The warning she had received at the masquerade came back to her, and struck like a death-knell to her heart.

"Ah, ma'am, how you terrify me!" she exclaimed.

"Why, child, what ails thee?" replied Mrs. Purcell; "nay, I was but joking; I did not think to frighten thee—thou hast always seemed to me to have plenty of courage."

"I feel ill; it is nothing, it will pass off," murmured Rose, as she leant back in the chaise.

They had driven some way across the heath, and were within a mile of the Powder Mills, when suddenly each of the ladies started up, on hearing a loud imperative voice forbid the postilion to drive on, at the peril of his life. The rumbling of the wheels of their own vehicle had prevented them hearing the approach of the horseman, whom they now perceived from the windows, one of which Mrs. Purcell had hastily let down.

The postilion obeyed the command given him, and the stranger threw him a crown, bidding him drink his health with it.

"The Lord preserve us! a highwayman!" gasped Mrs. Purcell. "What shall we do? Why doesn't Beck scream? and that wretch, Wilson! he has a pistol; but I daresay he has hidden himself under the box. My diamonds that I have just had reset; shall be distracted if I lose them! Rose, why don't you speak? it is all very well for you; You have nothing to lose. I shall be the only sufferer!"

Rose seemed to strive to speak, but the words died away on her parched lips. The expression on her face was one of the deepest agony; her features appeared drawn, and large drops of perspiration stood on her forehead.

By this time, however, the highwayman, for such he evidently was, had dismounted from his fine chesnut horse, and advancing to

the door of the chaise he opened it, when of their assailant. He was a man of tall stature, enveloped in a great surtout, his face masked, and a large broad-brimmed, three-cornered hat on his head.

"I am sure, sir, you will have compassion," began Mrs. Purcell, joining her hands and looking up in her old dresses, "I assure you."

What more Mrs. Purcell would have said, but herself; for the highwayman, after a moment's silence, gave something like a groan, and sprang on his horse, and rode off at full gallop.

For a few moments the occupants of the chaise remained perfectly still and motionless, as she had been the last, to speak.

"Beck! Wilson! Postilion! come back, dying!"

In less than a minute the postilion and the panic-stricken faces of the waiting-women appeared at the chaise-door.

The state of Rose might well have been a terrified assertion; for she had fallen in a swoon, she lay back, still, rigid, and ghastly, in her seat.

Several minutes elapsed, in spite of the presence of Mrs. Purcell and Beck, before Rose recovered.

"Do you feel well enough, now, my dear?" asked Mrs. Purcell, when Rose began to look languidly around her.

"I think so," was the low, whispering answer.

"Thou hast given me a terrible alarm," said Mrs. Purcell, a little pettishly; for the alarm had fallen, had prevented her herself from fainting, and the hysterics, which she had seriously contented herself with, had galloped off, and so she felt deprived of this gratification. "I scarce indeed, in my agitation and terror, I was aware of thee some of my Blossom-milk of Circumstances, and that might not suit the stomach!"

"It will be well, indeed, madam, if you can get home, possible," remarked Mistress Beck, fearful that the highwayman should return.

"The highwayman?" echoed Mrs. Purcell.

"Ah, Beck! I have a shrewd suspicion

• This was a cocked-hat of George IV.

that he seemed.—Good lack ! my dear child, art worse again ?” she added, addressing Rose, who seemed about to faint ; but the latter shook her head and whispered that it was only a momentary pain in her heart, and that it had passed off again.

“ Not a highwayman, ma’am !” exclaimed Beck, in a tone of surprise.

“ I will say something further, by-and-bye,” remarked Mrs. Purcell, significantly ; “ but we will drive on now. I wish we were at the end of our journey, for Miss Berrington seems quite ill. Get on as fast as you can, postilion. Wilson, what have you got in your hand ?”

“ An’ it please you, madam, ’tis a gold snuff-box the highwayman dropped ; it fell from his pocket when he drew his pistol out.”

“ My suspicions are confirmed !” exclaimed Mrs. Purcell, as she took the box, and was about to open it, possibly with a view of seeing if there was any name on the lid inside—when suddenly Rose started up, and leaning forwards, snatched the box violently from her, and hurriedly placed it in her bosom. The death-like coldness of her hand, and a certain wildness in her eyes, made Mrs. Purcell apprehend that the sudden shock and terror had partly turned her brain. In no other way could she account for this sudden act of rudeness and violence. Mistress Beck was accordingly installed inside the chaise, rather to her alarm and dissatisfaction, as she thought the encounter with the highwayman was quite enough, without having a possible mad woman to contend with.

Wilson and the postilion resumed their respective seats ; and the horses set off at a brisk trot.

“ Just as I have seen my poor husband many a time,” remarked Mrs. Purcell, gazing at Rose, who now lay back in her seat, apparently half unconscious. “ He would be quite passive one moment, and all violence the next—lying quite still as she is now, when I knew that suddenly he might spring on any one near him.”

“ Oh dear !” gasped Mrs. Beck, pressing closer to the door, so as to place a wider space between herself and the supposed maniac.

“ Beck, do you know who I believe that man was ?” asked Mrs. Purcell, suddenly turning the conversation into another channel, much to the relief of her tire-woman—“ one of my admirers,” she continued, answering her own question ; “ I am sure I knew the voice, the air, the stature ; his disguise could not conceal him from my penetrating gaze—’t was Sir Andrew Harford.”

Had Mrs. Purcell been noticing Rose at that moment, she could have seen the trace of a smile on her wan face, possibly, at

the absurdity of this supposition, as Sir Andrew's height did not exceed five feet five, and the stranger stood six feet and more, and was a finely made man, while Sir Andrew was little, wizened, and diminutive.

"Truly, madam, it might be so; he had something the look of Sir Andrew," answered Beck, scarcely thinking it necessary to qualify the enormous falsehood she was uttering, "though I'll not be sure, for this man seemed a trifle taller."

"Thou hast not a correct eye, Beck; I have often told thee so," replied Mrs. Purcell. "However, if t'was not Sir Andrew, t'was another of my admirers. Mercy on us! what we poor females are exposed to, for sure he was going to carry me off!"

"But why did he ride away, then, ma'am?" asked Beck, doubtfully.

"On seeing my determined and unflinching demeanour. No, Beck, though I am so pursued and beset, I will not be forced into bestowing my hand upon any one of them."

"It's vastly strange, anyhow," said Beck. "Why, he never so much as said 'Stand and deliver!' It does really mind me of what I was reading in the 'Daily Post,' about the Essex highwaymen—some of 'em's real quality folks. If they come to a coach with any of their acquaintance in it, they very civilly make a bow, and say, Mr. So and So, I wish you a very good day; and then ride off. They say these gentlemen only take money and trinkets, but return pocket-books."

"Pr'ythee, do hold thy prate!" interrupted Mrs. Purcell; "don't you see, Miss Berrington's going off again?" She was mistaken, however, for Rose seemed rather to revive a little, and to be more tranquil and composed; so Mrs. Purcell resumed her favourite hobby—her admirers—for sometime; but both she, and the waiting woman took good care not to speak of the snuff-box, lest they should, by any indiscreet remark, cause a return of the unpleasant malady they feared Rose had been attacked with.

By this time, they had left Hounslow some four or five miles behind them, having crossed the Thames by the old wooden bridge at Staines. They were now drawing near Bagshot heath, a wild, deserted track of land, extending for two or three miles, bare, barren, and uncultivated. The dusky, purplish hue of the heath; and the same dull tint in the blossoms of the thistle, which grew rankly around, offered little to relieve the eye. Not a tree, even of the most stunted kind, was to be seen far or near.

The sun had ceased to shine; but the heat was intense, so that Mrs. Purcell, in spite of the dust, lowered the windows of the chaise. The sky looked all of a dull grey tint, save where the sun's disc hung in the heaven's like a ball of red, burnished copper. A

death-like stillness reigned around, and a sort of blight seemed to have fallen on the earth.

"What a dismal scene!" ejaculated Mrs. Purcell, with a shudder.

And, indeed, it was a dismal scene, and one indescribably revolting too, which now burst on the eyes of the occupants of the chaise. On their journey to London, they had passed the heath by night; and had then escaped witnessing its horrors.

At intervals of no very great distance, there stood groups of two or more gibbets, from which were hanging in chains the bodies of criminals. Of some, little more remained than the skeletons—a revolting spectacle.

In the last century this foul and shameful custom prevailed universally; but in these more enlightened days we have seen the horrible and monstrous absurdity of exposing the bodies of our criminals on gibbets with the view of deterring others from similar crimes.

Rose sat up in the chaise, and gazed fixedly at this awful sight, and it was as though some horrible fascination kept her eyes riveted on the appalling spectacle. Mrs. Purcell and Beck heard her repeat, two or three times, "O God! have mercy on him, and take him from the world," and then, with a long, deep-drawn sigh, she sunk back into the arms of her friend in a state of utter insensibility, which lasted so long that, in sheer despair, Mrs. Purcell ordered the postilion to drive on at his fastest, and they would put up at Frimley. However, just before arriving at this town, Rose revived a little, and when Mrs. Purcell asked her if they should not tarry there, she replied in a faint whisper—

"No, dear Mrs. Purcell; I must go on to Mr. Metham's. Carry me there, I beseech you."

So the chaise drove on, and towards evening they arrived near Winchester.

At the Great House, Humphrey himself came out when the chaise stopped; and in much alarm at the pale, haggard face of his darling sister, assisted her and Mrs. Purcell to alight.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOLD SNUFF - BOX.

TILL long after midnight there were lights burning in the windows of the Great House; for Rose Berrington seemed to be in so alarming a state, that Mrs. Metham had sent a servant on horseback for Dr. Burton. The old doctor arrived very speedily on his sturdy bay-cob horse.

The doctor's opinion was rather unpleasant, a fear that the symptoms would end then, Rose seemed partially, if not quite, these occasions, she took Mrs. Metham, poor lady stood weeping beside the bed, her lips, said—"Do not shed tears, dear benefactress; I am ill now, but I sometimes I don't know what I am saying, don't heed what I say, you nor any one, let your Ann come—you see I may say, would wonder—that was why I asked your Ann is an old, faithful servant." clasping her hands over her head, when he said, "See, dear madam, he has come to take off that black mask; he calls Rose!"

With a look of terrified surprise, favourite, who was now, she saw, because words struck a sudden pang to the heart, for she imagined they referred to Basil, poor girl had become the depositor, secret.

The poor old lady summoned her Ann, and confided Rose to her care, calling any one, save herself, into the room, library, in which there were assembled Dr. Burton, and Humphrey Berrington.

"How fortunate, dear Humphrey, up to-night," said Mrs. Metham, seated, "as Rose stopped here! The poor child is ill, and so wanted to come to me; mother, and this has been her real home."

"I know it, indeed," answered Humphrey, added, fervently, "that either my sister or some return, however small, for the shown us!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Metham, and then adding, with a smile. "My children,—what return does a mother love?"

"How came you to be here so late, Berrington?" inquired Mrs. Purcell, earnestly to Dr. Burton.

"A little business matter occurred, were over, that I wanted to consult Mr.

rode over, expecting to find Rose in Winchester when I returned. As things have turned out, it is very fortunate.—And do you really think, Dr. Burton," he added, turning to the latter, "that my dear sister will have brain fever? what can have brought it on? Surely not the simple fact of meeting a highwayman, terrifying as it might be!"

"Oh, dear me, no!" interrupted Mrs. Purcell—"and then, besides, 'twas no highwayman, and Rose must have known that full well. You need not smile and shrug your shoulders, Dr. Burton; but, to be sure, you were a shockingly rude man to me! However, I'll say no more—but, for sure, 'twas one of my admirers! prythee, can I help men following me about?"

"Certainly not, my dear madam; but really," added the provoking old Doctor, "t'would be as well if those whose hearts you enslave, did not pursue you with black masks on and pistols in their hand, for people would be apt to suspect they hankered after your purse rather than your person."

"My purse?" exclaimed Mrs. Purcell; "well, I should imagine the highwayman, if such you will have him, who stopped us on the heath, could hardly want that, when he is able to keep such a thing in his possession as a gold snuff-box, for he dropped one when he drew his pistol out, and Rose has it now. Wilson, my new footman picked it up, and gave it to me; and certainly, your sister, Mr. Berrington, must have lost her senses that very moment, for she snatched it out of my hand and put it in her bosom, and I and Beck were so alarmed at her violence, that we dared not say a word to her about it!"

"A singular circumstance!" remarked Mr. Metham; "it looks, certainly, as if it was some unfortunate wretch driven to distraction by the cruelty of our fair friend here——But, my dear, where are you going?" added the old banker, as his wife rose from her seat, and advanced towards the door with a faltering, uncertain step, her face looking strangely white and terrified.

Humphrey had started up and followed her, for she seemed scarcely able to walk, and she leant heavily on the arm with which he supported her.

"I am only going to see how dear Rose is," she replied, in an agitated tone; "and then I shall not come back to you any more to-night, for I do not feel well. I must have rest," she added, almost in a whisper, as she left Humphrey at the door; "yes, rest for the body, but for the mind there is no rest—only beyond the grave."

Mrs. Metham went straight to the room in which Rose lay; the latter was turning about from side to side, and talking very incoherently. With a firmer step, and a look of strong determina-

tion on her pallid face, the old lady asked as she did so, to Ann—

"You undressed her: did you snuff-box?"

"She has put it under her pillow: do not seek to know more," said the old woman, and wringing her hands. "Alack! saying fearsome things in her wandering thing of truth in a deal of what she says."

"I must know the worst," replied Ann, as she drew the box from under the pillow and went steadily to a table at the farther end of the room. The lights were burning before a mirror, and the old woman saw the face of her dear mistress looking earnestly at the box, and then opened the lid; and as she looked, a change came over her face, her features appeared to grow paler, and the pallor of her countenance seemed to deepen. Then she staggered as though about to fall, if in darkness; but Ann rushed forward.

The old servant heard her murmur, but the most she could distinguish was "penitent thief"—there may be for him, amen, I say to thee; 'this day thou shalt be free.'—And so comforting herself, doubtless from the Cross, which she was hopeful of for her guilty son, the soul of Dora Metham, she groaned, or struggled.

* * * *

Just on the outskirts of the village, at the close of the last century, a small inn or hostelry, called "The Partridge," kept by one Giles Dickson, stood in a white house, with its wide, roomy parlour, and sweet-briar, its little, old-fashioned, quaint, irregular stack of chimnies, but its walls were levelled to the ground, with its fine ornamental ground, now many years ago, Giles worked in his little cut hedges of holly, and its flower-beds were radiant in summer with roses of every most delicate white, mingling with others, however, that Giles had tastes far less in the cultivation of flowers. He did not do much business at his inn, and yet he always

It had been noted, however, that Giles had gentlemen dropping in, and staying a night or so—not, apparently, men of business, but fine, dashing gentlemen, who, as public rumour hinted, appeared on Hounslow Heath in another character than that which they bore at the inn. However, mine host and his guests kept their secret, and Giles paid his way well, and was hospitable and genial in his manner; so that whatever folks thought of him, custom would drop in from the village, and some of its notabilities did not disdain taking a glass of ale in the pleasant, sanded bar-parlor—a veritable country inn parlor it was;—on the chimney-piece stood two busts, John Wesley, then, as now, a saint with almost all the lowerclasses, and the great Duke of Marlborough, while its walls were hung round with a series of coloured, or rather daubed, old prints of celebrated racers, with records of their respective achievements printed underneath. There was Lord Farnham's *Conductor*, that won his Majesty's plate of 100 guineas, at the Guildford races, 1st of June, 1773; there was Mr. Vernon's chesnut-horse, *Prophet*, that beat Mr. Panton's bay-horse, *Pancake*, five miles over the Beacon Course, for 1000 guineas, Newmarket October meeting, 1765; there was Sir James Lowther's brown horse, *Ascham*, that beat His Royal Highness the Duke's *King Herod*, for 1000 guineas, five miles over the Beacon Course, Newmarket October meeting, 1765; there were also Lord Bolinbroke's *Gimcrack*, and Mr. Vernon's *Otho*, and other Newmarket winning horses.

"Yon is Mr. Page coming," said Mr. Yewes, a substantial looking old farmer, who lived not far off, "now, if he'll join us, we shall have some fine stories. He's the man to keep folk amused; and what a real handsome gentleman he is—a prince couldn't look better nor he does." Most of the company assented to this remark; but some of them observed that he was not looking his best.

Giles hastened into the porch with some eagerness to receive his guest—a tall, handsome man, almost majestic in his height, seated on a fine chesnut horse, which was covered with white foam, as though it had been hard ridden.

We have seen this dark olive face before, so splendid in its beauty; but so haggard and worn, with premature lines and furrows marring its grace, like some fair landscape defaced by a stream of burning lava.

Mr. Page dismounted, and threw his bridle to Giles who chose himself to act the part of ostler, with an expression of angry impatience.

"Have you not been in good luck, sir?" asked Dickson, in a low voice. "The chaise passed here hours ago; t'was well laden, and I guess there was good booty, both inside and out, on the persons of the ladies and in their trunks."

"I wish thy confounded tongue had been cut out, ere thou had'st apprised me of this chaise and its occupants!" exclaimed Page, in a tone of concentrated rage and grief. "I feel beside myself, man! I have been riding about on the heath for hours, as though ten thousand fiends were after me! The chaise I stopped contained those who know me in another character than that of a base, despicable plunderer, highway-robber, in which vile guise I have appeared to them. This day's work has sealed my black fate!—she recognised me," he added, in a lower tone, as though to himself. "Well, I care not now. Blow winds and crack your jaws!" As he uttered the last few words he strode into a small private room at the back of the house, and bade the landlord get rid of those drivelling fools in the bar-parlour as soon as he could.

When alone he paced up and down the room—a bright, pleasant little chamber facing the west, where the sun, which had shone out after the dull, murky day, was setting in clouds of crimson and gold.

Gradually the sounds of mirth and festivity from the bar-parlour subsided; so that the landlord, it appeared, had devised some means for ridding it of its occupants, and a deep silence reigned in and around the little inn. The evening wore on, and yet even Giles Dickson forebore to intrude himself on his guest, so long as he still heard, whenever he approached the door, that heavy, ceaseless tread, and those half-stifled exclamations of rage, mingled with oaths and execrations.

The sun was just setting, and its dying rays lighted up the whole of the room, where the unhappy man a prey to the wildest fury and despair, contemplated a deed that should seal with crime even the very last moment of his life. In his hand he held a pistol which, after ceasing at length to pace up and down the little chamber, he had carefully loaded. For a few moments he stood perfectly still, and motionless, facing the casement, with his eyes fixed on the western sky, then calmly and deliberately he raised the muzzle of the pistol to his mouth, and seemed about to draw the trigger, when suddenly, his hand fell, as though nerveless, by his side, the expression on his face changed from sullen defiance, to a look of mingled grief and terror, tears dimmed his bloodshot eyes, and his whole frame seemed shaken by the violence of his emotion.

At this crisis, Giles rushed in. He had indeed had his eye applied to a crack in the door for some minutes, and was on the point of making a sudden entrance, when he saw Page raise the pistol to his mouth, but was deterred for a moment, by seeing the would-be suicide abandon his resolution in what appeared to the landlord so inexplicable a manner.

Giles Dickson had been a Methodist in his early youth, and

ough, when he took to the life of an inn-keeper, and, if report spoke truly, a far worse calling, he had ceased to attend the meeting-house, yet he still affected, at times, a godly style of speech, delivered with somewhat of a twang, and mixed with his own smelly reflections and remarks.

"Oh, sir! whatever were you going to do?" exclaimed Giles. "Don't suffer such wicked thoughts to come into your head. Dear sir, consider that you'll be denied Christian burial, and have your corpse buried in the highway, and a stake drove through you, as Farmer Fagg was served at Dobcross! To be sure, it can be nothing but the devil puts such wicked thoughts into your head, as have heard the blessed Mr. Wesley say."

Page made no immediate answer to the landlord's highly suggestive speech, but he walked to the window, and opening it, discharged his pistol, the report breaking the stillness of the summer evening, and startling the birds from their shelter amongst the leafy screen of foliage that girt the landlord's little garden.

"There, Giles! art satisfied now, man?" said Page, with a bitter smile. "Go, and bring me a bottle of thy best claret; for I am athirst, my tongue cleaves to my mouth."

Giles immediately prepared to go on this errand, saying, as he did so— "Nay, but this is well; 't would be unseemly for such an honourable, brave man as yourself to take away your life because you had ill-luck just for once; you'll have better, mayhap, next time."

"Sorry fool!" soliloquised the highwayman, as the landlord left the room, "he would divert me from shooting myself, with the apprehension of being buried in the cross-roads, and a stake run through my body, but would urge me to fresh deeds of violence, which must end in the gibbet. To be hung in chains would be just as horrible to most minds as the cross-roads and stake; and he poor fool thinks," he added, in a musing tone, as he advanced to the casement, and fixed his eyes earnestly on the dying glories of the western sky, "that his cant influenced my determination to give up my fell resolve. Ah, no, Giles! 'twas something stronger; 'twas the sight, again, of that aged face, shrouded in its white locks, that looked up at me months ago, from the dark gulf of waters, when I meditated that fatal plunge from the bridge! And so it looked at me to-night, from out those gold-tinted clouds, that seemed to encircle the hoary head with a halo of light, and gazed at me warningly, sorrowfully, till it seemed to be absorbed and to melt away in the dazzling glory of the sky!"

THE WIND.

WHAT thou art, and whence thou comest,
Who can tell?
Skimming o'er the lofty mountain,
O'er the dell,

Sometimes raised in angry fury,
Dashing by,
Driving clouds in snowy masses,
'Cross the sky.

Then again, in summer twilight,
When the sun
Sinks to rest, in golden splendour,
His course run;

Dancing onward, all things greeting,
Passing by,
Flowers bow their heads before thee,
Lovingly.

Treble bless'd of nature's children!
For to thee
'Tis allowed to kiss my darling,
Dear to me—

None thy playfulness may chasten,
Or reprove,
As thou toiest with the tresses,
Of my love—

But her charms upon thee cloying,
Thou dost fly,
Seeking others, as thy playthings,
Wantonly.

EDWARD S. GIBNEY

"WIND-TOSSED LEAVES."*

It is well for a man to take stock at least once in his life. Every one has somewhat of the poetic temperament within him—some more, some less—so little with some, as to consign them like Pariahs, without caste in the world of feeling. It is, apart from poets pre-eminently distinguished as such, mainly the intellectual man or woman, who finds refuge from the toil and distraction of the world, or from more laborious pursuits, in poetry, or who when liberated for a moment from the struggles of existence, pours forth his moral and sentimental being in verse. Metre is to such as great a relief as music is to the too great tension of an over-burdened mind. Here is Mr. Charles Curle—an old contributor to the *NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE*—a gentleman and a scholar, a historian, archæologist, and scientist; a very Triton among rainbows for erudite research and learned disquisition, and yet who has been engaged during a fair portion of his existence—from school days to maturity (and a little after)—penning "rhymes," sonnets, songs, and other more pretentious poems, and publishing them under various pseudonyms. Yet might they have been lost like other leaves, that have served their summer purpose, had he not wisely gathered them together, and boldly put them before the public as his own progeny—it is for the said public to determine if the offspring are as fair as the Galatea of whom Virgil sings, and to whom Mr. Curle pens so charming a madrigal, or as ill-favoured and distorted as the Cabiri or imps of the Egyptians, not the dwarfs of Samothracia, although with them the originals of the gnomes of the Erzgebirg and of the Black Forest. We have no fear about the verdict ourselves, even had not many of Mr. Curle's poems set to music, as "Foot-prints in the Snow," "Love for the Old," "The Muffin Bell," "Queenie's Song," "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," been long ago accepted by the public as their own property. But the man who could indite that wondrous dream of the unknown world "The Breath of the Invisible:"

Weird fancy peoples echoes never ended :
Like shadow thoughts, when in our hearts we pray,
With their mystic harmony seems blended
Faint glimmerings of remote celestial ray :
As some starry beam
O'er a sedgy stream
Sprinkling light within its watery way ;

* *Wind-Tossed Leaves*, reclaimed by Charles Curle (Barfoot Shenstone), &c., &c.).—E. W. Allen, London.

that "Dream of Joy," yeapt "Monti of Milan," and those soft sweet aspirations after infinite tenderness, breathed in "A Whisper," deserves more serious consideration than even the limner of those dainty pen-and-ink pictures, entitled "Maiden at the Lodge," "Mneia," "La Marchesana," "Avona," and a host of others, as full of colour as they are radiant with beauty, or the composer of a hundred popular songs. Mr. Curle is even happy in his more cynic moods, witness :

"Where exclusiveness prevails

It shuts out the mountain climbers with the dwellers in the vale.
 Woman should cling to her mission, she was sent to sweeten life,
 Whether sister, friend or daughter, fiancée, or loving wife.
 Hatred are the acid-hearted, sour in aspect or in tongue ;
 Never for their sake have poets numbers tuned or verses sung ;
 Save when in remorseless rancour sharp the biting accents fall,
 Or when pity gives her verdict in the words "unloved of all."



JANIE'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

"The short but simple annals of the poor."

IE had an invitation to a ball, and she was happy. It would be much of an event to most of us, but it was like a tale of y-land to this poor, lonely girl, and she had nothing to wear.

She had no mother to go to a century-old trunk, made of derful spiced wood, and take therefrom a marvellous fabric of ia muslin, like woven mist, or a beautiful, priceless set of que pearls; nor did she ever have a cheque given her by an ilgent father, as an ordinary heroine would have had.

She had no mother or father, this poor, neglected, hard-worked se-girl. No one in all the wide world to take the slightest rest in her, beyond seeing that she earned her miserable five ars monthly (*and* clothes), and that she patiently submitted to the pinchings and kickings administered by her juvenile ges.

There was no beauty in Janie, unless you except her eyes and ; all else was commonplace and almost vulgar. Her eyes e large, dark, and mournful, as if she had never known a friend. hair was a rich brown, wavy and abundant. Her face dull, heavy, and sallow. Her figure coarse and awkward. hands were red and ill-formed; nothing interesting about her, see; and, therefore, you may wonder at her receiving this tation, coming, too, as it did from the bright and handsome ag mechanic, Charley Edwards.

All day Janie went about her manifold duties in a dazed sort o mer, but with an unusual smile on her lips; and she received y an extra rebuke for her mistakes from her mistress. They d off, however, like dew from rose-leaves from Janie's now py heart. At last, in the midst of a sweet reverie, wherein all beauty, and where Janie and Charley walked side by side, her res spoke sharply—

'What are you staring and grinning at? I can't see what is matter with you to-day. Don't you see that the baby wants to your hair? Let it down.'

Poor Janie gave her long and beautiful hair to the tender ies of the baby. After he had gone to sleep Janie fell thinking t she should wear to this ball. She had no idea of what would

be proper: she did not like to ask her mistress, for she knew she would be ridiculed unmercifully by that proud and selfish woman. She thought of all her dresses—they were pitifully few—and decided, with a sigh, that none of them would answer. Finally, she determined to go to some strange store, and there she could ask the clerk what would be the most suitable.

She asked leave of absence of her mistress for the first time in her five years of servitude (for where had she to go in the whole world?), and with a cold stare of surprise it was accorded. Going to her miserable little room, she took her slender purse and counted the contents. Five dollars and a half were all that it contained. Janie wondered eagerly if that would buy a dress. However, with a little sigh of relief she put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the store to make her purchase.

The clerk, pitying her hesitation and embarrassment as she explained her wants, understood at once (Heaven bless him for it!) and pleasantly showed her some tarletan, pink, white, and blue.

Poor Janie had an unsuspected, unformed vein of poetry in her stunted nature, and she mentally compared the fleecy white to the drifting clouds, the blue to the azure sky, while the pink was like the morning light. She would have chosen the white, but she accidentally laid her rough, red hand on it, and seeing the contrast, she put it by and chose the blue; not knowing, poor soul! that it would make her sallow skin look positively yellow.

That paid for, she had just fifty cents left to buy gloves, shoes, ribbons and all those other etceteras, which render femininity so charming. She thought regretfully of those articles; but she was too happy on her main idea to fret over them. She had no money to pay a dressmaker; so on evenings, after her multifarious duties were done, she would sit and sew, her face almost handsome with the sweet, tender smile that now played over her lips. "Why should she not be happy? Charley was so good, she had known him so long, and now he had asked her to go to this ball with him." Charley had just finished building a darling little cottage for himself, and Janie thought, with a sweet thrill of delight, that perhaps he might ask her to live in that little cottage as his wife. Could mortal felicity ever reach higher?

The night before the ball Janie asked her mistress for permission to go. She had expected a scolding, but was not prepared for what she did hear, and it cut deep. Why will women, be so hard on women because they are servants, when a few words of kindness cost so little? Her mistress had laughed to scorn the idea of her going to such a place, shamed her, ridiculed her, until poor Janie's heart was like to burst. Finally she said --

"You can go, if you want to; but, remember, I will have no

hinking of to-morrow's work. You will look such a figure in a ball-room ; Charley will be ashamed of you."

Janie crept off and sobbed, and wept over the bitter words ; but finally she thought, "Charley knows how I look ; and if he had not wanted me to go, he would not have asked me," and she dried her ears, and set about arranging her clothes for the coming night, that they might be entirely ready.

The night of the ball came, and it was nearly ten before Janie had fulfilled all the tasks set by her mistress, who had been more exacting and captious than usual that day. But at last she was dressed for the ball, and surveyed herself critically in the little glass to her own satisfaction.

Her dress did not fit her, though she did not know it, and made her poor figure look more ungraceful than ever. Where it should have been loose it was tight, and where it should have been tight it was a world too wide. She wore large hoops, and, taken all in all, she resembled in shape precisely the form of an old-fashioned Dutch churn. Her beautiful hair was crammed tightly in a pangled net, and a large scarlet bow was at her throat. A bright laid sash (borrowed from the cook), and thick, coarse shoes (the best she had), completed her costume. She wore no gloves, and her poor, coarse hands were painfully conspicuous.

Charley, man-like, never paid any attention to what she had on : but he somehow dimly felt that she did not look so well as he had seen her. They went to the ball, and the novelty of it all, the beautiful girls, the flowers, and music, made it seem more like fairy land, to poor unsophisticated Janie than a reality.

Charley was kind and attentive to her, and she, happily, did not perceive in the general gaiety of dress the shortcomings in her own attire, as contrasts with the others. She would have been perfectly content to sit for ever and watch the gay couples float by in the waltz, or dash past in the polka. It was all pure delight and joy without the semblance of a shadow. At last it was time to go home, and as they walked along the silent street, Charley said—

"Janie, I have got some good news to tell you ; I know you will be glad, for you and I are like brother and sister. I got a letter from my wife to-day, and she and my boy will be here next week, and then you must come and live with us. Are you not glad?"

"Yes," said Janie after a while, with an effort ; but when they came in the light, Janie's face was like the ghastly face of a dead woman of fifty years. And it always remained so, for her youth had suddenly died with the ending of her one romance.

"OLIVE HARPER."



There will be no sorrow there.
Faint not heart, be not cast down,
Ne'er forget that many others
Bore their cross and won their crown.

Each cloud has its silver lining,
Therefore, cease thy sad repining ;
For the darkest hour is ever
Just before the dawn of day.
Fear not—just across the river,
You will soon for ever stay ;
Faint not heart, be not cast down,
Bear the Cross before the Crown.

Ev'ry day must have its sorrow,
Which will brighter make the morrow
Ev'ry heart must have its gladness,
Ev'ry heart must have its woe.
And, unless 'tis tinged with sadness,
Joy will not seem sweet you know.
Faint not heart, be not cast down,
Soon you'll reach the brighter shore,
Drop the Cross and wear the Crown.

CLELIA Ros

THE WATER TOWER:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ROYAL LANCASHIRE MILITIA.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds," &c

CHAPTER LXI.—*Continued*

TERESA'S SECRET.

AT an early hour of the following morning, the chaise drove down the spacious Highgate, through the quaint, narrow Kirkland, over the bridge spanning the lovely river Kent, and so out of the old town, in which Teresa had spent the night.

Heart-sore and sorrow-stricken as she was, her weary eyes lingered for awhile on the wintry, but yet fair landscape, where hill and valley, sweeping meadows, and woodland heights rapidly succeeded each other; the old baronial Castle of Kendal rising up,

dark mass against the snow-covered background, whilst long icicles hung pendant from the openings in the stonework, where windows once had been. A massive relic, this, of an age long past, when the first Norman king gave the barony of Kendal to *vo de Taillebois*.

It was late in the day before Teresa and Okey reached Preston—proud Preston, as it was once called,—owing to the heavy state of the roads; and here a fresh fall of snow compelled the former, most unwillingly, to suspend her journey once more.

They started again early the next day, but a sleepless night, fatigue, and the benumbing influence of the cold, induced a feeling of drowsiness, which, at length, overpowered Teresa; and it was only the sudden stopping of the chaise, the sound of voices, and the hum and bustle, usual in the streets of a large town, that aroused her from her uneasy slumber, when she became aware, that at last, after many years, she was once more in Chester—once more in sight of those old walls, endeared to her from early childhood, and then remembered only as forming a link with the darkest and saddest epoch in her life.

Again, she was in sight of the Water Tower, unchanged since that February morning, long years ago, when she had passed from under its shadow a sorrow-stricken woman. A clear, blue sky just as there was then, a flood of bright sunshine gilding the distant hills, and gleaming on the broad waters of the Dee; the frozen

meadows, and the fields white with unbroken solitude, as she had seen Walls. She, alone, was changed; passed away into the woman, whose life, the smooth brow was marked with grey, and the bright eyes had grown dim, and the hair with grey.

A very short drive, now, brought her to a spot long unseen, but never forgotten. So vivid, that she almost expected to see him, with his gun on his shoulder, to hear his warm and welcome greet her, the wind amongst the bare, leafless branches of the avenue, was the only sound that broke the silence.

Robert Norris met her in the hall. She started back, half-doubtfully at the haggard-looking and sunken eyes, lying back in his chair, the pallor of death on his face, and it was all over.

Could this be Piers, the gay and handsome Brewwood?—Teresa's first and only lover, altered as it was, broke the spell, and she knew that had fallen from his lips when he died—death-blow—"Poor Teresa."

There was all the old love and tenderness like an echo of the past; and as she looked over his chair, she forgot the present, and lived in that brief dream of happiness, as if it were of his love.

With something of reverence she pressed his lips on her forehead, and he lay down by his side, keeping her hand.

"Robert," he said, after a pause, "I wish you to be present during my interview with Teresa; because, when I command, and my intellects clear, which you must hear, my dear old depository of the fatal secret which I have long years past, and that of this instant, that she has shared it with me. I am an instant, though how she became a mystery to me,—a mystery which I have, already, Robert. made my own. It is almost beyond the bounds of

circumstance will occur that may call upon either of you to divulge this secret, but in such an event your testimony would save the innocent, by revealing my guilt."

"You speak in enigmas, my dear Piers," replied Norris, in a tone of the deepest emotion; "put these gloomy, strange thoughts out of your head. I would as soon believe myself guilty of crime as you."

"Oh, do not stop him—let him speak," said Teresa, raising her drooping head. "I know it will ease his mind of a frightful burthen—it will raise a load from his heart. O Piers," she added, turning to him, "I have hoped and prayed that I might see you again, and yet I feared that might never be."

"Well for you, Teresa, if you had never known me," said Thorold, bitterly. "What sorrow I have caused you! what a cruel return for a love of which I was so unworthy!"

"I have suffered, indeed," replied Teresa, mournfully; "I have suffered for you, Piers. My fears were always alive—I was never at rest; and, like yourself, my hair has whitened, and I have grown old before my time, in the long struggle. My own blighted hopes were nothing, they had not the weight of a feather in the scale; it was that secret cause of fear and anguish, to which you have alluded, Piers, and which, locked in my own bosom, embittered my waking moments, and haunted my sleep with frightful dreams. But I feel it is all over now for you and for me, —all terror, and doubt, and restraint; and hope whispers that your lips may give a less dreadful reading of that dark page, which has ever been before my eyes during these long years."

"And hope whispers rightly, dear Teresa," said Thorold, as letting her hand drop, he spread out his own, thin and emaciated, and continued in faint but firm tone; "these hands are stained with blood, with the blood of a fellow creature, whom I sent before his Judge, without warning, and with all his sins upon his head, but the brand of Cain is not on my brow. On the oath of a dying man, who has no motive now for concealment, I swear to you both, that I slew Emile Vaucour in a moment of rage, that I was utterly innocent of any design upon his life, and that, when I struck him, I had not the faintest idea that I was dealing his death-blow."

"Now, may God be praised!" exclaimed Teresa, fervently—"not 'poor Teresa,' now," she added, "but rich—rich in hope for you, dearest, of full forgiveness in the world beyond the grave, and everlasting rest."

"I am amazed, bewildered!" ejaculated Norris, as he came and seated himself beside Thorold, and clasped his friend's hands in his own. "Why, Piers, did you not confide in me, your early friend? why have you passed all these years in fear and torture of

mind, because, in an unguarded moment, you had caused the death of this man? Any court of justice would have acquitted you, and you would have been spared all these years of suffering."

Thorold shook his head sadly, and said—

"I was not so sure of that, Robert; appearances would have been strongly against me. It would have come out that I was on bad terms with the man, and my version of the affair would probably have been disregarded, for people would naturally have thought that I would put it in the most favourable light for myself. If I had had the slightest intention to kill the man, I believe I should have surrendered myself up to justice without an instant's delay; or if any other person had been apprehended on suspicion I should have come forward at once: but I knew that I was innocent, and that the fatal blow I had struck was unintentional, though I also felt that I might not be able to convince others of this. I have only, at present, declared my innocence; I will now briefly tell you what passed on that dreadful day; and when I have done, Teresa, will tell us how she became acquainted with my fearful secret, for, far and wide, over those lonely fields on the banks of the Dee, I saw nothing but bare and leafless trees, which could not possibly have concealed her from my sight, had she been anywhere near.

"The riddle is easy of solution," answered Teresa, with a sad smile.

"You will remember, probably," said Thorold, turning to Norris, "that it was in this very month of February, years ago, that Teresa renounced her engagement with me—the reason you now know—she thought I was a murderer. I had gone out from this house to meet her at Chester, and was crossing the frozen meadows, gay and light-hearted, when as I neared the Walls of the old city, a shadow fell across my path, and I came face to face with Emile Vaucour. A sudden feeling of mingled rage and pain shot through my heart, and a sensation, almost of fear, as though I realised all the anguish and tortures of my future life. I had striven hard to forget this man, who had poisoned my early youth and haunted my manhood; I had paid him to the full all I had ever owed him, however iniquitous, and I had hoped that I should never see him again. Meeting him at so short a distance from Brewood, brought strongly to my mind the recollection of the visit he had paid there on a former occasion, and which had caused so bitter a quarrel between myself and my mother and promised wife. I fancied, perhaps, he might be going there again to sow distrust and suspicion; and still, though I did not see how he could injure me as he had done before, yet the bare thought filled me with indignation, and his very presence near my house seemed like an insult. I hardly know which of us spoke first: I think I charged

in not to set his foot in Brewood Park; then he made some sultry answer, and I replied; and so one word grew out of another, and he became each moment more fierce and bitter in his reproofs. I was not slow to answer him, and furious at his insults and mockery, I reproached him with a vile and dishonourable action which he had committed in Paris. He raised his stick as if to strike me, and I instantly wrenched it from his grasp and dealt a blow at him, when, to my horror and amazement, he fell apparently lifeless at my feet. I then saw that the stick I held in my hand was armed with a dagger at the top, and that the blade was stained with blood. It was a dagger-stick, Robert, you have, doubtless, seen such weapons, especially on the Continent. Now, whether the dagger had sprung out of the stick, unperceived by me, or my excitement, in wrenching it from Vaucour, or whether it had sprung out in aiming the blow at him I know not; but I had unconsciously struck him to the heart, and I saw by his rigid face and glassy eyes that he was dead. For a few moments I felt stunned, and could hardly realise that life was extinct; but even then, the horrible thought came into my head, which was to pursue me for the rest of my life, that I might one day be tried for murder. I hurried away from the fatal spot, after glancing around to see if anyone was near; there was not a single person in sight, indeed, it was a spot but little frequented in winter. I went straight home to Brewood, utterly unable to keep my appointment with Teresa. In the evening I received the letter from her which broke off our engagement."

Here Thorold ceased speaking, and looked earnestly at Teresa.

"Strange as it may seem, till I explain it," replied the latter, "I witnessed what had happened, and my great fear was lest any other person might have seen it as well. I was always full of apprehension on that account, and also lest any innocent man should ever be accused of the murder; for in that event, I felt that, much as I loved you, I must come forward and state all that I knew. Can you not realise now, Robert," she added, dressing her cousin, "what my torture of mind has been? It grew more intense when Piers married, for then there was his wife and his innocent children to share any trouble or disgrace that might fall upon him. I think that was the hardest time of all."

"So I added to your burthen," sighed Thorold. "I sought companionship, whilst you were content to remain desolate and alone. How far does the constancy and strength of woman's love outweigh that of man! *Treu und fest*," he added, quoting the old German motto, as he pressed Teresa's hand to his lips.

"I was on the Walls, waiting for you," resumed Teresa,

“when I saw Emile Vaucour walking down in the meadows. I followed him with my eyes, till I lost sight of him behind a hedge, and I felt a vague feeling of uneasiness and alarm, for I knew he had gone in the direction which would lead him across your path, if you should be taking the short cut over the fields from Brewood. I next went into the Water Tower, and to pass away the time more quickly, I ascended the stairs, and looked in the camera. I saw, at first, the old city, and then, as the streets and roof-tops glided away, I saw the fields, and the bare, naked branches of the trees, and clearly defined, against the whitened fields, two figures, whom I recognised as yourself and Vaucour. Even as I looked, I saw you raise your arm, with some weapon in your hand; I saw Vancour fall, and you walk hurriedly away in the direction of Brewood. Something whispered to me that you had left a dead man in the field, and immediately the white surface on which I was gazing, seemed spotted with blood. My brain grew dizzy, and I heard a sound as of rushing waters in my ears. I know not how I found my way on to the Walls or to my home. In the evening, when it became noised about the town that the body of a man had been found stabbed to the heart in the fields, I could no longer doubt. The agony of that night will never fade from my remembrance, nor the fear and first alarm I felt, when standing watching the shadows in the camera, in the old Water Tower.”

CHAPTER LXII.

AULD REEKIE.

BEFORE the close of the month of February, a month which had been so fatal to him. Piers Thorold reposed in the vault of his ancestors. He had been struck with paralysis a second time, within a few days after his confession to Teresa and Robert Norris.

The former was constantly with him to the last, and though he became apparently unconscious a few hours before his death, Norris and Mr. Scruton, who were with him, fancied that a gleam of light shot from the glazed eyes, when Teresa knelt by his bedside; and she herself thought that the icy fingers faintly pressed her own as she placed within them an ivory crucifix, a gift of his to herself in earlier and happier days.

When all was over, she would suffer no other hands than her own, to prepare that loved form for its last home; but when he had gone from her for ever the strength and fortitude of years gave way at last, and for many weeks she hovered between life and death. She had gone to spend a few days at Buckhurst with Flora, who

had followed her from Scotland, when she was suddenly taken ill at her cousin's house. The hedges were flushed with pink and white hawthorn blossoms, and the beds in the garden at Buckhurst, radiant with many tinted flowers, on the sweet summer morning, in the first days of June, when Norris gently broke to Teresa the intelligence that she was now the wealthy owner of the Ayleworth estate.

None who had heard the story of their early love, felt any surprise when it became known, that by Thorold's will he had left this, the larger portion of his property to Teresa, with reversion, at her death, to her brother.

A feeling of justice, as well as love, had prompted this disposition of the estate. Piers had often heard from his mother what Colonel Thorold's opinion had been on the subject, and he had always contemplated leaving Ayleworth, in the event of the failure of his own heirs, to the persons whom he considered rightfully entitled to it.

Brewood passed to a distant cousin, the nearest surviving relative of Colonel Thorold. When quite restored to health, Teresa removed with Flora and her little girl to Ayleworth, the young married couple agreeing in the wish of the former that they should make it their home; whilst Walter also consented to retire from the navy, and superintend the management of the estate which one day was to be his.

And Teresa was happy—happy in spite of all the long years of trial and suffering she had gone through. Happy, thrice happy in the knowledge that Piers was guiltless of the crime of Cain, and that tried in a fiery furnace, he had come out at last refined and purified, and had returned with eager, child-like confidence and love to the faith that had long lain dormant, though it had never been extinguished in his heart.

An old maid, such was Teresa Ayleworth; but with all the fond, tender, loving sympathies so often displayed by single women, who frequently show the brightest examples of Christian heroism and fortitude, of self-denial, and patient suffering, bearing the burthens of others as well as their own.

Teresa had done so all her life, for her father, her brother, and for Piers Thorold. She had not any longer to make painful sacrifices for those whom she loved; but if she had aided and assisted others in the days of poverty and affliction, how much more did she do so, now that wealth had fallen to her share.

Riches had not hardened her heart—they had extended and spread her powers of doing good. Begging letters, as they are styled, she had in plenty, and her generous hand was ever open to those who were unfortunate enough to be compelled to solicit aid

from their wealthier brethren. The answers to such letters, by their kind tone making doubly great the favour conferred, were written by herself; for she kept no amanuensis, like the golden dust-man of a late popular novelist, who devotes a chapter to a criticism on those so ill-fated as to have to ask for a benefaction from the happy possessors of wealth.

So we will leave Teresa happy in herself, and rejoicing in the happiness she is able to bring to others.

* * * * *

The corn-fields around Auld Reekie are glowing with the coming harvest, and a sultry August afternoon is waning to its close, when a tall, gaunt individual makes his way from the Lawn-Market at the head of the High Street into Riddle's Close.

Years long gone by, this gentleman was rambling about in the same erratic fashion which he is pursuing on the present occasion. Then, as now, he would halt in the middle of a close or wynd, surrounded by ragged, bare-footed children, to scrutinise, perchance some doorway, adorned with an inscription in large, quaint characters and armorial bearings, boldly cut in high relief, or he would grope his way up some dark, projecting turret staircase, into rooms soot and dirt begrimed, to examine remains of old oak carvings, to the astonishment of their tattered occupants, who, however, rejoiced over his bountiful gratuity when he left.

His habits are the same; but he is changed in face and person, from the young captain of the old First Royal Lancashires, of nearly thirty years ago, who emerged from the shabby inn, called the 'Thistle,' dressed in a blue military frock coat, white kerseymere breeches, and black-topped boots. Robert Norris has certainly altered much since those days. His hair is very grey, his face looks old and weather-beaten, from his restless, fatiguing life, and he begins to stoop. As for his dress, his courting days are over, for he has lately married Miss Jane Fairfax, so he has relapsed into his usual slovenly and careless style; and it is now a matter of indifference to him, whether his tailor, viewing him in the light of an old boy, puts him off with anything, or supplies him with a coat fashionably cut.

This visit to Edinburgh is, in fact, Robert's honeymoon,—not such an eccentric one as that spent in the Shetland Isles, certainly; for he has found already that the tastes of the third Mrs. Norris do not assimilate with his own, as did those of the second; so he haunts the closes and wynds alone, meditating in an absent mood, and every now then, as was his wont, jerking forward his chin, his hat pushed back on his head, and its rim almost resting on his shoulders,

and his washed out-trousers of shepherd's plaid, flapping loose about his ankles,—which said trousers, with an innate love for old clothes, he has drawn from some secret horde, to the great indignation of his bride.

Under a dark archway dived Norris, into a narrow entry, opening out a little at the end, then he passed through another dark archway and so into a small square court with tall picturesque, looking houses of irregular height all round it, such as he had left behind him in the first portion of the close.

Blackened walls cast their shadow on the pavement beneath, so black are they, that the oyster-shells sprinkled amongst the plaster look like flakes of frozen snow. The stones are irregular, broken, and rugged, the thick massive window-frames incrustated with a coating of soot, many of them destitute of glass, and some in high arrears, have only bars of iron across them. But as in many other parts of old Edinburgh, these ruinous tumble-down houses have once been the residence of great nobles, and Riddle's Close welcomed, a past centuries royalty itself within its old stone walls. Norris knew already what a tattered woman leaning from one of the battered casements informed him,—“Aye, it was in that house the king stopped.” But Baillie Macmoran's house, where James the sixth and Ann of Denmark were entertained by the city of Edinburgh, had also another attraction for Norris; for here at one time had resided the widow of Mr. David Williamson, the minister of the West Church, who was ejected in 1665. He was the “Daintie Davie,” of Scottish song, and had buried six wives, but his seventh buried him!

Norris was humming the words of the old song “Daintie Davie is the Thing,” as he turned his back on the house. Possibly he was ruminating whether he should be able to make a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth venture on the sea of matrimony. However that may be, he looked a little bit vexed, confused, and even sheepish, as on emerging from the Close into the Lawn-Market, he tumbled on an old acquaintance, Baillie Macfarlane, who exclaimed as he seized him by the hand—

“A weel, Doctor, I'm unco glad to see you again in Auld Reekie. How are you? and how is your gude leddy?”

“Yes, yes, yes, yes!” replied Norris, poking out his chin, and looking embarrassed, as though he were rather ashamed at this allusion to his third venture.

“For I ha' heard,” continued the Baillie, with a mischievous glance at Norris, and a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, “that you've been wiving again.”

CHAPTER LXIII.

DRAWING TO AN END.

WE left Robert Norris, in our last chapter, rambling about the closes and wynds of old Edinburgh. These were favourite haunts of his; and though the third Mrs. Norris would have preferred spending her winters in England, she found it better to yield to her husband's wishes, and so at least six months of the year were passed in the northern metropolis.

As a fact, during the last years of his life, and they numbered but six from the time of his marriage to Miss Jane Fairfax, he was frequently an absentee from the estate he had inherited from Miss Tinker. Besides the months he spent in Edinburgh, he was continually away, either in Manchester, or visiting Okey, who had so long been the tenant of his small paternal estate, which he seemed to regard with much affection, especially of late years.

He was growing old now, his looks were frosted, and his tall gaunt form slightly bent; and he seemed to regard with a sad and fond yearning all those spots which brought back to him the recollections of early youth, the gay and exciting scenes he had passed through in the First Lancashires, and the memory of his never-forgotten friend, Piers Thorold.

Perhaps too he may have felt within himself some consciousness that his physical and mental labours of former years had overtaxed his strength, and that his days on earth would not be long; and hence his frequent visits to Edinburgh and Manchester, and other scenes of his youth and early manhood—scenes endeared to his heart by happy recollections, and to which he wished to bid farewell—scenes of which he would take a last survey. Various feelings drew him to Manchester; he had always felt an attachment for this town. It had been the home of his grandfather, Peter Norris, whose memory he had ever held in great respect and esteem. In his boyhood he had been a frequent visitor to some relatives living in the Oxford Road, then a pleasant open country, full of rural sights and sounds, where there were trees, and wild flowers, and fragrant hay fields. And in those days, indeed trees flourished in Saint Ann's Square, and Deansgate was inhabited by the patricians of the town.

Norris did not love the huge unsightly mills with their long ranges of windows, or the tall chimneys, pouring out volumes of smoke to darken the blue sky above, nevertheless, many a long

summer day he spent in Manchester. Though its once pure rivers were defiled, and many of its ancient and picturesque timber buildings were no longer to be seen, still it was dear to him from old associations. One especial attraction it possessed, for here, in the graveyard of the old Presbyterian chapel in Cross Street, Peter Norris slept his last long sleep, his remains having been brought hither to repose with those of his forefathers, and here also Robert Norris wished to be interred.

In his latter years Robert's love for the memory of his grandfather seemed to increase, and Thorold had often rallied him upon it, styling it, with some truth, one of his crochets; for he went so far as to wear a dark-blue coat, because he remembered his grandfather wearing one in those far-away days of his boyhood, when he had seen him at breakfast sitting behind his tall silver coffee-pot, in the old house in Watergate Street.

If perchance in Manchester on a Sunday, Norris would attend service in the chapel in Cross Street, though he would regret that the old-fashioned Presbyterianism of his grandfather's time was no longer preached there. We must, however, add, that Norris professed, and possibly believed himself to be a member of the Established Church.

But the happiest and most enjoyable days in these last years of his life were spent at Reuben Okey's. His rambles about Edinburgh and Manchester were pleasant, but he was alone; at the farm, on the other hand, he was cheered by the lively conversation of Okey and Jacky Hayes. They were both old men now, but they had lost none of their former vivacity and humour. With them Norris could talk of the fine old "First Royal Lancashires," and the events of their youth. And sometimes, on warm summer evenings, when the air was fragrant with new-mown hay, the cows would arrive in single and double file, at the gate of the meadows adjoining Okey's garden, and would stand gazing at Jacky with their soft, dreamy eyes, whilst with now feeble stroke he plied his drumsticks under the shadow of the huge old chestnut.

A great part of Norris's time, when at Okey's farm, was spent in oft-repeated surveys of a square field, of about seven acres, which from time immemorial had been called "The Great Wall Field." This field had, it must be owned, a somewhat peculiar appearance, as its level was about two feet higher, on three of its sides, while it gradually sloped so that its fourth side was even with the adjoining land.

In Thorold's life, Norris had started his theory about this field, and the former had often rallied him on the subject, and called it another of his crochets,

Norris had a peculiar regard for this vinced, and tried also to convince his friend of the site of a Roman camp, and that the name was a corruption of the Latin word *vallum*. He was stronger on this point, as he fancied he could find the Roman road in the neighbourhood, and that this field was square, as was generally the case, and that the ditch which had originally surrounded the camp in the course of so many ages, had become a rampart, or *vallum*, composed of the earth which it accounted for the peculiar elevation of the land above the adjoining land.

Many a time Thorold had strolled with his friend, smilingly listening to him, while he had even pointed out where the four gates of the camp were placed, where was the upper part occupied by the soldiers, and also where was the lower.

On one occasion, Thorold had said to his friend serving:—"Bob, you are more lucky than I am in this quarry; there is no Eddie Ochiltree here in your mind."

Mrs. Okey was still living, and though less active than in former days. She was as sighted as ever, and Norris still stood by her, amusing enough to hear the two together, gently moving backwards and forwards in their knitting in hand, and Norris, talking to her with some slight vexation, about the third Mrs. Okey.

"You see, Mrs. Okey, a man whose interests of science cannot shut himself out of the world, Norris would have me do. Unfortunately for me, science—she has no thirst for knowledge, and I strongly from my second wife, who enters into my pursuits, and was the companion of my first wife, notwithstanding her bad health, never had the inclinations when I wanted to travel."

"Well, but Mr. Norris you are not a young man, could you be rollicking about the world as you would be laid up with rheumatism, to be sitting on damp stones and chipping away at the old used to do. You have got a wife who knows her business, sir, and besides she is agreeable, whether she goes to go every winter with you to Edinburgh to see your old friends; and then, she is a rare one."

well after you and your family ; so, all things considered, you'll excuse me for saying so, you have more to be thankful for than to grumble at."

And Mrs. Okey would conclude with a triumphant clash of her knitting needles, whilst Norris would reply :—" Well, well ; yes, yes ; you are right, Mrs. Okey."

But the spot Norris favoured the most when at the farm, his visits being usually paid during the long bright days of summer, was the garden-seat under the huge old chestnut. There he and Okey would sit along with Jacky, for the two ex-officers did not object to the company of their old favourite, the celebrated drummer of the " First Royal Lancashires," and pass many a pleasant evening. Some golden sunset would tinge, perhaps with its bright reflection, the somewhat worn, but expressive countenance of him who was now styled old Mr. Norris. Warmth and colours would light up his face, and sweet, but sad memories would come across his mind of other summer evenings, now long past, when the fragrance of the flowers was borne on the warm, still air, when the cows rustled, and the soft, drowsy hum of insects came from the hawthorn hedges, and he, a gay-hearted, lively boy, wandered along the banks of the Dee, with the dear mother lying now under the green sod, in the graveyard of St. Werburge's.

But Norris did not often indulge in these somewhat mournful reveries ; he and his companions would while away the time by singing alternately old doggrel rhymes, traditional in the regiment, and in which the Lancashire lads were wont to celebrate the different places in the country, which they chanced to march through or be quartered in :

" There's Manchester for pedlars all on a market day,
And Liverpool for jolly tars, and so they sail away.
Then hey for little Lancaster for taking in free strangers,
When they get within the castle walls, adieu to all free rangers.
Then hey for little Pilling, it stands upon a moss ;
And Goosnar and Garatang do honour to the cross."

Here Norris would usually make a pause, if he were the singer ; and he would tell Okey and Jacky how Catholic these parts were, and how the people had held fast, through evil times, to the Old faith ; and then he would say, with a merry laugh, alluding to the state of the Presbyterian ministers at the beginning of the eighteenth century :—" Poor devils ! they complained, that so great was the ' profaneness of Popery ' in those parts, that they had not a subsistence."

Now, though Norris was himself, probably, more a Presbyterian than anything else, yet he could not resist a feeling of amusement, as he thought of the position of these sectaries, located in a strong-

hold of Catholicism ; and then, too, he really admired the Catholics for their steadfast adherence to the faith of their fathers, in spite of fines, and imprisonments, and gibbets, remembering, as he did, that this was also the faith of his maternal ancestors.

Some other verses the trio would sing of the same kind, their only auditors, at times, the meek-eyed cows, that were perpetually being drawn from their rich pasture in the clover field, by the songs poured forth by the vocalists :—

“ Here’s hey for little Preston, it stands so very fair.
It’s ordered by the sheriff and governed by the mayor ;
And hey for little Clifton, there’s ne’er such another,
It’s house all on one side and barns on the other.”

At this point Jacky would usually take up the ditty with his still sonorous voice—

“ Then hey for little Poulton, and Poulton in the Fylde
There’s ne’er a lad in Poulton——”

Beyond ‘ Poulton,’ Jacky never could get, for Norris would say, with a shake of his head, “ We have had enough now,” and then turning to Okey, “ I believe I have told you what gave rise to this skit upon Poulton,”—which, in truth, if he had told Okey once he had told him a score of times. “ The Flyde country, you see, was so ill-drained and so swampy, and malaria, and fevers carried off so many of the inhabitants, that its population seemed to be almost at a stand-still.”

CHAPTER LX.

——cinis, et manes, et fabula fies, ’

Persii Sat. v. 152.

To us also, kind reader, the words of the poet, from we have quoted for the heading of this our last chapter, point. In a short time our bodies will be dust, our souls far hence, and our lives, perchance, may furnish matter for a tale to be told of us by those we leave behind.

Six years and more have rolled away since the ex-officer of the First Royal Lancashires, the eccentric but kind-hearted scholar, spent his third honeymoon strolling about the gloomy closes and wynds of old Edinburgh ; but those familiar spots shall know him no more. The tattered inmates of the crumbling, ruinous old houses look in vain for the well-known figure, wandering about in his absent fashion. They marvel at first whether he will come again, and after a time, they conclude that he is dead—and so, in truth, it was.

Robert Norris died on the last day of December, and when the

bells from every steeple chimed out the death of the old year, the scholar's spirit passed peacefully and quietly away.

The weather had been mild for the time of year; he went out one morning, more thinly clad than usual, and took, by chance, a slight cold, which, however, ended fatally.

Chance? We withdraw the word. In those last days of the scholar's life, the holly berries yet glistened on the walls, the little carol-singers of the primitive old villages in the north still gathered at the doors, the great winter feast was not yet over, and the echo of the beautiful Antiphons of the Church, telling of *ONE fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia*, had scarce died away. No, there is no chance.

Robert Norris, as we have before said, wished his remains to be laid beside those of his grandfather. The Norrisses had all been Presbyterians from the days of the Commonwealth, as was the case with very many other families in Lancashire; though after the Restoration, the sect had, from various causes, and especially from its ceasing any longer to be under the control of its old strict Scottish church-rule and discipline, begun gradually to fall away from its original tenets, and also to diminish in the number of its professors.

Strange anomaly! In no county in England did Puritanism acquire so strong a growth, and in no other county was its legitimate success, or Presbyterianism, so completely and systematically established by the Parliament, as a state-religion, as in Lancashire—fine old Catholic Lancashire, which from the time that Elizabeth's Government had proclaimed "that the obstinacy of the Recusants of rank and authority had prevented the lower sort from conforming," had ever exceeded all other counties in the number of its adherents to the Old Faith. From the year 1646 to the Restoration, the Presbyterian form of Church Government prevailed throughout Lancashire, Presbyterian Ministers occupied the livings of the Church of England, and even the Warden of the Old Collegiate Church of Manchester was made a Moderator, according to the Scottish mode of the classical division which comprised the parish of that place.

During this state of things Henry Newcome, M.A., rector of the fine old Gothic church of Gawsworth, was invited to fill up a vacancy in the Presbytery of Manchester, occasioned by the death of one of the Fellows of the Collegiate Church.

It was the Rectory of Gawsworth which Piers Thorold was sketching, as we have narrated in our opening chapter. His labour was a labour of love; for, as an artist, he admired the picturesque, half-timber, half-plaster old edifice, with its black and white walls, and at the same time he gratified his friend

Norris, who entertained a great veneration for the occupant of the rectory, and the pastor of his fathers. While Piers sketched, Norris straggled over the grass, with hammer in hand perhaps, and collected minerals from the neighbouring hills, would tell the history of the place—how Gawsworth Manor came from the knightly family of Tilton to two or three husbands of the ladies, the Duke of Harborough disputing about the estates, killed each other.

After the Restoration Charles the Second showed a dislike to Presbyterianism, and the persecutions became so frequent, that Newcome retired and took shelter with Lord Delamere, the favourite of the other Presbyterians of rank and power; not more tolerant, but unfortunate James II., usurper of the Crown, suspended all sorts of penal laws against the Nonconformists and Recusants.

Under this brighter aspect of affairs the population in Manchester had increased so greatly in the last century, it became necessary to build for him "a large assembly-house," which was the Cross Street Meeting-house, which is now mentioned.

With this slight sketch of the sect, and the sympathies lay, we will bid farewell to Robert Norris. His last wishes were fulfilled, he rests alongside of his fathers in Manchester. Amongst the monuments to his own children, probably none larger than the two white-haired old men, now tottering in their years, who, in the days of their early manhood, met him in the fine old First Royal Lancashire.

For the last parting words of our story are inscribed on the stone which covers the remains of Robert Norris. Manchester may well be proud.

HERE ARE INTERRED

THE REMAINS OF

ROBERT NORRIS, M.D., F.R.S.

*Formerly Vice-President of the Antiquarian Society,
and a Philosopher of Apparitions, and various other things.*

*He was born on the 21st of April, 1782, and died
on the 31st December, 1861.*

WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born 15th of August, 1771; his extraordinary talents do not appear to have manifested themselves in early life—in fact, he does not appear to have been remarkable in his class at the High School, Edinburgh, for an astuteness above his fellows; according to the “Percy Anecdotes,” it was rather the reverse. He had several long illnesses in his boyhood, during which he devoured an immense amount of imaginative literature, and thus laid in a vast magazine of thought on which to draw for the romances with which he has delighted the world. Old border legends and other unwritten traditions, which had been handed down for centuries in Highland families, were eagerly stored away by him, and all produced, either in their original garb, or garnished with such accessories as he deemed necessary to add to the dramatic force of his narrative. In the far-famed Waverley Novels, Scott has done more to immortalise the history of his native land than any other writer, either of fact or fiction. Few of the principal events of Scottish history are not produced in his works, which are read and admired wherever the English language is spoken, and have been translated into more than one foreign language. If Scott could have steered clear of the delusive “*ignis fatuis*,” ambition, he might have succeeded permanently. As it was, he placed his aspirations too high; by this I mean, he did not know when to *realise*. Shakespeare wrote, “There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the turn, leads on to fortune.” Scott did not know when the tide of his fortunes was on the turn, and in consequence was stranded on the rocks. In plain English, he placed his aspirations too high; he wanted to become the founder of a family, the owner of an estate that would carry weight with it in his country; he wanted Scott of Abbotsford to be on a par with Scott of Bowhill, and in consequence his life was a failure! He attempted too much. If we place our aspirations too high, we are apt to pass over or miss the very comfortable medium position that may be within our reach by the way, and which we are apt to overlook in our extreme eagerness to grasp things that are beyond. A skilful general secures each position before he throws out his advanced picket; and, on the same principle, a man should be sure of one step in life before he makes another. Of course, there may be occasions to which this rule does not apply—every rule has its exceptions; but in general it may be considered,

like *Pio Nono*, infallible. Scott daughter of an English merchant, who Revolution, at Lyons. His poetical public. Their sale was enormous, and as the literary world, manifested the author. *Waverley* was the first of appeared; it was published anonymously. After publishing several works, mansion at Abbotsford, which when came to all. In those days, people had not visited Abbotsford, where reception from the owner. Scott for armour and old relics, which was enriched contributions from his admirers. He George IV., for which monarch he paid loyalty, almost the same veneration the heroines to be actuated towards the Stirling living dragged him deeper and deeper before his death he was obliged to decimate take up his abode in a second-rate house here that he wrote "*Woodstock*," for £8000. He subsequently wrote a life received £18,000; but these sums were debts. His health failing him, he was his malady was too deep-seated to be scene, and he returned to Abbotsford the brilliant success he achieved as a man and why?—he overshot his mark. He wanted *multum*, and the result was *nil*.

A MORNING UNDER GROUND.

It proved a delightful daybreak, the change since the previous evening being very decided; for then the sun went down amid clouds sombre and angry: he rose revived; the intensity of the light making it seem like a present creation, as though for the first time the rays flashed upon the earth. Faint fleecy clouds floated tranquilly by on the refreshing breeze, seeming to linger, delighted with the grand light, bathing their soft masses in rich brightness. What a power in clouds to beautify any scene however lovely in itself! Something there is very attractive, even in their very changeableness, which gives a special interest to the passing sunset, from the fact that *that* combination of beauty in form and colouring will never occur again. Thus, a certain feeling of mild regret overtakes us when watching the tints of western clouds, as they deepen from golden effulgence, slowly but surely to the pallid shades of twilight.

But bright and alluring as was the sunlight that morning, we had to leave it; for our business was the inspection of the store-house of the tangible effects of this same sun, where some at least of the energy of its light, and heat, and chemical power was garnered up carefully for future use of men, during the vast cycles of the past.

Will the reader join us as we approach one of the larger coal pits of Shropshire? That whistling fellow we just passed, so darkly begrimed with coal-dust, is one of the drivers of horses which remove from the top of the mine the various kinds of coal to the several destinations in the neighbouring iron-works, of which latter you may hear the subdued roar of the blast furnaces, like the sound of a waterfall at a distance. The careless air of the man has much in common with that of the true collier, who is mostly the same "jolly" fellow, meet him where you will; as certain signs at public-houses generally indicate in the mining districts, "The Jolly Collier" being often seen painted in all his glory. As we come near the actual pit itself, or "shaft," as the dark, cavernous hole is called, we see several women throwing huge square hoops of iron about, belonging to the "coal carriages," in a way quite unwomanly, if not manly; great stout women some of them are, who can "hold their own" in conversation with any talkative or abusive companion, and whose loud voices, heard as they sing, will reach

the ear a long way off. But this surface work is all that women are allowed to do towards bringing coal into the market; their underground work having long been set aside, wisely by Act of Parliament. Having joined the "charter-master," or contract superintendent of the pit, we are called aside into the cabin to exchange our coat for a more suitable vestment, consisting of a long flannel pilot coat, as thick as a board. This done, and candles handed round to each, we prepare for the descent. Certain chains called "Doubles" being sent up the shaft, we each seat ourselves in a loop of chain, and are at once drawn up a few inches off the movable platform, which is at once rolled from under us. While this is being done, it is a peculiar sensation to know the yawning gulf opening underneath us, even if we do not look down into it. We should say that these *doubles* in which we are seated, consist of a number of smaller chains hanging in loops from the end of the principal chain, in which loops colliers are won't to seat themselves (if sitting it can be called) in numbers up to ten or more; and thus be drawn up, or lowered down the shaft, like a bunch of onions. After the signal has been given to the engine man, we start on our journey.

From the clanging and clattering of chains, like the sound of innumerable small hammers, and the general din and rattle on the surface, the change to the stillness after a few yards of descent is very remarkable. We had not expected this sudden loss of all sound. How the walls of the circular shaft seem to rush upwards at a prodigious rate! For a moment or two it is a peculiar sensation, we have, when thinking of the five hundred and more feet dropped below us, and what if we should fall backwards? But there is no fear of that, and the feeling soon goes away. So different from what we expected are the ease and silence of the descent, for nearly all sound is gone, *all* but what man may himself cause. We have entered on the domain of profound silence; but while reflecting on the stillness of those regions, we hear sounds below us, and see by the walls about us that we are going slower, and I can tell by water dripping on us that we are approaching the bottom of the shaft. Presently we alight on a firm platform of strong timber, forming the apparent bottom of this long well, which, however really goes further down, to form what is called a "sump," or well to catch drainage water of the mine, which is drawn up, chiefly at night, in large iron buckets.

Thankful to have reached the bottom in safety, we are called to come into an open space cut out of the solid rock to form the stables for the many horses used in the "workings;" such stables being always placed near the bottom of the shaft. Waiting here for a time, to let our eyes become accustomed to the darkness of the

mine, we hear something like the following dialogue between the "charter-master" and one of his men; and are puzzled not unlikely at some of the expressions used.

"Well, Thomas, how does the 'insett' go on?"

"Oh, fairish, maester; we wanten some moor rails, though."

"Hast had that 'druggen' mended?"

"Yis, gaffer, her's as tight as a bottle now."

"Who'st got in Sam's place, drawing 'dans'?"

"Bob Dale, old Ben's lad; and he's a good 'un at it, Bob is."

While thus listening to master and man, our eyes slowly become more used to the darkness of the mine; where black walls, floor, and roof naturally swallow up much of the light derived from a few candles or "Davy-lamps."

Before starting into the roads of the pit, we have put into our hands a candle, stuck for easy carriage into a lump of clay; which is a very useful plan, because this clay will fasten the candle against any rock on the road, when both hands are wanted free. We have special instructions how to keep this candle alight; more easily said than done, by reason of strong currents of air now and then encountered on the road.

Just remark the thoughtless way that old collier carries his flame; he seems to be swinging it about anyhow, and observing everything but his candle; which, however, burns on all right, when ours has been re-lit many times.

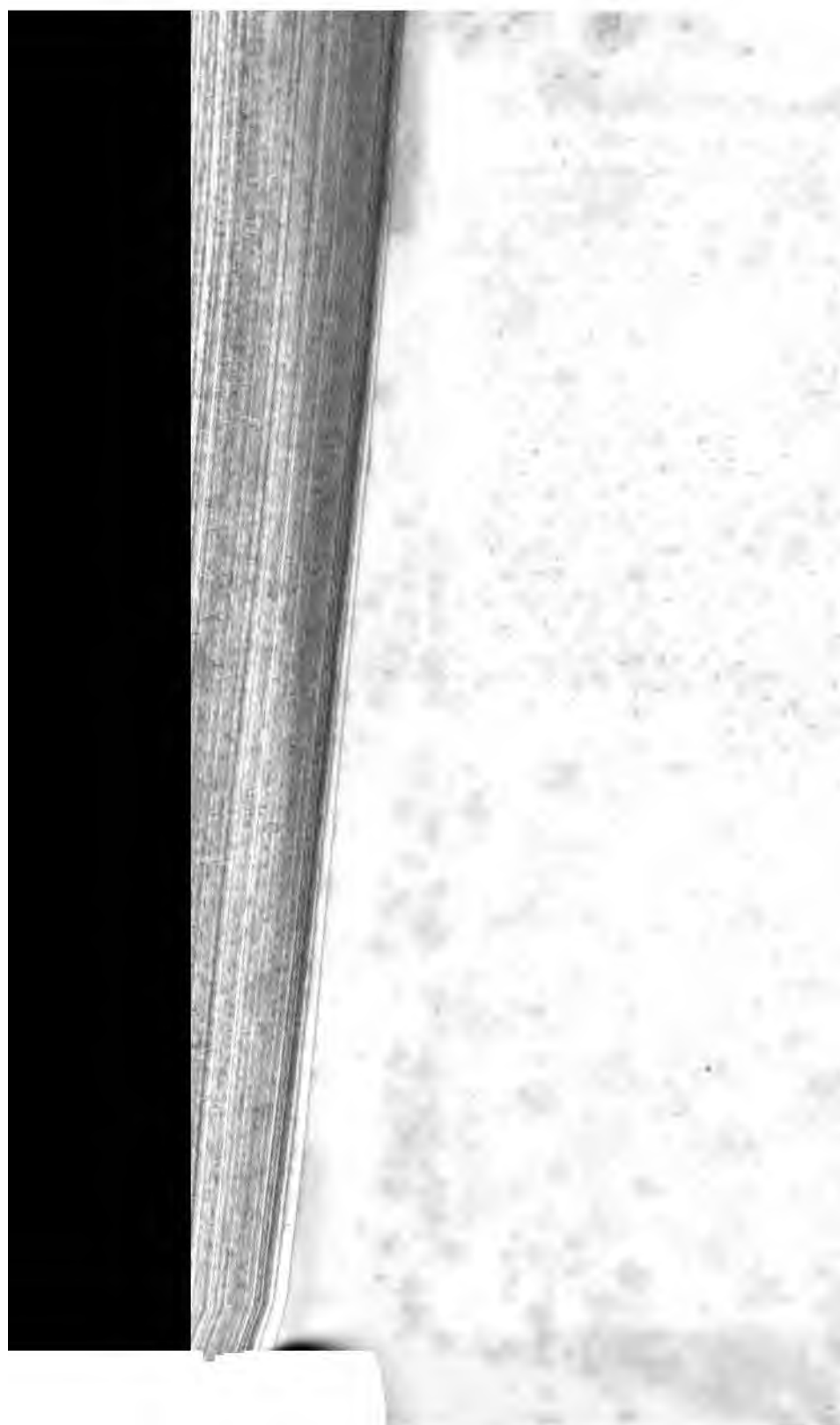
We now start along the road leading to the "workings," as the place of actually extracting the coal is called. This road is a narrow passage, generally about six feet high, and six or eight feet wide; but these proportions vary with the extent and nature of the pit. Great rocks at some places project from the sides of this road, and overhang us from the roof in a way which seems very dangerous to our inexperience. They have been like that for years, we are told. It is remarkable, if true, what these underground men tell us of falling rocks in the mines; namely, that they most frequently fall in the night. The men tell you this confidently; and the comparative rarity of a man or horse being crushed by a fall of rock seems to corroborate the statement. They may be misled in this way; that whereas any rock falling in working hours is at once moved out of the way, the stones that come down and strew the roads at night or Sunday are all there to be seen next day. Still it is well for the perilous work of the collier to be eased by thought of some great care about him and above him; and more truth may be in this saying of theirs than we can account for by natural causes.

This narrow gallery or road, cut out of hard rocks, leads us on, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending; and our head is liable

to come in contact with the roof here and there, without careful inspection where we are going. There are several of such roads in a large pit, all radiating outwards from the bottom of the shaft to different parts of the same "face," or long line of coal laid bare to the collier's pick-axe.

At length, after a walk of about half a mile, we arrived at the actual workings; where coal is being torn from its natural bed, where it lay securely while change after change, and system after system, passed like a flash over the face of the globe; where mighty forests once grew in tropical luxuriance, and fell to decay in great lagoons, age after age, until some mighty convulsions brought about the changes needed to consolidate these forests into this dense, compact carbon.

At this "face" of the workings we see half-naked men working with a will at the black rock in front of them, curving and twisting themselves about no little as they strike blow after blow at the firm rock or "shale" underlying the coal itself. This shale consists generally of thin measures of clay, called "fire-clay" from its resistance to intense heat, when made into bricks. Into this shale, or "holing" as the men call it, they make with the pick-axe a hollow space beneath the stratum of coal, which then may be made to fall in smaller or larger masses, with or without the aid of gunpowder. It is then removed by men or lads on small trucks to larger ones at a short distance; whence it is drawn by horses to the bottom of the shaft, ready to be taken to the surface. Young lads have often to draw out these small trucks from the "face of the workings," (where the space is often of the smallest,) by means of a rope fastened round their middle, and passed under their legs. This is called "drawing dans," and by no means the pleasantest part of working in the mines. We heard it alluded to by the charter-master at the bottom of the shaft.





11

11

11

